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ROBERT CHESTER'S
LOVE'S MARTYR, 1601,

WITH
SHAKSPERE'S "PHŒNIX AND TURTLE,"
ETC., ETC.

[The Editors alone, and not the Committee of the New Shakspeare Society, are responsible for the opinions expresst in the Society's publications.

The Title-page of the present book differs slightly from that issued to Dr. Grosart's subscribers, and the *Contents, Argument and Index* - for none of which Dr. Grosart is responsible—are now added.]

ROBERT CHESTER'S
"LOVES MARTYR,
OR,
ROSALINS COMPLAINT"
(1601)

WITH ITS SUPPLEMENT,
"Diverse Poeticall Essaies" on the Turtle and Phoenix
BY
SHAKSPERE, BEN JONSON, GEORGE CHAPMAN,
JOHN MARSTON, ETC.

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,
BY THE
REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D., F.S.A.,
ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

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To
 F. J. FURNIVALL, Esq.,
 M.A.,
 AND THE
 COMMITTEE AND MEMBERS OF
 “*The New Shakspeare Society.*”

TO YOU CO-WORKERS ON OUR ANCIENT BOOKS
 OF TIMES ELIZABETHAN, I HERE GIVE
 CHESTER'S OLD TOME. O MAY IT ONCE MORE LIVE
 BENEATH YOUR EYES, THRO' INSIGHT THAT NOR BROOKS
 NOR FEARS DULL FOLLY'S SUPERCILIOUS LOOKS,
 WHEN FROM REMOTER DAYS, THINGS FUGITIVE
 AND LONG-FORGOTTEN, WE WOULD FAIN REVIVE.
 ‘*LOVE'S MARTYR*,’ THAT I BRING FROM HIDDEN NOOKS,
 A QUICK KEEN MESSAGE BEARS FOR US TO-DAY:
 AS I, BY HAPPY FORTUNE, FIRST HAVE PROV'D;
 FOR IT INTERPRETS ‘*BIRD OF LOUDEST LAY*’—
 TELLING, HOW GREAT ELIZABETH, ESSEX LOV'D.
 TURN THEN, GOOD FRIENDS, TO THESE LONG-SEALED PAGES:
 YOUR KIND APPROVAL MORE THAN COUNTED WAGES.

ALEXANDER. B. GROSART.

. See page xxiv. on my friend Dr. Brinsley Nicholson's independent arrival at the same conclusions. By ‘*give*’ I mean simply furnish, as the gift is only partial, viz., permission to the Society to stereotype the book as set up for my own Occasional Issues of unique or extremely rare books (50 copies).—G.

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§ p. 125, l. 16, ? for *him*, read *her*. Will the male Turtle, left all alone, die for his female mate; or does he speak of himself as 'him' in the third person?—F. J. F.

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† That is, Turtle-Dove No. I. (male), and Phoenix No. I. (female) = Turtle-Dove No. II. (female).

THE ARGUMENT.

At a Parliament of the gods—present [? with others not mentioned] Jove, Vesta, Juno, Venus, Pallas, Bellona, and Cupid—Rosalin, in the person of Dame Nature, comes to beg assistance: She has established on earth the most perfect Phoenix* that ever existed—a maiden whose personal beauties she describes. Parenthetically, as it were, p. 5/13,† st. 3, she wishes that “Arabian Phoenix,”‡ “love’s Lord,” would come and take possession of this incomparable beauty. Her fear is that her Phoenix will decay and that no other will arise from her ashes, because

“The Arabian fiers are too dull and base
To make another spring within her place.”—p. 7/15, st. 2.

She therefore begs Jove to pity her (Rosalin = Nature) and list to her laments.

The gods are somewhat startled and incredulous at her wondrous account of her Phoenix, but she confirms her statements by exhibiting a picture in which they

“———behold
The rich wrought Phoenix of Arabian gold.”—p. 8/16, st. 3.

Jove thereupon bids Nature

“——hie thee, get thee Phoebus chaire
Cut through the skie, and leaue Arabia,

* Phoenix No. 1, female.

† 5/13 : 5 is the number at the top of the page ; 13, that at its foot.

‡ Phoenix No 2. male.

The Argument.

My Beautie and my Vertues captivate
To Loue, dissembling Loue that I did hate."

p. 22/30, st. 3.

She complains of Fortune—

"That she should place me in a desert Plaine,
And send forth Enuie with a Iudas kisse
To sting me with a Scorpions poisoned hisse.
From my first birth-right for to plant me heare,
Where I haue alwaies fed on Griefe and Feare."

p. 23/31, st. 3.

And much more, more or less intelligible, to the same effect. She was about to take her flight from this horrid place when Nature met her, for, says she,—

"Upon the Arabian mountaines I must die,
And neuer with a poore yong Turtle graced."

p. 16/24, st. 3.

[Qy. what is meant by this "poore yong Turtle?" a son or a husband?]

It would seem then that the place of meeting is not in Arabia; indeed in st. 4, p. 21/29 Arabia is specially distinguished from this barren country—

"——in Arabia burnes another Light,
A dark dimme Taper that I must adore,
This barren countrey makes me to deplore," etc.

and yet in the previous parts of the Allegory (see p. 7/15, st. 2 and p. 9/17, st. 3, both quoted above) it is evident that Arabia was intended as the place of meeting; and the Phoenix herself says when she meets the Turtle-dove in Paphos (p. 125/133, st. 4) that she had left Arabia for his sake.

However, be the place where it will, Nature consoles her Phoenix; conjures up Envie and banishes him; and then Nature and the Phoenix together enter Phoebus' coach and set out on their travels.

Their course seems rather devious. We will, says Dame Nature,—

“——ride
Ouer the Semi-circle of Europa
And bend our course where we will see the Tide,
That partes the Continent of Affrica,
Where the great Cham gouernes Tartaria
And when the starrie Curtain vales the night
In Paphos sacred Ile we meane to light.”

p. 24/32, st. 4.

They behold the Pyramides and Euphrates, p. 25/33, st. 2, but in a very short time they are apparently hovering over Great Britain, several of the towns of which are described. The history of the nine female Worthies is also briefly given, and then, from p. 34/42 to p. 77/85, follows an account of the birth, life, and death of King Arthur. This done, they come in sight of the Tower of London, p. 77/85: a few more stanzas on London and its glory, and then they each indulge in a song: Nature in dispraise of Love, the Phoenix in praise of it as a holy thing. This at last brings them to Paphos, and they

“——are set on foote neere to that Ile,
In whose deep bottome plaines Delight doth smile.”

p. 81/89, st. 1.

But Nature is inexhaustible, and from this point to p. 123/131 she amuses the Phoenix with an account of the plants, trees, fishes, minerals, beasts, reptiles, insects, and birds which are the denizens of Paphos. The account of the birds naturally leads up to the introduction of the hero of the Allegory, the Turtle-dove, who at last makes his appearance, and proves to be a “sad-mournefull dooping soule,”

“Whose feathers mowt off, falling as he goes,
The perfect picture of hart pining woes.”

p. 123/131, st. 3.

Nature having introduced the Phoenix to the Dove she had long'd so much to see, now takes her departure, leaving the unhappy pair together, p. 124/132, st. 3.

The Turtle-dove is stricken with admiration of the beauteous Phoenix, and soon lets her know that the cause of all his moan is

for his "Turtle that is dead," p. 125/133, st. 3. [We learned, p. 9/17, st. 4, that this lost mate of his was a "second Phoenix," Phoenix No. 3.]

To ease their pain, they share their griefs, and after mutually vowing chaste love, they prepare a pyre on which, in a manner sacrificingly, they propose to burn both their bodies in order to revive one name, p. 128/136, st. 3; and they pray to Apollo to

"Send [his] hot kindling light into this wood
That shall receive the Sacrifice of blood."

p. 129/137, st. 1, 2, 3.

At this point the Phoenix spies a Pellican behind a bush; but the Turtle-dove tells her this bird is quite harmless.

"Let her alone," says he, "to view our Tragedy,
And then report our Loue that she did see."

p. 130/138, st. 1.

The Phoenix would now wish to sacrifice herself only, but the Turtle-dove will not hear of this, and sets the example of mounting the funeral pile; when he is consumed, the Phoenix also enters the fire.

"I come sweet Turtle, and with my bright wings
I will embrace thy burnt bones as they lye;
I hope of these another Creature springs
That shall possesse both our authority:
I stay to long, ô take me to your glory,
And thus I end the Turtle Doves true story."*

Finis. R. C.

The Pellican now comments on the tragic scene she has beheld; praises the love and constancy of the two victims, and laments the degeneracy of lovers of these later times.

Chester then gives a "Conclusion" (p. 133/141), in which he describes Phoenix No. 4, foretold in p. 12/20, st. 2. He states that

"From the sweete fire of perfumed wood
Another princely Phoenix vpright stood:

* Is this last line supposed to be uttered by the Phoenix or by R. Chester himself?

Whose feathers purified did yeeld more light
Then her late burned mother out of sight
And in her heart restes a perpetuall loue,
Sprong from the bosome of the Turtle-Doue.
Long may the new uprising bird increase,
Some humours and some motions to release,
And thus to all I offer my devotion,
Hoping that gentle minds accept my motion."

Finis. R. C.

Then follow a series of "Cantoës Alphabet-wise to faire Phoenix made by the Paphian Doue." And after them another series of "Cantoës verbally written"—the first words of each line forming a separate series of posies—all apparently addressed to the Phoenix.

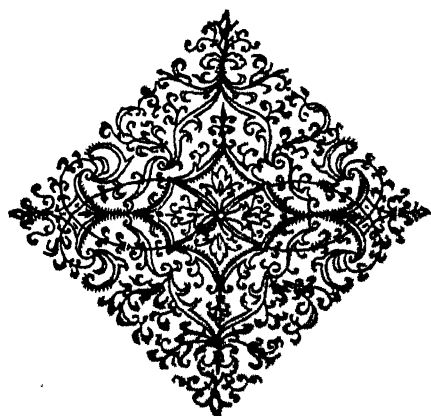
[In the second stanza of canto 13, p. 154, is, I think, a misprint. "Not my *dead* Phoenix," etc.; *dear*, or perhaps *dread*, should be substituted for *dead*.]

The book closes with the contributions of Shakespeare, Jonson, Marston, etc., all evidently "intended to celebrate precisely what *Love's Martyr* celebrated."—P. A. D.

CORRECTIONS.

[1. As a matter of interest to students of Ben Jonson, it should be noted that the changes in his "Præludium" and "Epos," p. 181-6, attributed to Gifford (p. lxi *Introduction*, and p. 245 *Notes*), were really made by Jonson himself, when he gathered these two pieces into his *Forest*, in his Folio, 1616. He apparently did not consider "The Phoenix Analysde" and the "Ode" worthy of transplantation.

2. In his "Postscript" C., p. lxxv—viii, Dr. Grosart inclines to attribute to Chester a series of poems called *The Partheniades*. It is—or should be—well known that these poems were certainly composed by the author of *The Arte of Englishe Poetrie*, 1589; and George Puttenham is, I believe, universally accepted as the writer of the latter work. See Mr. Arber's *Introduction*, etc., to his reprint, 1869.—P. A. D.]



INTRODUCTION.

IN the Notes and Illustrations appended to this our reproduction, *in extenso* and in integrity, of *Love's Martyr*, everything that seemed to call for notice will be found—it is believed—noticed with less or more fulness. Thither the student-reader is referred on any point that may either interest or puzzle him. Here I wish to bring together certain wider things that could not well go into the Notes and Illustrations, so as to shew that, in the present strangely neglected book, we have a noticeable contribution to Elizabethan-Essex-Shakespeare literature.

I purpose an attempt to answer these questions:

- (a) Who was ROBERT CHESTER?
- (b) Who was SIR JOHN SALISBURIE?
- (c) Who were meant by the PHŒNIX and the
TURTLE-DOVE of these Poems?
- (d) What is the message or *motif* of the Poems?
- (e) What is the relation between the verse-con-
tributions of SHAKESPEARE and the other
"MODERNE POETS" to *Love's Martyr*?
- (f) Was the 1611 issue only a number of copies of
the original of 1601, less the preliminary
matter and a new title-page?
- (g) Is there poetical worth in the book?
- (h) Who was TORQUATO CÆLIANO?

(a) WHO WAS ROBERT CHESTER? His name, it will be observed, appears in full, 'Robert Chester,' in the original title-page of 1601; as 'Ro. Chester' to the Epistle-dedicatory to Salisbury (p. 4); as 'R. Chester' to "The Authors request to the Phœnix" (p. 5); as 'R. Ch.' in address "To the kind Reader" (p. 6); as 'R. C.' to "Con-

clusion" (p. 142); and as 'R. Chester' at close of "Cantos" (p. 167). I have sought almost in vain—and I have had capable and earnest fellow-seekers—for contemporary notices of either the man or his book. Even later, the bibliographical authorities, *e.g.*, Ritson, Brydges, Lowndes, Collier, Hazlitt, beyond giving the title-pages and other details with (on the whole) fair accuracy, yield not one scintilla of light. Neither do the county-histories, nor editors as Gifford and Cunningham in their Ben Jonson, nor Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillips in his natty little reprint (in ten copies) of the "new compositions."

I was thus shut up to an examination of the genealogies of a somewhat large and widely-distributed tribe, *viz.*, the CHESTERS. I never doubted of finding in Mr. R. E. Chester Waters's most laborious and trustworthy work on the CHESTERS,* some "certain sound" on our poet as the solitary Chester, who, in poetry at any rate, has any fame or interest for us in this late day; but even in his matterful tomes I was doomed to disappointment. Equally unexpected was my failure to obtain from my many-yearred friend Dr. Joseph Lemuel Chester of Bermondsey — than whom one rarely meets with so thoroughly-furnished, unwearied, accurate, and generous a worker — anything approaching certainty of identification. After very considerable reading and comparison of authorities, I found only one member of the known families of Chester bearing the Christian name of ROBERT, whose position, circumstances and dates fitted in with the possible authorship of *Leve's Martyr*. From his dedicating his book to Sir John Salisburie, and many incidental evidences of familiarity in courtly and high circles, I fixed on him. On communicating my conclusion to Dr. Chester, he was inclined to doubt; but since, he has conceded that there is nothing in the facts of his life against the identification, and that there really is no other claimant. Accordingly he has aided me with characteristic

* *Memoirs of the Chesters of Chirk-ley.*

painstaking and ardour, from his abundant stores, in giving such data concerning him (*cheu!* meagre enough) as remain.

I mean a Robert Chester, who became SIR ROBERT CHESTER. The first of his family distinctly recognisable, was William Chester of Chipping Barnett, Herts; who died early in 1566. By his wife Maud (or Matilda) he was father of Leonard Chester, of Blaby, co. Leicester — whose family is embraced in the Heraldic Visitations of their County — and of Sir Robert Chester of Royston, Herts, who was the eldest son. The family is said to have descended from an ancient one in Derbyshire, where Chesters had large possessions, and members of which represented the town of Derby in Parliament, *temp.* Edward II and III. The Derbyshire estates were expended in supporting the claim of the Earl of Richmond (Henry VII) to the crown. This Sir Robert Chester was admitted to Gray's Inn in 1532, and is subsequently described in various MSS. as "Standard Bearer," "Gentleman Usher" and "Gentleman of the Privy Chamber" to King Henry VIII; from whom he obtained a Grant of the Monastery of Royston, with its manors and possessions, in the counties of Herts and Cambridge. He was knighted by King Edward VI at Wilton, 2nd September 1552, and was High Sheriff of Herts and Essex in 1565. He died 25th November 1574, and was buried at Royston.* By his first wife Catherine, daughter of John Throgmorton, Tortworth, co. Gloucester, Esquire, he had a numerous issue.† He was succeeded by his eldest son and heir, Edward Chester Esquire of Royston, who was about thirty years old at his father's death. Curiously enough, Sir Robert Chester married as his second wife, Magdalen, widow of Sir James Granado, Knt., on the same day and at the same place, that his son Edward Chester,

* Among the "Nativities" in Ashmole's MSS. in Bodleian Library, pp. 166, 176, &c., is one which states that Sir Robert Chester was born 25th November, 1510, and died on his birthday, aged 64.

† Clutterbuck, *s.n.*, describes her as daughter of Christopher Throckmorton of Coorse Court, co. Gloucester, Esq. Cf. Chauncy, *s.n.*

Knight, and husband of an Earl's daughter linked to the Sidneys. Is the explanation of the withdrawal of his name from the new title-page of 1611 that his early literary fervours had chilled with his social dignities? (a) At his death he was in his seventy-fourth year. One longs to know more of a man who in his prime personally acquainted with Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Chapman, Marston and other of the 'mighties,' survived them all. The "new compositions" for his own book, drawn from them, especially the fact that it stands alone in having a contribution from Shakespeare, would make any man remarkable.

(b) WHO WAS SIR JOHN SALISBURY? *Love's Martyr* is dedicated to him as "To the Honourable, and (of me before all other) honored Knight" and "one of the Esquires of the bodie to the Queenes most excellent Maestie" (p. 3), and in the title-page of the "diverse Poeticall Effaies" he is designated "the true-noble Knight" (p. 177). Even these slight descriptions guide us to the Salisburys or Salusburys of Lleweni, Denbighshire — long extinct. Dr. Thomas Nicholas, in his *Annals and Antiquities of the Counties and County Families of Wales*, commences his account of the Salusburys thus:—"The long standing and distinguished alliances of the Salusburys of Lleweni, in the Vale of Clwyd, and the high character borne by several of the line, render them a notable house, and awaken regret at their disappearance. The name is spelt differently in early writings—Salusbury, Salesbury, Salsbury; *Diwnn* almost always adopting the phonetic method, spells this name "Salsberie." They were of *Lleweni* and *Machymbyd*. At what time they first came to Denbighshire, or how the surname originated, is not known, but it is believed that their origin was Welsh. John Salusbury, the third of the name known to us, was the founder of the Priory of White Friars at Denbigh, and died A.D. 1289. He must therefore have witnessed the great struggle of Llewelyn and Edward, which was very hot in those parts. His grandson, William Salusbury, was M.P.

for Leominster 1332, long before members were appointed for Wales. William's grandson, Sir Harry Salusbury (died *circa*, 1399), was a Knight of the Sepulchre, and his brother John was Master of the House for Edward III, and suffered death in 1388." (p. 392.)

He thus continues: "Sir Harry's grandson, Sir Thomas Salusbury, Knt., the first mentioned in the pedigrees as of *Lleweni*, was a man of great note as citizen and soldier. His consort was Jonet, daughter and heir of William Fychan of Caernavon. He took a distinguished part in the battle of Blackheath (1497) against Perkin Warbeck's insurrection, for which he was rewarded by Henry VII. with the order of knighthood. He died 1505, and was buried at the White Friars, Denbigh (Whitchurch). Sir Roger, his son, married a Puleston of Emral, and was followed by Sir John of Lleweni, who married a Myddleton of Chester, of the Gwaenynog line. He was constable of Denbigh Castle in 1530, and served in several parliaments for the county of Denbigh—died 1578. His son, John Salusbury, Esq., of Lleweni, was the member of this house who married the celebrated *Catherine Tudor of Berain*; and his son by Catherine, Thomas Salusbury, Esq., married Margaret, daughter of Morys Wynn, Esq., of Gwyder, but had no male issue; his second son, John, married Ursula, daughter of Henry Stanley, Earl of Derby, and was succeeded by his son, Sir Henry Salusbury, Bart., who married Hester, daughter of Sir Thomas Myddelton, Knt., of Chirk Castle. His line terminated with his grandson Sir John, whose daughter and sole heir married Sir Robert Cotton, Bart., of Combermere, Cheshire, from whom the *Combermere* family are derived. *Cotton-Hall*, named after the Cottons, was the birth-place of the great General Lord Combermere. The Lleweni estate was sold by Sir Robert Cotton to the Hon. Thomas Fitzmaurice" (p. 392).

Turning back on these names, our Sir John Salisburie was John, second son of John Salusbury—who died in his father Sir John Salusbury's life-time—by (as above)

Catherine Tudor of Berain.* He was born "about 1567" — a portrait of him having been at Lleweny, dated 1591, æt. 24.† He became heir of his brother Thomas, who was executed, in 1586, for conspiring to deliver Mary, Queen of Scots, from imprisonment. His wife was (as above) Ursula, a 'natural' daughter of Henry, fourth Earl of Derby. The record of administration of her estate, as of the town of Denbigh, is dated 9th May 1636. They had four sons and three daughters. Henry, the eldest and only surviving son, was created a baronet, as of Lleweni, 10th November 1619, and died 2nd August 1632. His only surviving son was Sir Thomas Salusbury, author of "Joseph," a poem (1636) — who died in 1643.‡ Our Sir John was surnamed "the

* Dr. Nicholas, as before, gives an interesting account of this famous "Catherine"; and I deem it well to avail myself of it, as follows: — "Catherine of Berain," the most noted of her race in this country, was of the clan or tribe of Marchwerthian, and was left sole heiress of Berain. She married four husbands, each of a high and honourable house, and had such a numerous offspring that the name was given her of *Mam Cymru*, "the mother of Wales." Her first husband was John Salisbury, Esq., of Llyweni, and her estate of Berain was inherited by her children gotten by him. The second was Sir Richard Clough of Denbigh, Knt. of the Sepulchre, who made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; the third, Morys Wynn, Esq., of Gwyder; and the fourth, Edward Thelwall of Plas-y-Ward. Catherine of Berain's father was Tudyr ap Robert ap Ievan ap Tudyr ap Gruffydd Lloyd ap Heilyn Frych, which Heilyn Frych was ninth in descent from Marchwerthian, Lord of Isaled, founder of the eleventh noble tribe." . . . "The portrait of Catherine, given in Yorke's *Royal Tribes*, marks a person of firmness and intelligence, and these qualities, added to her estate and numerous alliances and offspring, supplied her with a charm which the bards heralds of the time knew not how to resist; they spared no pains, accordingly, to provide her with a lineage whose antiquity would comport with their idea of her merits. Tudyr was carried back to Uren Rhagr, and he of course to Coel Godehog, who, although a reputed contemporary with Herod the Great, was vouched by the bards to have a full blown heraldic crest — 'Arg., an eagle displayed with two heads, sable.' Coel was in the twelfth degree from Beli Mawr, King of Britain 72 B.C., who bore, they said, 'Az., three crowns Or in pale'; and he was about the fifteenth from Brutus, who, as the bards believed, came to Britain about B.C. 1136, bearing along with his father Sylvius, an escutcheon charged thus: — '(Quarterly: 1, Or, a lion rampant passant Gu.; 2, Az., three crowns Or in bend)' (p. 393.)

† Pennant's *Tour in Wales*, vol. ii, p. 145.

‡ The Bibliographers overlook that Sir John Salusbury has a longish poem prefixed to *Erwema*, 1632, folio.

strong"; and that explains Hugh Gryffith's playing on 'might'—of which anon. He was M.P. for co. Denbigh 43 Elizabeth (1600-1). All the authorities say he died in 1613; but no Will nor administration of his estate has been found. A shadow of obscurity thus lies on the memory of Chester's "true-noble Knight"—unlifted even from his (exact) death-date. Spelling of names was so arbitrary and variant then, that I should have attached no difficulty to the family-spelling of 'Salusbury' as against 'Salisburie' of *Love's Martyr*. As I write this I am called upon to annotate a Sir Stephen Poll—according to one of Nicholas Breton's Epistles-dedicatory—while he really was Sir Stephen Powle, and so is it endlessly. But I am enabled absolutely to identify Sir John Salusbury of Llewenni with Chester's Salisburie. For this is placed beyond dispute by another Epistle-dedicatory addressed to him as—be it noted—(a) of 'Llewen,' (b) as 'Esquier for the Bodie to the Queene's most excellent Maiestie,' as in Chester; and which, in the sorrowful absence of other information, is of peculiar interest. It is found in the following little volume of Verse, of which only a single exemplar (preserved at Isham) is known:

"SINETES

Paffions vppon his fortunes,
offered for an Incense at the
shrine of the Ladies which guided his diftempered
thoughtes.

The Patrons pathetical Po-
fies, Sonets, Maddrigals, and
Roundelays. Together with
Sinetes Dorupe.

Plena verecundi culpa pudoris erat.

By ROBERT PARRY

Gent.

At LONDON

Printed by T. P. for William
Holme, and are to be fould on
Ludgate hill at the signe of
the holy Lambe.

1597" (sm. 12mo)

The Epistle-dedicatory shews (1) That being plain 'John Salisburie' in 1597 he must have been knighted between 1597 and 1601, (2) That he was of the Queen's household; and so could well introduce his friend Chester into court. It thus runs:

¶ " *To the right worshipfull John*
Salisburie, of Llewen, Esquier,
for the Bodie to the Queenes
moſt excellent Maieſtie.

THe Hope of theſe, and glaſſe of future times,
O Heros which eu'n enuie itſelfe admir's,
Vouchſafe to guarde, & patronize my rimes,
My humble rime, which nothing elſe deſir's;
But to make knowne the greatnes of thy minde

To Honors throne that euer ha'th been inclyn'd.

Geue leaue a while vnto my breathing Muſe,
To pause vpon the accent of her ſmarre,
From the reſpite of this ſhort-taken truce,
For to recorde the actions of my Harte:
Which vowed hath, to manifeſt thy worth,
That noble fruites to future age bringes forth.

Eu'n thou alone, which ſtrengthn'ſt my repoſe,
And doeſt geue life vnto my dead deſire,
Which malice daunt'ſte, that did thy fame oppoſe,
Now, with reuiuing hope, my quill inſpire:
So he may write, and I may glorie ſinge,
That time, in time, may plucke out enui's ſling.

Renowned Patron, my wayling verſe,
To whoſe protect I flye for friendly ayde,
Vouchſafe to heare, while I my woes rehearſe:
Then my poore muſe, will neuer be diſmaide,
To countenance the babling Eccho's frowne,
That future age may ring of thy renowne.

I that ere-while with Pan his hindeſ did play,
And tun'd the note, that beſt did pleaſe my minde,
Content to ſing a ſheapheard's Round-delay;
Now by thy might, my Muſe the way did finde,
With Madrigals, to ſore my homely ſtile,
Graced with th' applauſe, of thy well graced ſmile.

Eu'n thou I ſay, whoſe trauaile hope doth veilde,
That honours worth, may reape a due reward,
Which flyes with native plume vnto the field;
Whoſe paines deſerues thy cuntreys juſt regarde:

Time cannot dashe, nor enuie blemish those,
 Whom on fam's strength haue built their chiefe repose.
 Tis only that, which thou mayst clayme thine owne,
 Deuouring time, cannot obscure the fame,
 In future age by this thou mayst be knowne,
 When as posterities renue thy fame :
 Then thou being dead, shalt lyfe a newe possesse,
 When workes nor wordes, thy worthynes expresse :
 Then shall my rime a fort of strength remaine,
 To shield the florish of thy high renowne,
 That ruin's force may neu'r graces staine,
 Which with fame's sound shall through the world bee blowne :
 Yf that the ocean which includ's our stile,
 Would passage graunt out of this noble Isle.
 For steling tyme of muses lowe remaine,
 Will from the fountaine of her chiefe conceyte,
 Still out the fame, through Lymbecke of my braine,
 That glorie takes the honour to repeate :
 Whose subiect though of royall accents barde,
 Yet to the same, vouchsafe thy due rewarde :
 So shall my selfe, and Pen, bequeath their toyle,
 To sing, and write prayes, which it selfe shall prayse,
 Which time with cutting Sithe, shall neuer spoyle,
 That often worthy Heros fame delayes :
 And I encouraged by thy applause,
 Shall teach my muse on higher things to pause." (pp. 2-4.)

ROBERT PARRY, Gent., is but a sorry poet ; for, except here and there a touch of passion and a well-turned compliment, 'Sinetes' is sere and scentless. But it is clear that Salisburie's patronage was highly valued. Besides, an 'H. P.' who writes "In prayse of the Booke" thus speaks of him :

..... "thy worthis patron is thy fort
 Thou needes not thunne t' approach into ech place,
 Thy flowing bloome of wit shall thee report."

Still further helpful in identification is another poem in the tiny volume, signed "Hugh Gryffyth, Gent.," which is headed "Posse & nolle nobile." That by this our Salisburie was intended is confirmed by our Chester's placing the same motto at the head of his Epistle-dedicatory (p. 3), in addition to his name being introduced in the poem itself. I gladly make room for the lines :

"A worthie man deferues a worthie motte,
 As badge thereby his nature to declare,
 Wherefore the fates of purpose did alot,
 To this braue Squire, this simbole swete and rare:
 Of might to spoyle, but yet of mercie spare,
 A simbole sune to Salifberie due by right.
 Who still doth ioyne his mercy with his might.
 Though lyon like his *Poffe* might take place,
 Yet like a Lambe he *Nolle* vsfeth aye,
 Right like himselfe (the flower of Salifberies race)
 Who neuer as yet a poore man would difmay:
 Dut princookes finde be vs'd to daunt alway:
 And so doth still: whereby is knowen full well
 His noble minde and manhood to excell.
 All crauen cures that coms of castrell kinde,
 Are knowne full well whē they their might would straine,
 The poore t' oppresse that would there fauour finde?
 Or yeilde himselfe their freindship to attayne:
 Then seruile fottes triumphes in might a mayne,
 But such as coms from noble lyons race,
 (Like this braue squire) who yeeldes receaues to grace.
 Haud ficta loquor.

I suppose "*Poffe et nolle, nobile*"—evidently *his* motto
 or impressa—gathers into itself Sir John Salisburie's name
 of "the strong" as over-against his gentleness. To have
 the power [strength] to do and yet to be unwilling to do
 [harm] is noble. It is just Isabella's pleading in *Measure*
for Measure (act ii, sc. 2, ll. 107-9):

————"O, it is excellent
 To haue a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
 To use it like a giant"

Nor is this all 'Sinctes' gives us. For before the 'Posies'
 — within an arched temple gate-way— is this repetition of
 the principal title-page:

"The
 Patrone his pa-
 thetical Posies,
 Sonets, Maddri-
 galls, & Roun-
 delays.
 Together
 with SINCTES
 Dompe.
 Plena uerecū
 di culpa pu-
 doris erit"

This is somewhat ambiguous; for one is left in doubt whether the 'pathetical Posies, Sonets, Maddrigalls, and Roundelayes' are Salisburie's, as his productions, or by gift of Parry. The following are the contents of the division: 1. The patrones conceyte; 2. The patrones affection; 3. The patrones phantasie; 4. The patrones pauze an ode; 5. The dittie to Sospiros (2); 6. The patrones Dilemma (2); 7. The Palmers Dittie vpon his Almes; 8. The Patrones Adieu; 9. Fides in Fortunam (2); 10. My sorrow is ioy; 11. An Almon for a Parrat; 12. The authors mufe vpon his Conceyte; 13. Fides ad fortunam; Sonnettos 1-31. To Paris darling—Buen matina—Maddrigall—Roundelay—Sinettes Dumpe—Poffe & nolle nobile—The Lamentation of a Male-content, &c. I select from these verses, three, to give a taste of the quality of this other eulogist of our Chester's Salisburie, and because it is just barely possible (though I confess improbable) that Sir John Salisburie is their author. There are gleams in these selections from 'the Patrone's' division, not in the body of the poems.*

I. The Patrone's Pauze an Ode.

Dimpl's florish, beauties grace,
 Fortune smileth in thy face,
 Eye bewrayeth honours flower,

* These hitherto utterly unknown and unused 'poems' form part of that lucky find of my friend Mr. C. Edmonds at Isham. But he had no idea whatever of their bearing on *Love's Martyr*. I am indebted to Sir C. Isham of Lamport Hall for a leisurely loan of this, as of other of his book-treasures. Note that I have silently corrected two or three slight misprints and punctuations, as 'Whose' for 'Who,' &c. With reference to the possible Salisburie authorship of the most of the second division of the small volume, perhaps ll. 37-40 in the Epistle-dedicatory, were meant to refer to his Verses—thus:

"Tis only that, which thou mayst clayme thine owne,
 Deuouring time, cannot obscure the fame,
 In future age by this thou mayst be knowne,
 When as posterities renue thy fame, &c."

Then the phrase in the title, 'The Patrone his pathetical Posies,' &c., and especially its interposition between 'Sinete's Dompe,' makes one hesitate in rejecting the Salisburie authorship. It does not add to the belief that these Verses are by the Patron that the lady addressed seems to be one 'of honour' or 'high rank'; for Parry himself was a 'Gentleman' as he tells us in his title-page.

Introduction.

Loue is norif'd in thy bower,
 In thy bended brow doth lye,
 Zeale imprest with chaſtitie.

Loue's darling deere.

O pale lippes of coral hue,
 Rarer die then cherries newe,
 Arkes where reaſon cannot trie,
 Beauties riches which doth lye,
 Entomb'd in that fayreſt frame,
 Touch of breath perfumes the ſame.

O rubie cleere.

Ripe Adon fled Venus bower,
 Ayming at thy ſweeteſt flower,
 Her ardent loue forſt the ſame,
 Wonted agents of his flame:
 Orbe to whoſe enflamed fier,
 Loue incenſ'd him to aſpire.

Hope of our time.

Oriad's of the hills drawe neere,
 Nayad's come before your peere:
 Flower of nature ſhining ſhoes,
 Riper then the falling roſe,
 Entermingled with white flower,
 Stayn'd with vermillion's power.

Neſt'ld in our clime.

The ſiluer ſwann ſing in Poc,
 Silent notes of new-ſpronge woc,
 Tuned notes of cares I ſing,
 Organ of the muſes ſpringe,
 Nature's pride inforceth me,
 Eu'n to rue my deſtinie.

Starre ſhew thy might.

Helen's beautie is deſac'd,
 Io's graces are diſgrac'd,
 Reaching not the twentieth part,
 Of thy gloues true deſart,
 But no maruaile thou alone,
 Eu'n art Venus paragone.

Arm'd with delight

Iris coulors are to[o] baſe,
 She would make Apelles gaze,
 Reſting by the ſiluer ſtreame,
 Toffing nature ſeame by ſeame,
 Pointing at the chriſtall ſkie,
 Arguing her maieſtie.

II. Loues rampire stronge.

Hayre of Amber, fresh of hue,
Wau'd with goulden wyers newe,
Riches of the finest mould,
Rarest glorie to behould,
Ympe with natures vertue graft,
Engines newe for dolours fraught, :
Eu'n there as spronge.

A Iem fram'd with Diamounds,
In whose voice true concord founds,
Ioy to all that ken thy smile,
In thee doth vertue fame beguile,
In whose beautie burneth fier,
Which disgraceth Queene defier :
Saunce all compare.

Loue it selfe being brought to gaze,
Learnes to treade the louers maze :
Lying vncouer'd in thy looke,
Left for to unclaspe the Booke :
Where enroul'd thy fame remaines,
That Iuno's blush of glory staines :
Blot out my care.

Spheare containing all in all,
Only fram'd to make men thrall :
Onix deck'd with honor's worth,
On whose beautie bringeth forth ;
Smiles ou'r-clouded with disdaine,
Which loyall hearts doth paine :
Voyde of disgrace.

Avrora's blush that decks thy smile,
Wayting lovers to beguile :
Where curious thoughts built the nest,
Which neu'r yeilds to louers rest :
Wafting still the yeilding eye,
Whilft he doth the beautie spie.
Read in her face.

Lampe enrich'd with honours flower,
Blossome gracing Venus bower :
Bearing plumes of feathers white,
Wherein Turtles doe delighte,
Sense, would seeme to weake to finde,
Reason's depth in modest minds :
Yeilding desire.

Lode-starre of my happie choyse,
In thee alone I doe reioyce :

Introduction.

O happie man whose hap is such,
 To be made happie by thy tutch :
 Thy worth and worthynes could moue,
 The stoutest to incline to loue,
 Enflam'd with fier.

III. Poëie xi.

An Almon for a Parrat.

Disdainfull dames that mountaines moue in thought,
 And thinke they may Ioues thunder-bolt controule,
 Who past compare ech one doe set at naught,
 With squeamish scorn's that nowe in rethorick roule :
 Yer scorne that will be scorn'd of proude disdainne,
 I scorne to beare the scornes of finest braine.
 Gestures, nor lookes of simpring coy conceyts,
 Shall make me moue for stately ladies' mocks :
 Then SIRENS cease to trap with your deceyts,
 Least that your barkes meete vnexpected rocks :
 For calmest ebbe may yelld the roughest tide,
 And change of time, may change in time your pride.
 Leauē to conuerse if needes you must inuay,
 Let meaner sort feede on their meane entent,
 And soare on still, the larke it fled awaye,
 Some one in time will pay what you have lent,
 Poore hungrie gnates faile not on wormes to feede,
 When gofhawkes misse on hoped pray to specede. (pp. 18-20.)

I add just one other snatch :—

Buen matina.

Sweete at this mourne I chaunced
 To peepe into the chamber ; loe I glanced :
 And sawe white sheetes, thy whyter skinne disclofing :
 And softe-sweete cheeke on pyllowe softe repofing ;
 Then fayde were I that pillowe,
 Deere for thy love I would not weare the willowe.

As with SIR ROBERT CHESTER himself, it is to be lamented that no personal details have come down to us concerning SIR JOHN SALISBURIE. It demands infinitely more than rank and transient influence to keep a name *quick* across the centuries. How pathetically soon the small dust of oblivion settles down—not to be blown off—on once noisy and noised lives! So is it—spite of Chester and Parry and Gryffyth—with our 'true-noble-knight.'

One little after-link between a Salisbury and a Chester I like to regard as going toward the identification of our Chester along with Sir John Salisbury of Lleweni. It is this—Our Sir Robert Chester, having two sons in the church, viz., Dr. Granado Chester, Rector of Broadwater, co. Sussex, and Dr. Robert Chester, Rector of Stevenage; it is found that the former was in the gift of Sir Robert Salusbury of Llanwhern, Monmouthshire, Baronet, of the same house. One is willing to think that the ancient family friendship between the two houses led to this ‘presentation’ to a son of Sir John Salisbury’s friend by a Salisbury. It is likewise to be recalled that the Chesters of Derbyshire—as we have seen—would be brought into relation with the Salisburys by their common opposition in the field to Perkin Warbeck, and in support of Henry VII.

(c) WHO WERE MEANT BY THE ‘PHOENIX’ AND THE ‘TURTLE-DOVE’ OF THESE POEMS? Turning to the original title-page, we find that immediately succeeding the large-type words:

“LOVES MARTYR:
OR,
ROSALINS COMPLAINT.”

are these other:

*“Allegorically shadowing the truth of Loue,
in the constant Fate of the Phoenix
and Turtle.”*

Then below is this further or supplementary explanation:

*“To these are added some new compositions, of severall moderne Writers
whose names are subscribed to their severall workes, upon the
first subject: viz. the Phoenix and
Turtle.”*

Looking next at "The Authors request to the Phoenix"—which, as it is annexed to the Epistle-dedicatory to Sir John Salisburie, '*one of the Esquires of the bodie to the Queenes most excellent Maiestie*,' so it is in itself a second dedication, though not so designated—I ask the student-reader to weigh the compliments in these Lines, and especially these:

"Phoenix of beautie, beauteous Bird of any"
 "That feedst all earthly fences with thy fauor"
 ——— "thy perfections passing beaultie"

I ask also that it be noted how the 'allegory' of the birds—as Phoenix and Turtle-dove—is incidentally, though not I think accidentally, dropped even thus early, and two things indicated (a) That the Author's poems in so far as she, the 'Phoenix,' was concerned, sang the "home-writ praises" of her 'loue':

"Accept my home-writ praifes of thy loue"

(b) That he was not pleading for himself but another, viz., her 'loue' or him whom she loved. He seeks that she will accept these "home-writ praises" and her 'kind acceptance' of him (the 'loue' of the prior line)

——— "kind acceptance of thy Turtle-doue"

Thus far the 'home-writ praises' are comparatively in "a lowly flight" (p. 6); but in the Poems-proper all is exaggerate and hyperbolic. As pointed out in the Notes and Illustrations *frequenter*, it very soon appears that the 'Phoenix' is a person and a woman, and the 'Turtle-doue' a person and a male, and that while, as the title-page puts it, the poet is "Allegorically shadowing the truth of Love," it is a genuine story of human love and martyrdom (*Love's Martyr*). It further very evidently appears—as also shewn in the Notes and Illustrations (p. 17, st. 2) that the 'Phoenix' was not woman merely, but a queen, and queen of 'Brytaine' (st. 3, l. 4). In short, no one at all acquainted with what was the *mode* of speaking of Queen Elizabeth to the very last, will hesitate

in recognizing her as the 'Rosalin' and 'Phœnix' of Robert Chester, and the "moderne writers," of this book. Let the reader keep eye and ear and memory alert, and he will (*meo iudicio*) find throughout, that in *Love's Martyr* and the related poems, he is listening to the every-day language of the Panegyrists of the 'great Queen.' That is to say, apart from theories, he will see that all the epithets, and much of the description pointed, and could point alone, to Elizabeth. Her 'beauty' and her kind of beauty, "beauty that excelled all beauty on earth"—her 'princely eyes,' her 'majestical' appearance, her palms kissed like a saint's, her chastity—over and over celebrated—her 'deep counsels,' her fondness for and skill in music, her gift of poetry, her eloquence, the "sweet accents of her tongue," her being a 'Phœnix,' 'Earth's beauteous Phœnix' (p. 9), and a Phœnix a prey to the want of a successor—all inevitably make us think of Elizabeth, and none other possible. Let any one who may hesitate, take NICHOLS' *Progresses of Elizabeth** and study the addresses in verse and prose or the incense or flattery of the 'Devices' and similar entertainments of her nobles. It will surprize me if he hesitate longer. There is this also to be remembered, that so peculiar, so fantastically unique, was Elizabeth's position, that no one—with his fortune to make—would have dared to write thus hyperbolically of any woman on English ground while Elizabeth was alive, he thereby putting Elizabeth in the back-ground, and infinitely below her. Even Sir Walter Raleigh in 1602, *i.e.*, subsequent to the date of *Love's Martyr*, thus closes a letter to her Majesty: "And so most humblie imbracing and admiringe the memory of *thos celestial bewtyes*, which with the people is denied mee to review, I pray God your Majestie may be eternall in joyes and happines. Your Majesty's most humble slaue."[†]

* 2 vols., 4to. See Postscript to this Introduction, C, for quotations from Nichols. Even Sidney—whose fortune *was* made—did not publish 'Astrophel and Stella.' Besides, it differs *toto cælo*.

† Edwards' *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*, vol. ii, p. 260 (2 vols., 8vo, 1868, Macmillan.)

By my Notes and Illustrations I put it in the power of anyone to confirm (or to confute if he may) this interpretation of the 'Phoenix' as intended for Elizabeth. I am not aware that anyone has ever so much as hinted at the interpretation; but neither do I know that any one before has read or studied the extremely rare book. The exceptional interest of the "new compositions" by Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Chapman, Marston, and others, seems to have overshadowed the larger portion, and thereby, likewise, left these "new compositions" without a key.*

This *internal* evidence, from *Love's Martyr*, as to Elizabeth having been meant by the 'Phoenix' is equally established by *external*. That is to say, another contemporary Poet—and only supercilious ignorance will deny the name to the author of *The Tragedie of Shores Wife*, were there no more — THOMAS CHURCHYARD — the 'Old

* I must state that, having communicated my interpretation of the 'Phoenix' and 'Turtle-dove' to my dear friend and fellow-worker in Elizabethan-Jacobean literature, Dr. Brinsley Nicholson of London, I was more than gratified to learn that, on reading the proof-sheets of *Love's Martyr* (which he had never been fortunate enough to see previously) he had come to the same conclusions. Thus wrought-out in absolute independence, the conclusions themselves may, perhaps, be deemed all the more probable. I must add, that I have had the very great advantage of Dr. Nicholson's reading of the entire proof-sheets of the text and of my Notes and Illustrations. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm and insight of my richly-furnished friend, whose restored health we are all rejoicing over. As I write this a letter reaches me from Dr. Nicholson with additional illustrations and confirmations of the 'Phoenix' being Elizabeth — as follows:

"In reading Henry Peacham, M.A., his *Minerva Britannia or Garden of Heroicall Devices*, 1612, a series of pictorial Impresas or Emblems, with verses in English and Latin, glorifying James and his family and the chief men of rank and note in England, I came across a passage which seems to shew that Elizabeth had adopted the Phoenix as 'her own' Emblem. At the conclusion he has a poetic vision in which Minerva Britannia, as I suppose, shows him a hall filled with their Impresas and Emblems limned on the shields of renowned Englishmen, both kings and peers; and having enumerated some he continues:

' With other numberleffe beside,
That to haue feene each one's deuise,
How liuely limn'd, how well appli'de

Palæmon' of Spenser's *Colin Clout*—had explicitly celebrated Elizabeth, years before (1593), as the 'Phoenix.' His 'Churchyard's *Challenge*' is so very rare and unknown, that I think it well to reproduce here his celebrations; for as I take it, it makes what was before certain certainty itself.

The Poems I refer to are these: (a) A fewe plaine verses of truth against the flaterie of time, made when the Queens Maiestie was last at Oxenford; (b) A discourse of the only Phoenix of the worlde; (c) A praise of that Phenix; (d) A discourse of the ioy good subiects haue when they see our Phenix abroad; (e) This is taken out of Belleaux made of his own Mistrresse. The whole of these follow. I prefix the Epistle-dedicatory of the entire volume, because in it the 'Queenes Maiestie,' as being the 'Phoenix,' is again designated.

You were the while in Paradife:
 Another side she did ordaine
 To some late dead, some liuing yet,
 Who seru'd Eliza in her raigne,
 And worthily had honour'd it.

Where turning trift I spide aboue,
 HER OWN DEAR PHENIX HOVERING,
 Whereat me thought in melting Loue,
 Apace with teares mine eies did spring;
 But Foole, while I aloft did looke,
 For her that was to Heauen flowne,
 This goodly place, my sight forooke,
 And on the suddaine all was gone.'

It is worth adding, that in the body of the book, Peacham gives the Phoenix to Cecil." It may be recalled here that Shakespeare put the 'emblem' of the 'Phoenix' into Cranmer's mouth at the baptism of Elizabeth—as thus:

"Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but, as when
 The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
 Her ashes new create another heir
 As great in admiration as herself,
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one."

(*Henry VIII*, act v, sc. 5, ll. 39-43.)

Cf. also my edition of Sylvester, p. 5, for kindred prefatory compliment.

I. The Epistle-dedicatory of "Churchyards Challenge." (1593.)

To the right worshipfull the Ladie

Anderson, wife to the right honorable

Lord chiefe Iustice of the common

Pleas.

MY boldnes being much, may passe the bounds of duty, but the goodnes of your honourable husband (good Madame) passeth so farre the commendacion of my penne, that vnder his Iudgement and shield (that is so iust a Iudge) I make a sauegard to this my presumption, that hazardeth where I am vnknownen to present any peece of Poetrie or matter of great effect, yet aduenturing by fortune, to giue my Lady your sister somewhat in the honour of the Queenes Maiestie, in the excellencie of her woorthy praise that neuer can decay; I haue translated some verses out of French, that a Poet seemed to write of his owne mistresse, which verses are so apt for the honouring of the Phenix of our worlde, that I cannot hide them from the sight of the worthy, nor dare commit so grosse a fault as to let them die with my selfe: wherefore and in way of your fauour in publishing these verses, I dedicate them to your good Ladishippe, though not so well penned as the first Authour did polish them, yet in the best manner my muse can affoorde, they are plainly expressed, hoping they shalbe as well taken as they are ment, so the blessed and great Iudge of all daily bleffe you.

II. A few plaine verses of truth against the flaterie of time, made when the Queens Maiestie was last at Oxenford.*

Sith silent Poets all,
that praise your Ladies so:
My Phenix makes their plumes to fall,
that would like Peacockes goe.
Some doe their Princes praise,
and Synthia some doe like:
And some their Mistresse honour raise,
As high as Souldiers pike.
Come downe yee doe prelmount, [sic]
the warning bel it sounds:

* In the Contents it is entitled "A discourse of the only Phenix of the worlde." Lady Anderson, *supra*, was Magdalen, d. of Christopher Smyth, of Annables. co. Herts.

That cal's you Poets to account,
for breaking of your bounds.
In giuing fame to thofe,
faire flowers that foone doth fade :
And cleane forget the white red rofe,
that God a Phenix made.
Your Ladies alfo doe decline,
like Stars in darkfome night :
When Phenix doth like Phœbus shine,
and leands the world great light.
You paint to please defire,
your Dame in colours gay :
As though braue words, or trim attire,
could grace a clod of clay.
My Phenix needs not any art,
of Poets painting quill :
She is her felfe in euerie part,
fo fhapte by kindly fkil.
That nature cannot wel amend:
and to that fhape moft rare,
The Gods fuch fpeciall grace doth fend,
that is without compare.
The heauens did agree,
by conftellations plaine :

That for her vertue ſhee ſhould bée the only queene to raigne,
(In her moft happie daies) and carries cleane awaie :
The tip and top of peerlefle prayſe, if all the world ſay nay,
Looke not that I ſhould name, her vertue in their place,
But looke on her true well-won fame, that anfwers forme & face.
And therein ſhall you read, a world of matter now,
That round about the world doth ſpread her heauenly graces throw.
The ſeas (where cannons rore) hath yeilded her her right,
And ſent ſuch newes vnto the ſhore, of enemies foile and flight.
That all the world doth found, the glorie Phenix gote
Whereof an eccho doth rebound, in ſuch a tune and note,
(That none alive ſhall reach) of Phenix honor great,
Which ſhall the poets muſes teach, how they of her ſhould treat.
O then with verſes ſweete, if Poets haue good ſtore,
Fling down your pen, at Phenix feet, & praife your nimphes no more.
Packe hence, ſhe comes in place, a ſtately Royall Queene :
That takes away your Ladies grace, as ſoone as ſhe is ſeene.

FINIS.

III. A praise of that Phenix.*

Verbes of value, if Vertue bee seene,
Made of a Phenix, a King, and a Queene.

My Phenix once, was wont to mount the skies,
To see how birdes, of baser feathers flew :
Then did her Port and presence please our eyes :
Whose absence now, breeds nought but fancies new.
The Phenix want, our court, and Realme may rue,
Thus sight of her, such welcome gladnes brings,
That world is much, whē *Phenix* claps her wings.

And flies abroad, to take the open aire,
In royall fort, as bird of stately kinde :
Who hates foul storms ; and loves mild weather fair,
And by great force, can lore the blostring wind,
To shew the grace, and greatnes of the minde,
My *Phenix* hath, that vertue growing greene,
When that abroad, her gracious face is seene.

=lower

Let neither feare of plagues, nor wits of men,
Keepe *Phenix* close, that ought to liue in light :
Of open world, for absence wrongs vs then,
To take from world, the Lampe that giues vs light,
O God forbid, our day were turnde to night,
And shining Sunne, in clowds should throwde be,
Whose golden rayes, the world desires to see.

The Dolphin daunts, each fish that swims the Seas,
The Lion feares, the greatest beast that goes :
The Bees in Hive, are glad theyr King to please,
And to their Lord, each thing their duty knows.
But first the King, his Princely presence shoves,
Then subiects stoopes, and prostrate falls on face,
Or bowes down head, to giue their maister place.

The sunne hath powre, to comfort flowrs and gras,
And purge the aire, of foule infections all :
Makes ech thing pure, wher his clear beams do passe,
Draws vp the dew, that mists and fogs lets fall :
My *Phenix* hath, a greater gift at call,
For vassalls all, a view of her doe craue,
Because thereby, great hope and hap we haue.

* I take this heading from the 'Contents,'—there is added, "and verses translated out of French." Throughout these poems of Churchyard there are various instances of verb singular after nominative plural.

Good turnes it brings, and fuiters plaints are heard,
 The poore are pleafed, the rich fome purchafe gains,
 The wicked blufh : the worthy wins reward,
 The feruant findes a meanes to quit his paines :
 The wronged man, by her fome right attaines,
 Thus euery one, that help and fuccour needes,
 In hard diftreffe, on *Phenix* fauour feedes.

But from our view, if world doe *Phenix* kéepe,
 Both Sunne, and Moone, and ftars we bid farwell,
 The heauens mourne, the earth will waile and weep.
 The heauy heart, it fees the paines of Hell,
 Woe be to thofe, that in defpaire doe dwell.
 Was neuer plague nor pefflence like to this,
 When foules of men haue loft fuch heauenly bliffe.

Now futers all, you may shoote vp your plaints
 Your Goddes now, is lockt in fhine full faft :
 You may perhaps, yet pray vnto her Saints.
 Whose eares are ftopt, and hearing fure is paft,
 Now in the fire, you may fuch Idols caft.
 They cannot helpe, like flockes and ftones they bée,
 That haue no life, nor cannot heare nor fee.

Till that at large, our royall *Phenix* comes,
 Packe hence poore men, or picke your fingers endes,
 Or blow your nailes, or gnaw and bite your thombs,
 Till God aboue, fome better fortune fends.
 Who here abides, till this bad world emends,
 May doe full well, as tides doe ebbe and flow,
 So fortune turnes, and haps doe come and goe.

The bodies ioy, and all the ioints it beares,
 Lies in the head, that may commaund the reft :
 Let head but ake, the heart is full of feares,
 And armes acroffe, we clap on troubled brest :
 With heauy thoughts, the mind is fo oppreffed,
 That neather legs, nor féele haue will to goe,
 As man himfelfe, were cleane orecome with woe.

The head is it, that ftill preferues the fence.
 And feeskes to faue, each member from difeafe :
 Devife of head, is bodies whole defence,
 The skill whereof, no part dare well difpleafe :
 For as the Moone moues vp the mighty Seas,
 So head doth guide the body when it will,
 And rules the man, by wit and reafons skill.

But how should head, indéede doe all this good,
 When at our néede, no vse of head we haue :
 The head is felt, is séene and vnderstood.
 Then from disgrace, it will the body saue,
 And otherwise, sick man drops downe in graue.
 For when no helpe, nor vse of head we finde,
 The fétete fals lame, and gazing eies grow blinde.

The lims wax stiffe, for want of vse and aide,
 The bones doe dry, their marrow waste away :
 The heart is dead, the body liues afraide,
 The sinnowes shrinke, the blood doth still decay :
 So long as world, doth want the Star of day,
 So long darke night, we shall be sure of héere, ;
 For clowdy skies, I feare will neuer clécre.

God send some helpe, to salue sick poore mens fores,
 A boxe of baulme, would heale our woundes vp quite :
 That precious oyle, would eate out rotten cores,
 And giue great health, and man his whole delighte.
 God send some funne, in frostie morn'ng white,
 That cakes of yce may melt by gentle thaw,
 And at well-head wee may some water drawe.

A Riddle.

Wee with, wee want, yet haue what we desire :
 We freefe, wee burne, and yet kept from the fire.

FINIS.

IV. A discourse of the ioy good subiects haue when they see our
 Phenix abroad.*

This is to be red fure waies.

IN hat a fauour worne, a bird of gold in Britaine land,
 In loyall heart is borne, yet doth on head like Phenix stand.
 To set my Phenix forth, whose vertues may thē al surmoūt.
 An orient pearle more worth, in value, price & good account.
 The gold or precious stone, what tong or verfe dare her disflain,
 A péerelesse paragon, in whom such gladfome gifts remaine.
 Whose seemly shape is wroght as out of wax wer made y^e mold
 By fine deuise of thought, like shrined Saint in beaten gold :
 Dame Nature did disdaine, and thought great scorn in any fort,
 To make the like againe, that should deserue such rare report.
 Ther néedes no Poets pen, nor painters pencil, come in place,

* This heading is from the 'Contents.'

Nor flatering fraie of men, whose filed spech giues ech thing grace,
 To praise this worthy dame, a Nymph which *Dian* holds full *dée*
 That in such perfect frame, as mirror bright & chrystal cléer
 Is set out to our view, threefold as faire as shining Sunne,
 For beauty grace and hue, a worke that hath great glory won,
 A Goddes dropt from sky, for causes more than men may know,
 To please both minde & eie for those that dwels on earth below,
 And shew what heauenly grace, and noble secret power diuine
 Is féene in Princely face, that kind hath formd & framd so fine.
 For this is all I write, of sacred Phenix ten times blest,
 To shew mine own delite, as fancies humor thinketh best.

FINIS.

V. This is taken out of *Belleau* made of his own
 Mistrresse.*

Sad sighes doth shew, the heat of heartes desire,
 And sorrow speakes, by signes of heauie eyes :
 So if hot flames, proceed from holly fire,
 And loue may not, from vicious fancies eyes
 In tarrying time, and fauour of the skies,
 My only good, and greatest hap doth lie :
 In her that doth, all tond delight dispiies :
 Than turne to mee, sad sighes I shall not dye.

If that bee shee, who hath so much mee bound,
 And makes me hers, as I were not mine owne :
 She most to praise, that maie aliue be founde,
 Most great and good, and gracious thrugly knowne.
 Shée all my hope, in briefe yea more than mine,
 (That quickly maie, bring life by looke of eye)
 Than come chaeft sighes, a close record diuine,
 Returne to mee, and I shall neuer dye.

If from young yeares, shee gainde the garland gaye,
 And wan the price, of all good giftes of grace :
 If princely port, doe vertuous minde be wraie,
 And royall power, be found by noble face,
 If shee bee borne, most happie graue and wife,
 A Sibill sage, sent downe from heauens hie,
 O smothering fightes, that faine would close mine eyes,
 Returne to mee, so shall I neuer die.

=prize

* While this piece has nothing of the 'Phoenix' in it, it is equally good for our purpose, as shewing how Elizabeth was addressed (as in *Cheste*;) by the titles of 'Sun,' &c.

If most vpright, and faire of forme shée bee,
 That may beare life, and swéettest manner showes,
 Loues God, good men, and Countries wealth doth *féé*,
 A queene of kinges, all Chrastian princes knowes,
 So iustly liues, that each man hath his owne,
 Sets straight each state, that elle would goe awrie :
 Whereby her fame, abroad the world is blowne,
 Then feace sad sighes, so shall I neuer die.

If shée the heart of Alexander haue,
 The sharpe esprite, and hap of Haniball,
 The constant mind, that Gods to Scipio gaue,
 And Cæsars grace, whose triumphs passed all,
 If in her thought, do dwell the iudgement great,
 Of all that raignes, and rules from earth to skie :
 (And sits this houre, in throne and regall seate),
 Come sighes againe, your maister cannot die.

If she be found, to tast the pearcing ayr,
 In heate, in colde, in frost, in snowe and rayne :
 As diamond, that shines so passing faire,
 That sunne nor moone, nor weather cannot staine :
 If blastes of winde, and stormes to beautie yelde,
 And this well springe, makes other fountaines drye,
 (Turnes tides and floodes, to water baraine féeld,) *féeld,*
 Come sighes then home, I liue and cannot die.

If her great giftes, doth daunt dame fortunes might,
 And she haue caught the hayres and head of hap :
 To others hard, to her a matter light,
 To mount the cloudes, and fall in honours lap.
 If shee her selfe, and others conquers too,
 Liues long in peace, and yet doth warre defie :
 As valiaunt kinges, and vertuous victors doe,
 Then fighe no more, o heart I cannot die.

If such a prince, abase her highnesse than,
 For some good thing, the world may gesse in mee :
 And stoupes so low, too like a fillie man,
 That little knowes, what Princes grace may bée.
 If shee well waile, my faith and seruice true,
 And is the iudge, and touch that gold shall trie :
 That colour cléere, that neuer changeth hue,
 Heart sigh no more, I liue and may not die.

If I doe vse, her fauour for my weale,
 By reason off, her gracious countenance still :
 And from the sunne, a little light I steale,
 To keepe the life, in lampe to burne at will.

If robbery thus, a true man may commit,
Both I and mine, vnto her merits flie :
If I presume, it springes for want of wit,
Excuse me than, sad sighes or else I die.

If shee do know, her shape in heart I beare,
Engraued in breast, her grace and figure is,
Yea day and night, I thinke and dreame each where,
On nothing else, but on that heauenly blisse,
If so transformde, my mind and body liues,
But not consumed, nor finde no cause to cry,
And waite on her, that helpe and comfort giues,
Than come poore sighes, your maister shall not die

If she behold, that here I with no breath,
But liue all hers, in thought and word and déede :
Whose fauour lost, I craue but present death,
Whose grace attained, lean soule full fat shall féede.
If any cause, do kéepe her from my sight,
I know no world, my self I shall deny,
But if her torch, doe lend my candle light,
Heart sigh no more, the body doth not die.

But if by death, or some disgrace of mine
Through enuies sting, or false report of foes,
My view be bard, from that swéete face diuine.
Beléeue for troth, to death her seruant goes,
And rather fure, than I should ill conceiue :
Sighes mount to skies, you know the cause and why,
How here below, my lusty life I leaue,
Attend me there, for wounded heart must die.

If shee beléeue, without her presence here,
That anything, may now content my minde :
Or thinke in world, is sparke of gladfome chéere,
Where shee is not, nor I her presence finde :
But all the ioyes, that man imagine may,
As handmaidens wayt, on her héere vnder sky,
Then sighes mount vp, to heauens hold your way,
And stay me there, for I of force must die.

If I may feare, that fragill beauty light,
Or semblance faire, is to be doubted sore :
Or my vaine youth, may turn with fancies might
Or sighes full falles fains grieve or torment more,
Than heart doth féele, then angry stars aboue,
Doe band your selues, gainst me in heauens hie.
And rigor worke, to conquer constant loue,
Mount vp poore sighes, here is no helpe, I die.

And so sad sighes, the witness of my thought,
 If love finde not, true guerdon for good will:
 Ere that to graue, my body shalbe brought,
 Mount vp to cloudes, and there abide me still,
 But if good hope, and hap some succour fend,
 And honor doth, my vertuous minde supply,
 With treble blisse, for which I long attend,
 Returne good sighes, I mean not now to die.

Translated out of French, for one that is bounde much to Fortune.

FINIS.

It were easy to multiply contemporary and funereal 'flatteries' of Elizabeth under the name of the 'Phoenix,' and from Cynthia in Spenser to the Rosalind and Orianas of many 'Madrigals,* and Atropeion Delion of Thomas Newton (1603), shew that she was even to old age receptive of the loftiest names and the most celestial praise, especially if they lauded her 'beauty' or her intellect. But for our present purpose more cannot be required.

Having thus determined that Elizabeth was the 'Phoenix,' I proceed now to inquire who was intended by the 'Turtle-doue.' As with the 'Phoenix,' I must request attention to our Notes and Illustrations on the places wherein the 'Turtle-doue' occurs. It will there be found that, contrary to ordinary usage, the 'Turtle-doue' is distinctly 'sung' of as a male, by the necessities indeed of the 'love' relations sustained towards the 'Phoenix,' and of the 'Phoenix' towards the 'Turtle-doue,' *e.g.*:

Nature.

"Fly in this Chariot, and come sit by me,
 And we will leaue this ill corrupted Land,
 We'll take our course through the blue Azure skie,
 And fet our feete on *Paphos* golden sand.
 There of that *Turtle Doue* we'll vnderstand:
 And visit HIM in those delightful plaines,
 Where Peace conioyn'd with Plenty still remainses." (p. 32.)

It will also be found that, as with Elizabeth as the 'Phoenix,'

* See an interesting paper on 'Madrigals' in honour of Elizabeth in *Notes and Queries*, first series, vol. iv, pp. 185-188. See Postscript D for additional 'Phoenix' references, &c.

so with the 'Turtle-douc,' epithet and circumstance and the whole bearing of the Poems, make us think of but one pre-eminent man in the Court of Elizabeth. Let the Notes and Illustrations on portions of these Poems relative to the 'Turtle-douc' be critically pondered; and unless I err egregiously, it will be felt that only of the brilliant but impetuous, the greatly-dowered but rash, the illustrious but unhappy Robert Devereux, second earl of Essex, could such splendid things have been thought. Inevitably 'Liberal Honour' and 'Love's Lord,' are accepted as *his* titles of right; while his Letters to Elizabeth and of Elizabeth to him reveal the 'envy' and 'jealousy' and hatreds against which he fought his way upward.† I invite prolonged scrutiny of this description and portraiture :

" Hard by a running streame or cryfall fountaine,
Wherein rich *Orient* pearle is often found,
Enuiron'd with a high and steepie mountaine,
A fertill foile and fruitful plot of ground,
There shalt thou find true *Honors* louely *Squire*,
That for this *Phenix* keepes *Prometheus* fire.

His bower wherein he lodgeth all the night,
Is fram'd of *Cædars* and high loftie *Pine*,
I made his house to chafice thence despight,
And fram'd it like this heavenly roofof mine :
His name is *Liberall honor*, and his hart,
Aymes at true faithfull seruice and defart.

Looke on his face, and in his browes doth sit,
Bloud and sweete *Mercie* hand in hand vnited,
Bloud to his foes, a president most fit
For such as haue his gentle humour spited :
His Haire is curl'd by nature mild and meeke,
Hangs carelesse downe to shroud a blushing cheek.

Glue him this Ointment to annoint his Head,
This precious Balme to lay vnto his feet,
These shall direct him to the *Phenix* bed,
Where on a high hill he this Bird shall meet :
And of their Ashes by my doome shal rise,
Another *Phenix* her to equalize." (pp. 19-20.)

† See *Lives and Letters of the Devereux, Earls of Essex, &c., &c.* By the Hon. W. B. Devereux, 2 vols. 8vo, 1853. (Murray.)

The 'Turtle Dove,' as thus described, was then in 'Paphos Ile'; and what was meant by it will appear in the sequel. But I ask any one familiar with the men and events of the reign of Elizabeth, if Essex is not instantly suggested by these and parallel passages and allusions in *Love's Martyr*? This being so, we should expect that Essex would be found elsewhere similarly described; and if, in giving Churchyard's remarkable 'Phoenix' poems, I felt that I was by them placing our interpretation beyond cavil, I have much the same conviction in now submitting certain extracts from a poem avowedly in his honour, when he was in the golden sunshine (yet not without broad shadows) of his favour with Elizabeth. I refer to "*An Eglogve Gratulatorie*. Entitled: To the right honorable, and renowned Shepheard of Albions Arcadia: Robert Earle of Essex and Ewe, for his welcome into England from Portugall. Done by George Peele." (1589.)*

Lct these speak for themselves, by help of our *italics* occasionally:

Piers.

"Of arms to fmg I haue nor luft nor skill; *list?*
 Enough is me to blazon my good-will,
 To welcome home that long hath lacked been,
 One of the jolliest shepherds of our green;
Ið, ið pæan!

Palinode.

Tell me, good Piers, I pray thee tell it me,
 What may thilk jolly fwain or shepherd be,
 Or whence y-comen, that he thus welcome is,
 That thou art all so blithe to see his bliffe?

Piers.

.... Thilk shepherd, Palinode, whom my pipe praiseth,
 Where glory my reed to the welkin raifeth,
 He's a great herdgroom, certes, but no fwain,
Sauē hers that is the flower of Phabē's plain;
Ið, ið pæan!

* Dyce's Greene, pp. 559-563, 1 vol., 8vo, 1861. It is much to be regretted that, here as invariably, so competent a scholar and so noble a worker as the late Mr. Dyce *modernized* the orthography of his texts, thereby obliterating all philological and critical value.

He's well-allied and lovèd of the best,
Well-thew'd, fair and frank, and famous by his crest;
His Rain-deer, racking with proud and stately pace,
Giveth to his flock a right beautiful grace;

Iò, iò pœan!

He waits where our great shepherdes doth wun,
He playeth in the shade, and thriveth in the sun;
He shineth on the plains, his lusty flock him by,
As when Apollo kept in Arcady;

Iò, iò pœan!

Fellow in arms he was in their flow'ring days
With that great shepherd, good Philifides; *Sir Philip Sidney.*
And in sad fable did I see him dight,
Moaning the mis of Pallas' peerless knight;

Iò, iò pœan!

With him he serv'd, and watch'd, and waited late,
To keep the grim wolf from Eliza's gate; [*Anjou, Tyrone, &c.*]
And for their mistresses, thoughten these two swains,
They moughten neuer take too mickle pains;

Iò, iò pœan!

But, ah for grief! that jolly groom is dead,
For whom the Muses, silver tears have shed;
Yet in this lovely swain, source of our glee,
Mun all his virtues sweet revive be;

Iò, iò pœan!

Again :

Palinode.

"Thou foolish swain that thus art over-joy'd,
How soon may here thy courage be accoy'd!
If he be one come new from western coast,
Small cause hath he, or thou for him to boast.
I see no palm, I see no laurel boughs
Circle his temples or adorn his brows;
I hear no triumphs for this late return,
But many a herdsman more dispos'd to mourne.

Piers.

Pale lookest thou, like spite, proud Palinode;
Venture doth loss, and war doth danger bode;
But thou art of those harvesters, I see,
Would at one shock spoil all the filberd tree;

Iò, iò pœan!

For shame, I say, give virtue honour's due!
I'll please the shepherd but by telling true:

Palm mayst thou see and bays about his head,
That all his flock right forwardly hath led ;
Io, io pæan !”

Then comes ENVY, as so frequently in *Love's Martyr* and the Essex letters (to and from), with sinister influence :—

“ But woe is me, lewd lad, fame's full of lies,
ENVY DOTH AYE TRUE HONOUR'S DEEDS DESPISE,
Yet chivalry will mount with glorious wings •
SPITE ALL, AND NESTLE NEAR THE SEAT OF KINGS ;
Io, io pæan !

Finally, Chester's 'Liberall Honor' is introduced :—

“ O HONOUR'S FIRE, that not the brackish sea
Mought quench, nor foeman's fearful 'larums lay!
So high those golden flakes done mount and climb
That they exceed the reach of shepherds rhyme ;
Io, io pæan !

Palinode.

What boot thy welcomes, foolish-hardy fwain ?
Louder pipes than thine are going on the plain ;
Fair Eliza's lasses and her great grooms
Receive this shepherd with unfeign'd welcomes.
HONOUR is in him that doth it bestow

Piers.

So cease, my pipe, the worthies to record
Of thilk great shepherd, of *thilk fair young lord.*”

The line of Palinode,

“ HONOUR is in him that doth it bestow,”

as well as the title of '*Liberal Honour*,' refers doubtless, among other things, to the dubbing of knights by Essex as commander-in-chief—a matter which caused much 'evil-speaking' and jealousy.

Subsidiary to this specially noticeable poem of GEORGE PEELE is another by THOMAS CHURCHYARD. Intrinsically it is of little or no poetical value ; but from its direct bearing on our interpretation of 'Paphos Ile,'—as in *Love's Martyr*, designating Ireland,—it has no common interest. For it is a Greeting to Essex on his departure for Ireland to put down the rebellion of Tyrone. There is nothing of

that exaggerate laudation of Essex common at the period; but the very homeliness and humbleness of the poem serve the better to reflect the gravity of his summons to do this service for his Queen. One phrase in the Epistle-dedicatory gives a parallel to Shakespeare's assurance of welcome on return, and to us now the quaintest possible use of the word 'impe.' The august names, *e.g.*, Scipio, Mars, and the like, tell us of the popular conception of the hero of the Expedition; and in relation to the '*Liberal Honour*' of *Love's Martyr*, it does not look like a mere coincidence that Churchyard names Essex 'Honour'—"Who must ask grace on knees at Honor's feet" (p. xlii, l. 26). I deem it well to reproduce the whole, from (it is believed) the *unique* exemplar in the British Museum. Unfortunately the headline of the opening of the poem is cut off by the binder, and only the word 'happy' can be guessed at in it. The title-page is as follows:

THE
FORTVNATE FAREWELL
to the most forward and noble Earle
of Essex, one of the honorable privie
Counsell, Earle high Marshall of Eng-
land, Master of the horse, Master of the
ordinance, Knight of the garter, &c
Lord Lieutenant general of all
the Queenes Maiesties
forces in Ireland.
Dedicated to the right Honorable the Lord
HARRY SEAMER, second sonne
to the late Duke of
Sommerfet.
Written by Thomas Churchyard
Esquire.
Printed at London by Edm. Bollifant,
for William Wood at the West
doore of Powles.

1599

Next comes the Epistle-dedicatory—following up the odd mention of his name in the title-page—to Henry, second son of the Duke of Somerset, by his second wife, Anne,

daughter of Sir Edward Stanhope, Knt. Churchyard calls him 'the Lord Harry' by courtesy; for of course when his father was stripped of his titles, those of the sons also fell. But he was knighted, though no record of this appears to have been preserved. Dr. Chester has notes of the administration to his estate, dated 6 February, 1606-7, when he was described as Sir Henry Seymour, Knt., of St. Anne, Blackfriars, London, the letters being granted to his sister, Lady Mary Rogers. He married Lady Joan Percy, third daughter of Thomas, seventh Earl of Northumberland, but died without issue; and as his sister administered his estate Lady Seymour probably died before him. The Epistle thus runs:

*To the right honorable the L. Harry Seamer
Thomas Churchyard wifeth continuance of
virtue, blessednesse of minde, and
wifhed felicitie.*

IN all duty (my good Lord) I am bold, because your most honorable father the Duke of Sommerfet (vncke to the renowned impe of grace noble King Edward the sixt) fauoured me when I was troubled before the Lords of the Counsell, for writing some of my first verses: in requitall whereof, euer since I haue honored all his noble race, and knowing your Lordship in sea seruices forward and ready in all honorable maner (sparing for no charges) when the Spanyards approached neere our countrie, I bethought me how I might be thankfull for good turnes found of your noble progenie:* though vnable therefore, finding my selfe vnfurnished of all things woorthy presentation and acceptance, I tooke occasion of the departure of a most woorthy Earle towards the seruice in Ireland, so made a present to your Lordship of his happy Farewell as I hope: and trust to liue and see his wished welcome home. This Farewell onely deuised to stirre vp a threefold manly courage to the mercenarie multitude of soldiers, that follow this Marshall-like [Martial-like] Generall, and especially to moue all degrees in generall loyalty to serue our good Queene Elizabeth, and valiantly to go through with good resolution the acceptable seruice they take in hand. Which true seruice shall redouble their renowne, and enroll their names in the memoriall-booke of fame for euer. I feare I leade your Lordship too farre with the flourish of a fruitlesse pen, whose blandishing phraze makes many to gaze on, and few to consider well of and regarde. My plot is onely laide to purchase good will of vertuous people: what the rest thinke, let their misconstruing corrects answere their owne idle humors. This plaine present winning your Lordships good liking, shall passe with the greater grace to his honorable

* = descent, or as we would say, ancestry, *i.e.*, the 'before-births,' a sense common at that time. Cf. Shakespeare and *Love's Martyr*.

hands, that the praiers & power of good men waites willingly vpon towards the reformation of wicked rebellion.

Your L. in all at commandement, *Thomas Churchyard.*

And now we reach the poem itself:*

.....

and forward most noble

Earle of Essex.

NOW SCIPPIO fails to Affrick far from hoem,
 The Lord of hoefts, and battels be his gied :
 Now when green trees, begins to bud and bloem,
 On Irish seas, ELIZAS ship shall ried ;
 A warlied band, of worthy knights I hoep,
 Aer armd for fight, a bloody brunt to bied ;
 With rebels shall, boeth might and manhood coep,
 Our contreis right, and quarrell to be tried :
 Right maeks wrong blufh, and troeth bids falshed fly,
 The fword is drawn, TYROENS difpatch draws ny.
 A traitor muft be taught to know his king,
 When MARS fhall march, with fhining fword in hand,
 A crauen cock, cries creak and hangs down wing,
 Will run about the fhraep and daer not ftand,
 When cocks of gaem, coms in to giue a bloe ;
 So falfe TYROEN, may faint when he would fight,
 Thogh now alowd, on dunghill doth he croe ;
 Traitors wants hart, and often taeks the flight :
 When rebels fee, they aer furpriefd by troeth,
 Pack hence in haeft, away the rebels goeth.
 Proud trecherous trafh, is curbd & knockt with bloes,
 Hy loftie mindes, with force are beaten down :
 Againft the right, though oft rued rebels roes,
 Not oen fped well, that did impeach a crowne.
 Read the Annaels, of all the Princes pafte,
 Whear treafons ftill, are punifht in their kinde,
 Thear fhall you fee, when faithfull men ftand faft,
 Falfe traytors ftill, are but a blaft of winde :
 For he that firft formd kings and all degrees,
 The ruel of ftates, and kingdoms overfees.
 Riot and rage, this rank rebellion breeds ;
 Hauock and fpoyle, fets bloudfhed fo abroetch,
 Troethles attempts, their filthy humor feeds,
 Raffnes runs on, all hedlong to reproetch :

[*Sheep?*]

* The spelling of Churchyard is so peculiar in this poem that I must state that our text is an exact reproduction of the original throughout. We have here a most noticeable example of a then common practice of making rhyming words agree in spelling, e.g., ll. 1 and 3 ; ll. 2, 4, 6, &c., &c.

Boldnes begaet theas helhounds all a roe,
 The fons of shaem, and children of Gods wraeth;
 With woluiſh minds, liek breetchles beares they goe,
 Throw woods and bogs, and many a crooked paeth:
 Lying liek dogs, in litter, dung and ſtrawe,
 Rued as bruet beaſts, that knoes ne ruel nor lawe.
 Foſtred from faith, and fear of God or man,
 Vnlernd or taught of any graces good,
 Nurſt vp in vice, whear falſehed firſt began,
 Mercyles boern, ſtill ſheading guiltles blood.
 Libertines lewd, that all good order haets,
 Murtherers viel, of wemen great with childe,
 Cruell as kiets, deſpifing all eſtaets,
 Diuiliſhly bent, boeth curriſh, ſtern and wilde:
 Their whole deuice, is root of miſcheeues all,
 That ſeeks a plaeg, on their own heds to fall.
 Will God permit, ſuch monſters to bear ſway?
 His iuſtice haets, the ſteps of tyrants ſtill,
 Their damnable deeds, craues vengeance euery day;
 Which God doth ſcourage, by his own bleſſed will.
 He planteth force, to fling down feeble ſtrength,
 Men of mutch worth, to weaken things of noght,
 Whoes cloked craft, ſhall ſuer be ſeen at length,
 When vnto light, dark dealings ſhall be brought:
 Sweet ciuill Lords, ſhall ſawfy fellowes meet,
 Who muſt ask grace, on knees at honors feet.
 Ruednes may range awhile in ruffling fort,
 As witleſſe wights with wandring maeke world mues;
 But when powre coms, to cut prowd practiſe ſhort,
 And ſhoe by ſword, how ſubiects Prince abues,
 Then conſhens ſhall Peccaui cry in feeld,
 Tremble and quack, mutch liek an Aſpin leaf,
 But when on knees, do conquerd captiues yeeld,
 The victor turns his hed as he wear deaf:
 Rueth is grown cold, reuenge is hot as fier,
 And mercy ſits with frowns in angry attier.
 VVorld paſt forgaue great faults, and let them pas,
 Time preſent loeks on futuer time to com.
 All aegis ſawe their follies in a glas,
 Yet were not taught, by time nor ſound of drom.
 This world groes blinde, and neither ſees nor heers,
 Their ſenſes fail, the wits and reaſon faints,
 Old world is waxt worm-eaten by long yeers,
 And men becom, black diuels that were ſaints:
 Yet Gods great grace, this wretched cauſ reforms,
 And from fayr flowrs, weeds out the wicked worms.

*The
Lead[ers]*

They com that shall redresse great things amis,
 Pluck vp the weeds, plant roses in their place.
 No violent thing enduers long as hit is,
 Falsched flies fast, from sight of true mens face,
 Traitors do fear the plaegs for them prepard
 And hieds their heds, in hoels when troeth is seen,
 Tho[u]gh[t] gracelesse giues to duty small regard,
 Good subiects yeelds obedience to their Queen :
 In quarrels iust, do thoufands offer liues,
 They feel fowl bobs that for the bucklars striues.
 This Lord doth bring, for strength the fear of God,
 The loue of men, and sword of iustice boeth,
 Which three is to TYROEN an iron rod,
 A birchin twig, that draws blood whear hit goeth.
 When IOAB went, to warr in DAVIDS right,
 He broght hoem peace, in spite of enmies beard,
 For IOZIAS, the Lord above did fight,
 With Angels force, that made the foes afeard :
 The world doth shaek, and tremble at his frown,
 VVhoes beck foon casts the brags of rebels down.
 Stand fast and fuer, false traitors turns their back,
 True subiects veaw, maeks haerbrain rebels blush ;
 Stout heany bloes, maeks highest trees to crack,
 An armed piek, may brauely bied a puff :
 Wheel not about, stand stiffe liek brazen wall,
 For that's the way, to win the feeld in deed ;
 Charge the foer front, and see the enmies fall,
 The cowards brag, is but a rotten reed :
 Victors must beare the brunt of eury shock,
 A constant minde, is liek a stony rock.

[= it]

Farewell sweet Lords, Knights, Captains and the rest,
 Who goes with you, taeks threefold thankfull pain,
 Who sets you forth, is ten times treble blest,
 Who serues you well, reaps glory for their gain,
 Who dies shall liue, in faem among the best,
 Who liues shall loek and laugh theas broils to scorn :
 All honest harts, doth ciuill warr detest,
 And curse the time that ear TYROEN was born :
 We hoep good hap waits on the fleet that goes,
 And Gods great help, shall clean destroy our foes.

F I N I S .

I venture to assume that I have sufficiently answered our question, Who were meant by the 'Phoenix' and the 'Turtle-dove' of these Poems? I must hold it as demon-

strated, that the 'Phoenix' was Elizabeth and the 'Turtle Dove' Essex.* No one has, hitherto, in any way thought of this interpretation of the 'Turtle Dove' any more than the other of the 'Phoenix'; but none the less do I hope for acceptance of it.†

Our interpretation of Chester's 'Phoenix' and 'Turtle Dove' is the more weighty and important, in that it for the first time enables us to understand Shakespeare's priceless and *unique* 'Phoenix and Turtle'—originally attached to *Love's Martyr*. Perhaps Emerson's words on Shakespeare's poem, as well represents its sphinx-character even to the most capable critics, as any. They are as follow in his preface (pp. v, vi) to his charming *Parnassus* (1875)—

"Of Shakespeare what can we say, but that he is and remains an exceptional mind in the world; that a universal poetry began and ended with him; and that mankind have required the three hundred and ten years since his birth to familiarize themselves with his supreme genius? I should like to have the Academy of Letters propose a prize for an essay on Shakespeare's poem, *Let the bird of loudest lay*, and the *Threnos* with which it closes, the aim of the essay being to explain, by a historical research into the poetic myths and tendencies of the age in which it was written, the frame and allusions of the poem. I have not seen Chester's *Love's Martyr*, and "the Additional Poems" (1601), in which it appeared. Perhaps that book will suggest all the explanation this poem requires. To unassisted readers, it would appear to be a lament on the death of a poet,

* In a small prose book by THOMAS DEKKER, of which I know no other exemplar than my own (unfortunately not perfect) — the "Prayers" that compose it are given respectively to the 'Dove,' the 'Eagle,' the 'Pellican,' and the 'Phoenix.' This unique little volume is dated 1609. Anything richer spiritually or more exquisite and finely quaint in its style, of the kind, I do not know. His preliminary description of the four birds is exceedingly well-done, and those of the 'Dove' and 'Phoenix' vividly set forth what the 'Phoenix' and 'Turtle Dove' of *Love's Martyr* are—only the love and aspiration are heavenward. Does any one know of another copy of this book? I should rejoice to hear of it.

† The late Mr. Richard Simpson had doubtless studied Chester critically; but he gave no inkling of his interpretation beyond announcing through the *New Shakespeare Society* that he would connect *Love's Martyr* with *Cymbeline*. I fear this must have proven another of his 'School of Shakespeare' discoveries. I have looked in vain in *Cymbeline* for anything save the slightest verbal illustrations of *Love's Martyr*. None the less do I regret that Mr. Simpson was not spared to give us his view of *Love's Martyr*, &c.

and of his poetic mistress. But the poem is so quaint, and charming in diction, tone, and allusions, and in its perfect metre and harmony, that I would gladly have the fullest illustration yet attainable. I consider this piece a good example of the rule, that there is a poetry for bards proper, as well as a poetry for the world of readers. This poem, if published for the first time, and without a known author's name, would find no general reception. Only the poets would save it."

Perchance there is truth in the close of this penetrative *bit* of criticism; but to myself the 'Phoenix and Turtle' has universal elements in it at once of thinking, emotion and form. Its very concinnity and restraint, *e.g.*—compared with the fecundity of *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*—differentiate it from all other of Shakespeare's writings. I discern a sense of personal heart-ache and loss in these sifted and attuned stanzas, unutterably precious.

(d) WHAT IS THE MESSAGE OR *motif* OF THESE POEMS? I recall that the original title-page informs us that in *Love's Martyr, or Rosalins Complaint*, we have poems "*Allegorically shadowing the truth of Love.*" I cannot take less out of this than that the author believed he was celebrating a 'true love.' More than that, I cannot explain away the so prominently-given chief title, of Love's *Martyr*, or the sub-title, *Rosalin's Complaint*; which so manifestly folds within it Elizabeth, as the 'Tudor Rose (just as Rosalind in *As You Like It*, is called 'my sweet Rose, my dear Rose,' act i, sc. 2). To me all this means a 'true love' that 'ran not smooth,' that was defeated or never completed, and that led to such anguish as only the awful word 'martyr' could express. With queen Elizabeth, then, as the 'Phoenix,' and as the 'Rosalin' whose 'Complaint' the poems ensphere, and Essex as the 'Turtle Dove,' it seems to me unmistakable that ROBERT CHESTER, as a follower not to say partizan of Essex, designed his *Love's Martyr* as *his* message on the consummation of the tragedy of his beheading. That there is nothing beyond the insinuated martyrdom of the title on the scarcely less wrong

than blunder of Elizabeth—the execution of Essex—is to be explained by (1) That the words ‘*long expected labour*’ in the Epistle-dedicatory, intimate that the poems had been composed, substantially, some years before, probably in 1599, when Essex was on his memorable errand to Ireland; (2) That Elizabeth was still alive—and a terrible old lioness still when her pride was touched. The fact that Elizabeth was living when *Love’s Martyr* was published fills me indeed with astonishment at the author’s audacity in so publishing. This, however, is mitigated by these considerations (a) That throughout *Love’s Martyr* there is abundant titillation of her well-known vanity in compliments that ‘sweet fifteen’ only might have looked for; (b) That if we had access to the full *data* it seems manifest that they would show that somehow or other Chester had intimate, almost confidential, knowledge of Elizabeth’s feeling for Essex. Sir John Salisburie, as being ‘Esquier of the body to the Queenes most excellent majesty,’ could tell him much if he, personally, had not access. (c) That in her unlifted melancholy over the death of her favorite, the might-have-been came back upon her with sovran potency and accusation, and perchance imparted a strange satisfaction to her to have it re-called by a mutual friend; much as her Biographers have remarked, she chose to simulate quarrels with Essex, that she might have the pleasure of hearing him defend himself. Throughout Chester fulfilled his word in “The Authors request to the Phœnix” (p. 5), [I] “Endeouored haue to please in praifing thee.”* Even in “Sorowes Ioy” on her death, there seems to me a hint at the martyrdom, *e.g.*:

“ That Pellican who for her peoples good
Shirkt not to spill (alas) her owne deare blood:
That maid, that Pellican.”†

* See Postscript E, for an incident in Elizabeth’s life that vivifies one of Chester’s compliments to her.

† See further quotations in Postscript D.

In the Notes and Illustrations I bring out indubitable allusions that bear us back to Elizabeth's girl-hood, when she was 'suspect' and watched and plotted against by her sister, 'Bloody Mary' (alas! for epithet so tremendous associated with name so holy and tender!)—bear us back to her radiant prime when her marriage was the national hope and prayer—bear us back emphatically, to her first flush of captivation by the glowing eyes and eloquent tongue of Essex; and so onward. That Elizabeth was 'led captive,' there are a hundred proofs. Take one in a bit of a letter of Anthony Bagot to his father in May 1587—"When she [the queen] is abroad, nobody near her but my L. of Essex; and at night, my Lord is at cards, or one game or another with her *that he cometh not to his own lodgings till birds sing in the morning.*"* I find here the *motif* of the poems. Chester interprets with subtlety and power the real 'passion' of Elizabeth for Essex—the actual feeling on her part, that if 'I dare' might wait on 'I would' she should have lifted him to her throne. Our Poet puts himself in her place, and with a boldness incomparable utters out the popular impression that Elizabeth did 'love' Essex. Hence—as I think—those stings of pain, throbs of remorse, cries of self-reproach, 'feeling after' died-out emotion and rapture, that in most unexpected places come out and lay bare that proud, strong, prodigious heart as none else has ever done. I am in the dark as to Robert Chester's relation to Elizabeth; but it is in broad-breaking light that he pierces to the core, while in simple-seeming and even 'skillless' phrase, he tells us in these strange discourings between 'Nature' and the 'Phoenix' the '*truth of Loue.*' This is 'allegorically' done—his phrase is 'allegorically shadowing'—but beneath the allegory is solid fact.

I care not to go searching for 'scandals against Elizabeth.' The hate of the Jesuits probably manufactured most of them. But I do not see how any one can study the *Life*

* Lives and Letters of the Earls of Essex, as before, vol. i, p. 186.

and Letters of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, as told by Captain Devereux, without having it immovably established to him, that to the close Elizabeth had a deep passion of love for him — thwarted earlier by her sense that it would not do for 'Queen' to marry 'Subject,' and later by his capricious marriage to the widow of Sidney, but never extirpated and destined to a weary 'martyrdom' of resurrection when the decollated body lay in its bloody grave. Except the love-tragedy of Stella and Sidney,* I know nothing more heart-shatteringly tragic — for pathetic is too weak a word — than the 'great Queen's' death-cushion moanings and mutterings over her dead Essex. I, for one, believe in that story of 'the ring' as JOHN WEBSTER has put it:

——— "let me die
In the distraction of that worthy prince's
Who loathed food, and sleep, and ceremony,
For thought of loving that braue gentleman
She would faine haue sau'd, had not a false conveyance
Expressed him stubborn-hearted: let me sink
Where neither man nor memory may e'er find me."†

That Webster did not thus introduce the 'ring' at random seems certain. A hitherto overlooked little book supplies a self-authenticating record of it, as well as other glimpses of Elizabeth that strikingly illustrate *Love's Martyr*. The title-page is as follows — *Historical Memoirs on the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James*, 1658 (12mo).‡ The 'ring' story and related reflections thus run:

* Poems of Sir Philip Sidney in Fuller Worthies' Library, and in Chatto and Windus's *Early English Poets* — with Memorial-Introduction, Essay, &c.

† The Devil's Law Case, act iii, sc. 3, Dyce's *Webster*, p. 128, 1 vol., 8vo, 1857.

‡ I am indebted to Dr. Brinsley Nicholson for *supra*. Earlier reference is made (as in *Love's Martyr*) to Elizabeth's poetical gift, e.g., "professing herself in public a Muse, then thought something too Theatrical for a virgine Prince" (p. 61). Her prominent part in "the gayeties" of the Court is contrasted with its ceasing after the death of Essex (p. 70). There are also several other passages which speak of her affection for Essex. The introductory heading is "*Traditional Memoirs*," &c

"But the Lady of *Nottingham* coming to her death-bed and finding by the daily sorrow the Queene expressed by the losse of Essex, her self a principall agent in his destruction could not be at rest till she had discovered all, and humbly implored mercy from God and *forgivenessse* from her earthly Sovereigne: who did not only refuse to give it, but having shook her as she lay in her bed, sent her accompanied with most fearfull curses to a higher Tribunall. Not long after the Queenes *weaknesse* did appeare mortall, hastened by the wishes of many [Cecil and his circle ?] that could not in reason expect pardon for a fault they found she had condemned so severely in her selfe as *to take comfort in nothing after* * * * But upon all occasions of signing Pardons would upbraid the movers for them with the hasty anticipation of that brave man's end, not to be expiated to the Nations losse by any future endeavours" (p. 95) * * * "[It were] no great hyperbole to affirm the Queene did not only bury Affection but her Power in the Tombe of Essex" (p. 97) * * * "For after the blow was given, the Queene presaging by a multitude of tears shed for him, the great drouth was likely to appeare in the eyes of her subjects, when the hand that signed the warrant was cut off, fell into a deep *Melancholy* wherein she died not long after."*

Each Reader of *Love's Martyr* will discover for himself its allusions to the real under the avowedly 'allegorical.' I would note, in rapidly glancing through the book a few details that are certainly unmistakeable, *e.g.*:

"*Bellona* rau'd at Lordlike cowardice" (p. 9).

One has but to read Essex's 'Letters,' and to master the facts about COBHAM and other 'coward' lords in relation to Essex's 'Expeditions,' to perceive the blow of this line

Of the 'Phoenix' we have this :—

"One rare rich *Phœnix* of exceeding beantie,
One none-like Lillie in the earth I placed;
One faire *Helena*, to whom men owe dutie:
One countrey with a milke-white Dove I graced:
One and none such, since the wide world was found
Hath euer Nature placed on the ground" (p. 10).

.....
Like to a light bright Angel in her gate:
For why no creature on the earth but she,
Is like an Angell, Angell let her be" (p. 14).

The former is the universal language of the period, *e.g.*, Raleigh in his *Cynthia* sings of her as a 'milk-white Dove';

* See Postscript F, for a very striking contemporary letter in the Advocates Library, Edinburgh, on the death-bed, &c., of Elizabeth.

the latter was Essex's favourite word. Thus in acknowledging the queen's gift of her portrait in a ring, he writes :

"Most dear Lady,—For your Maj. high and precious favors, namely, for sending this worthy knight to deliuer your blessing to this fleet and army, but aboue all other for your Maj. bestowing on me that *fair angel which you sent to guard me*; for these, I say, I neither can write words to express my humble thankfulness, nor perform service fit to acknowledge such duty as for these I owe" (*Lives of the Earls of Essex*, as before, vol. i, p. 414).

Here is the 'Queen,' and the proud sovereign of England, speaking, not the mere 'Phoenix' :

"Honor that Isle that is my sure defence" (p. 33, st. 1, l. 7).

Into whose mouth but Elizabeth's could ever such an exclamation have been placed? Then, to render the 'Isle' certain as not some foreign 'Paphos Isle,' but one near England, there succeeds an enumeration and celebration of England's chief cities and sights.

In accord with this, the 'nine (female) Worthies' (pp. 38-40) are appropriate as connected with the 'Phoenix = Queen Elizabeth; while with equal appropriateness in such case, but only in such case, 'Windsor Castle' and the Knights of the Garter, connect the Queen and King Arthur, and also render the Arthur part of *Love's Martyr* not wholly out of place.

Next, here is self-evidently an Elizabethan fact — danger of no heir to the throne of England if the 'Phoenix' married not :

"This *Phenix* I do feare me will decay,
And from her ashes neuer will arise
An other Bird her wings for to display,
And her rich beauty for to equalize:
The *Arabian* fiers are too dull and base,
To make another spring within her place" (p. 15).

.....

Then thus Ioue spake, tis pittie she should die,
And leaue no offspring for her Progenie" (p. 17).

That the 'Phoenix' was Queen of Britain is implied in this stanza :

"Nature go hie thee, get thee *Phæbus* chaire,
 Cut through the skie, and leaue *Arabia*,
 Leaue that il working peace of frutleffe ayre,
 Leaue me the plaines of white *Brytania*,
 These countries haue no fire to raife that flame,
 That to this *Phoenix* bird can yeeld a name" (p. 17).

That the "delightfome *Paphos* Ile" (p. 17 and onward) was Ireland—whither Essex had gone—let the reader verify by studying its characteristics under all its mythical and impossible assemblage of productions. Specifically it is to be marked and re-marked that from where the 'Phoenix' is, *i.e.*, England (p. 32), 'Paphos ile' is to be visited, because there the 'Turtle Doue' was to be found. The 'course' of the chariot-borne pair ('Nature' and the 'Phoenix'), was to be through 'the blue Azure skie,' as thus :

———— " we will ride
 Ouer the Semi-circle of *Europa*,
 And bend our course where we will see the Tide,
 That partes the Continent of *Affrica*,
 Where the great *Cham* gouernes *Tartaria* :
 And when the starrie Curtaine vales the night,
 In *Paphos* sacred Ile we meane to light."* (p. 32, st. 4.)

This might very well have taken us to some ideal island of love, out of space and time, or at least to now much spoken of Cyprus with its renowned love-shrine of Paphos. But the real in the Poet's thought effaces the ideal ; for no Mediterranean or Aegean is passed, and no 'vision' of the

* Probably Chester drew his designation of 'Paphos Ile' from his friend Marston's *Metamorphosis of Pigmaliions Image* (1598) ; in the 'Argument' to which he says—"After Pigmalion (beeing in Cyprus) begat a sonne of her [Venus] which was called Paphos ; whereupon that iland Cyprus, in honor of Venus, was after, and is now, called by the inhabitants, Paphos." So to at the close of the poem itself

"Paphos was got ; of whom in after age
 Cyprus was Paphos call'd, and evermore
 Those ilanders do Venus name adore."

Marston is mistaken—for 'Paphos' does not appear ever to have been a name of the entire island of Cyprus—but he was sufficient authority for Chester's purpose. Marston, be it noted, contributed to the 'additional poems.'

countries between London and it, is given. Contrariwise—the ‘chief cities’ of *England* are successively described, and *just after leaving London* ‘Paphos Ile’ is reached. As being Ireland, all this is harmonized, but not otherwise. And as being Ireland, Essex, and Essex alone, and Essex in every detail—answers. It may be permitted me to ask the critical weighing of this by my fellow-students of Shakespeare.* Note also Elizabeth’s girlhood and its perils by suspicion and malice (pp. 22, 24, 26); and later her mature age—“Ile drowne my felfe in ripenessse of my Yeares” (p. 29), and again:

Nature. “Raile not gainst *Fortunes* sacred Deitie,
In youth thy vertuous patience she hath tyred,
From this base earth shee’le lift thee vp on hie,
Where in Contents rich Chariot thou shalt ride,
And neuer with Impatience to abide:
Fortune will glorie in thy great renowne,
And on thy feathered head will set a crowne” (p. 31).

i.e., the ‘crown’ of marriage or ‘heavenly crown’ (cf. l. 3, and ll. 4–5.) Then let the reader ‘inwardly digest’ the description of the ‘Turtle Dove’ by the ‘Phoenix’ on arrival in Ireland (‘Paphos Isle’):

Phoenix. “But what sad-mournefull drooping soule is this,
Within whose watry eyes sits Discontent,
Whose snail-pac’d gate tels something is amiss:
From whom is banisht sporting Meriment:
Whose feathers mowt off, falling as he goes,
The perfect picture of hart pining woes?

Nature. This is the carefull bird the *Turtle Dove*,
Whose heauy croking note doth shew his griefe,
And thus he wanders seeking of his loue,
Refusing all things that may yeeld reliefe:
All motions of good turnes, all Mirth and Ioy,
Are bad, fled, gone, and false into decay.

* No doubt Chester is anything but skilful in expressing himself and *ceteris paribus*, I should have explained the absence of the ‘vision’ of intervening countries thereby. But *as it is* design not ‘skill-less’-ness is the explanation. At p. 17, st. 3, the Poet intermixes the mythical seat of the ‘Phoenix’ (Arabia) with that of *his* ‘Phoenix’; and so elsewhere. In st. 4, l. 6, ‘a second Phoenix loue’ doubtless points back to the mythical ‘Phoenix’ as = first.

- Phoenix. Is this the true example of the Heart?
 Is this the Tutor of faire *Constancy*?
 Is this Loues treasure, and Loues pining smart?
 Is this the substance of all honesty?
 And comes he thus attir'd, alas poore foule,
 That Destinies foule wrath should thee controule.
- See Nourse, he stares and lookes me in the face,
 And now he mournes, worfe then he did before,
 He hath forgot his dull slow heavy pace,
 But with swift gate he eyes vs more and more:
 O thall I welcome him, and let me borrow
 Some of his griefe to mingle with my sorrow.
- Nature. Farwell faire bird, Ile leaue you both alone,
 This is the *Doue* you long'd so much to see,
 And this will proue companion of your moue,
 An Vmpire of all true humility:
 Then note my *Phoenix*, what there may ensue,
 And so I kisse my bird. *Adue, Adue.*
- Phoenix. Mother farewell; and now within his eyes,
 Sits sorrow clothed in a sea of teares,
 And more and more the billowes do arise:
 Pale Griefe halfe pin'd vpon his brow appeares,
 His feathers fade away, and make him looke,
 As if his name were writ in Deaths pale booke." (pp. 131-2.)

Finally, the words in the 1601 title-page '*constant* fate' have no sense if not = constancy, *i.e.*, to be 'constant,' with martyrdom as the penalty for breaking the fate or decree.

The letters of Essex to Elizabeth are a commentary on the whole of this. One of the many remarkable, very remarkable letters of Essex to Elizabeth, preserved among the Hulton MSS., may be accepted as a type of the others. It is suggestive of a great deal.

"Madam.—The delights of the place cannot make me unmindful of one in whose sweet company I have joyed as much as the happiest man doth in his highest contentment; and if my horse could run as fast as my thoughts do fly, I would as often make mine eyes rich in beholding the treasure of my love, as my desires do triumph when I seem to myself in a strong imagination to conquer your resisting will. Noble and dear lady, though I be absent, let me in your favour be second unto none; and when I am at home, if I have no right to dwell chief in so excellent a place, yet will I usurp upon all the world. And so making myself as humble to do you service, as in my love I am ambitious, I

wish your Majesty all your happy desires. Croydon, this Tuesday, going to be mad and make my horse tame. Of all men the most devoted to your service.

[1593.]

R. Essex.*

Love's Martyr throughout, as between the 'Phoenix' and 'Turtle Dove,' makes it a mutual contest, of subduing the 'Will,' one of the other. So is it in Elizabeth's letters to Essex, and her sayings of him earlier and later.

That the 'passion' and 'truth of love' were reciprocal; that Essex apart from ambition, felt that if he was worthy of Elizabeth, Elizabeth was worthy of him; I cannot for a moment doubt. There are words—glowing and *alive*—intensities of appeal, wistfulness of longing and odd capriciousnesses of jealousy that only reality can explain. Let the Reader turn to his Letters to Elizabeth and of Elizabeth to him; let him even look within the mad out-break of his rush over from Ireland and straight going into 'the presence,' and he will be satisfied that a personal experience lay behind all that, to which nothing short of 'truth of love' in the Past, gives congruity or meaning.† Let his Poems also speak for him. Curiously enough in his *Loyal Appeal in Courtesy*, we have the line

"O let no Phoenix look vpon a Crowe."

[*Anjou?*]

and these exclamations follow:—

"Woe to the world the sonne is in a cloude
And darksome mists doth ouerrunne the day
In hope, Conceit is not content allow'd,
Fauour must dye & Fancye weare away:
Oh Heauens what Hell! The bands of Loue are broken
Nor must a thought of such a thing be spoken.

* *Lives*, as before, vol. i, p. 292.

† In the volume of 1658 (already quoted from) it is expressly stated that Cecil had laid a trap for Essex; caused him to get news of the Queen's illness and even death, and embargoed all other vessels, hoping that Essex would join with Tyrone and others, and cross to England at the head of his army. His sudden appearance with but few followers disconcerted Cecil's plot, who had troops ready to oppose him. There seems no reason to doubt the authenticity and good faith of the volume of 1658.

Mars muſt become a coward in his mynde
 While Vulcan ſtandes to prate of Venus toyes ;
 Beautie muſt ſeeme to go againſt her kinde
 In croſſing Nature in her ſweeteſt ioyes.
 But ah no more, it is too much to thinke
 So pure a mouth ſhould puddle-watters drinke !

But ſince the world is at this woefull paſſe,
 Let Loue's ſubmiſſion Honour's wrath apeace :
 Let not an Horſe be matched with an Aſſe.
 Nor hateful tongue an happie hart diſeaſe :
 So ſhall the world commend a ſweet conceipt
 And humble Fayth on heavenly Honour waite."

I ſuppoſe *that* was for Anjou. Then "The Buzzeinge Bees' Complaint" will reward full thinking-out. It thus closes :

" Ffive years twice tould, wth promaſes perfum'd,
 My hope-ſtuffte heede was caſt into a flumber ;
 Sweete dreams of golde ; on dreames I then preſum'd
 And 'mongſt the bees thought I was in the number."

"The False, Forgotten" is a wail of a bruised heart, *e.g.*

" Loue is dead and thou free,
 She doth lyue but dead to thee.
 When ſhe lou'd thee beſt a whylle,
 See how ſtyll ſhe did delay thee :
 Viſying ſhewes for to beguylle
 Thoſe wayne hopes w^{ch} haue betrayd y^e.
 Now thou ſeeſt butt all too late
 Loue loues truth, w^{ch} women hate."

His 'Cantvs' is explicit enough, *e.g.*

" I loued her whom all the world admire,
 I was refus'de of her that can loue none :
 AND MY VAINE HOPES WHICH FAR TOO HIGH ASPIR'DE
 IS DEAD AND BUR'D AND FOR EUER GONE."*

By the neceſſities of ſemi-revelation, ſemi-concealment, there are things in *Loue's Martyr* that might be brought up

* I have collected the Poems of Eſſex in my *Miscellanies of the Fuller Worthies' Library*, vol. iv, pp. 430-450.

in objection to our interpretation ; but the lines, otherwise, are so deep and broad and sure that I cannot think it possible to erase them. Fact and fiction however are inter-blended, *e.g.*, the ending of the poem-proper by the Author's evident wish, furtively to pay homage to James, introduces a disturbing element into our interpretation ; but this and other accidents cannot be permitted to affect the substance of the *motif* of these poems. The word 'allegorical' covers all such accidents.*

(e) WHAT IS THE RELATION BETWEEN THE 'NEW COMPOSITIONS' AND 'LOVE'S MARTYR'? In the original title-page is this explanation : "*To these are added some new compositions, of severall moderne Writers whose names are subscribed to their severall workes, upon the first subject: viz. the Phoenix and Turtle.*" This makes it plain that these 'new compositions' of those 'moderne Writers' in 1601, were intended to celebrate precisely what *Love's Martyr* celebrated. So that granted, my premiss, viz., that *Love's Martyr* had the *motif* and message for which I have argued, we have SHAKESPEARE, BEN JONSON, GEORGE CHAPMAN, JOHN MARSTON and others (anonymous), siding (so-to-say) with Robert Chester in doing honour to Essex. I do not greatly concern myself with any in this matter save one—SHAKESPEARE. Now, one may be sure in one's own mind of his admiration, in common with the Nation, for Essex, though the proofs be comparatively slight in themselves. But with this 'new composition' super-added, the conviction deepens. Omitting the 'Phoenix and Turtle' for the moment, there are three things that favour the view that Shakespeare sympathized with Essex.

1. There is the great praise in the Chorus of *Henry V*:

* Were it not that *Love's Martyr* was certainly published in 1601 and left unchanged (except by withdrawal of preliminary pages) one might have deemed p. 37, st. 2, a later insertion concerning James. As it is, it is impossible. The explanation is, that James was for long set down as Elizabeth's heir-presumptive.

“ But now behold,
 In the quick Forge and working-houſe of Thought,
 How London doth powre out her Citizens,
 The Maior and all his Brethren in beſt fort,
 Like to the Senatours of th’ antique Rome,
 With the Plebeians ſwarming at their heeles,
 Goe forth and fetch their Conqu’ring *Cæſar* in :
 As by a lower, but by louing likelyhood,
 Were now the Generall of our gracious Empreſſe,
 As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
 Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword :
 How many would the peacefull Citie quit,
 To welcome him ? ” (Act v, ſc. i (Chorus).

This ſplendid tribute is ſo brought in by head and ſhoulders on very purpoſe to win hearts for Eſſex, that it is ſcarcely poſſible to doubt that Shakeſpeare was for him pronouncedly, maugre the evil-speaking and jealousies and enmities of the day in ‘high places.’ This is one of thoſe aſides that take new ſignificance from the circumſtances under which it was introduced. It may, or may not, have been an after-thought and insertion. In either caſe its ſignificance and declarativeness of opinion and ſympathy is untouched.

2. The acting of *Richard II*, before Eſſex made his final wild and ill-adviſed attempt. There was probably in the minds of thoſe who thus acted a Play ſo full of warning to princes who pushed their right to edge of wrong, ſuggestive *bits* in the Play that might be meant to be caught up. But there is no proof that Shakeſpeare himſelf was concerned in the coincidental playing, or that he knew what ſuch playing was meant to precede. Neither do I think that Shakeſpeare would have countenanced Eſſex in ſo unwiſe an act, albeit I never can think it was born of diſloyalty to his ‘great Queen.’ I do not, therefore, receive the playing of *Richard II* as proof that Shakeſpeare was a partizan of Eſſex’s. Yet is the thing noteworthy.

3. The ſilence of Shakeſpeare on the death of Elizabeth. Amid the abounding elegies and eulogies contemporaneous

and later, you search in vain for anything by Shakespeare. Every one knows that he was reproached in print for his silence. I regard it as specially memorable. Inferentially I take it as *his* verdict for Essex. Perhaps equally worthy of note is his after-compliment to James; for *he* was the friend of Essex's friends. Southampton's close relations with Essex also furnished an element of alienation from Elizabeth to Shakespeare.

Any further evidence, even if it be slight, is important. And further evidence I find in the 'new composition' of the 'Phoenix and Turtle' contributed by Shakespeare to *Love's Martyr*. The fact of such a contribution by him is, in itself, noticeable. For while Ben Jonson and Chapman and others contemporary lavished their 'Commendatory Verses,' Shakespeare, with this solitary exception, wrote none as he sought none. This surely imparts special significance to the exception.

Internally, the 'Phoenix and Turtle' is on the same lines with *Love's Martyr*. To my mind there is pathos in the lament over the 'Tragique Scene.' Essex himself, as we have seen—and his Letters to Elizabeth that are still open to be read, have the same burden—had sung

"I am not living, though I seeme to go,
Already buried in the graue of wo" (p. 133).

and earlier,

"Loue is dead,"

and in the *Threnos*, Shakespeare regards not the beheaded Essex only, but his 'Phoenix' too as dead:

"Truth may seeme, but cannot be,
Beautie bragge, but tis not she,
Truth and Beautie buried be.

To this vne let those repaire,
That are either true or faire,
For these dead Birds, sigh a prayer" (p. 184).

En passant 'Imogen' later is named 'the dead bird'
(*Cymbeline*.)

All this, be it noted, fits in with the 'allegorical shadowing' of *Love's Martyr*; for therein BOTH die. Thus, after the 'Turtle Dove' has craved "pardon for presumption's foule offence" (p. 133), and avowed his life-weariness much as Essex's letters to Elizabeth did, he is strengthened to endure and prepared for his own and her martyrdom (*Love's Martyr*), e.g.:

Phoenix. "Come poore lamenting foule, come sit by me,
We are all one, thy sorrow shall be mine,
Fall thou a teare, and thou shalt plainly see,
Mine eyes shall answer teare for teare of thine:
Sigh thou, Ile sigh, and if thou give a grone,
I shall be dead in answering of thy mone" (p. 134).

After exactly such love-talk as we can imagine between Elizabeth and Essex, when after inevitable quarrelling there came as inevitable reconciliation (pp. 134-36), their twin-death—the death of "Truth and Beautie" (the 'dead Birds,' Phoenix and Turtle Dove, of Shakespeare) is set before us. We have, first, the relation:

Phoenix. "Then to yon next adioyning grone we'll flye,
And gather sweete wood for to make our flame,
And in a manner sacrificingly,
Burne both our bodies to renewe one name:
And in all humblenesse we will intreate
The hot earth-parching Sunne to lend his heate" (p. 136).

Then the tragedy itself, which I ask the reader to ponder (pp. 138-9). Both are 'dead' in the pathetic and suggestive close:

Phoenix. "O holy, sacred, and pure perfect fire,
More pure then that ore which faire Dido mones,
More sacred in my louing kind desire,
Then that which burnt old *Ejōns* aged bones,
Accept into your euer hallowed flame,
Two bodies, from the which may spring one name.

Turtle. O sweet perumed flame, made of those trees,
Vnder the which the *Muses* nine haue song
The praise of vertuous maids in misteries,
To whom the faire-fac'd *Nymphes* did often throng;
Accept my body as a Sacrifice
Into your flame, o. whom one name may rise.

Phoenix. O wilfulnesse, see how with smiling cheare,
 My poore deare hart hath slong himselfe to thrall,
 Looke what a mirthfull countenance he doth beare,
 Spreading his wings abroad, and ioyes withall:
 Learne thou corrupted world, learne, heare, and see,
 Friendships unpotted true fincerity.

I come sweet *Turtle*, and with my bright wings,
 I will embrace thy burnt bones as they lye,
 I hope of these another Creature springs,
 That shall possesse both our authority:

I stay to long, ô take me to your glory,
 And thus I end the *Turtle* Doves true story" (pp. 138-9).

I ask further, that the 'Comment' of the 'Pellican' (pp. 139-41) be critically studied. Finally, I recall the title-page of the 'new compositions' thus: — Hereafter follow diverse Poeticall Effaies on the former Subiect; viz: the *Turtle* and *Phoenix*." This explains how, in Shakespeare's 'Phoenix and Turtle' and 'Threnos,' both are dead ('dead Birds'), though Elizabeth was still living in her great anguish.

I ask special attention to this; for otherwise the close of his 'Phoenix and Turtle,' as not conformable to history, will perplex and be regarded as not pointing to Elizabeth and Essex. I must iterate and reiterate that (a) The 1601 title-page expressly states that the "new compositions" (and so Shakespeare's) were "upon the first subiect: viz., the Phoenix and Turtle," and again, were "diverse Poeticall Effaies on the former Subiect; viz: the *Turtle* and *Phoenix*." (b) The story is 'allegorically' told, as a 'shadowing' of the 'truth of love'—a very different thing from bare historic data. (c) The title 'Love's *Martyr*' meant infinitely more than 'death' itself. To conform therefore to *Love's Martyr* and to fall in with the 'allegory,' Shakespeare, like Chester, represents BOTH as dead ('dead Birds'). There might indeed be policy and wariness alike in Chester and Shakespeare in such representation.

Let the reader take with him the golden key that by the 'Phoenix' Shakespeare intended Elizabeth, and by the 'Dove' Essex, and the 'Phoenix and Turtle,' hitherto re-

garded as a mere enigmatical epicedial lay—as already seen—will be recognized as of rarest interest. I cannot say that I see my way through it all—st. 5 (p. 182) I do not quite understand; but it is a mere accident of the poem. But I do see that Shakespeare went with Robert Chester in grief for Essex, and in sad-heartedness that the ‘truth of love’ had not been accomplished. Herein I find, likewise—I would re-impress—why it was that Shakespeare, though well-nigh stung to do it in print, wrote nothing on the death of Elizabeth.*

The other ‘new compositions’ are of unequal value. Our Notes and Illustrations invite attention to certain *points* in them. They all go to confirm our interpretation of the ‘allegory’ of the ‘Phoenix’ and the ‘Turtle Dove.’ As I read, all from p. 190 to the end belongs to Ben Jonson (spelled ‘Iohnson’ as he was himself wont in earlier years). I only add that Gifford, after his unhappy manner (with Cunningham following suit), has deplorably corrupted the text of these poems of Jonson—as I record in the Notes and Illustrations. Probably Jonson wrote also the ‘Chorus Vatum.’

(f) WAS THE 1611 ISSUE ONLY A NUMBER OF COPIES OF THE ORIGINAL OF 1601, LESS THE PRELIMINARY MATTER AND A NEW TITLE-PAGE? I answer—yes. The identity of the two books—as thus put—is certain. Not only do all the signatures correspond, but the mis-pagings, 5 for 11, 41 for 14, 59 for 63, are the same. Then, the spur of the L in *Libanon*, p. 10, l. 5 (=p. 18), is off in both; a broken O, p. 71, l. 3 from foot, is the same in both; a turned ‘e,’ spaces, dislocated letters, &c., are all the same. It is also to be specially observed that the 1601 title-page of the “new compositions” is retained in the 1611 copies. All (in our reproduction) preceding the title-page of 1611, belongs to the copies of 1601 alone. The new title-page misspells ‘Annals’ as ‘Anuals,’ which suggests that Chester did not get

* See Postscript G.

a proof—if indeed proofs were then given to Authors—albeit on the instant having occasion to turn to Bp. Ellicott's *New Testament Commentary for English Readers* (1878), I find in the first line of his lordship's Preface, this similar slip—"The present Commentary may in many respects" for, of course, 'many.' As elsewhere noticed, Chester omits his own name in the new title-page of 1611. In naming the book no longer *Love's Martyr*, seeing that Elizabeth and Essex were long dead, and a new sovereign—King James I—reigning, there was policy. There was policy too in describing the book as *Annals of great Brittain*; for in the Poems, Scotland is scarcely named, and 'great Brittain' might salve any offence to the royal stickler for his authority and dignity. Besides, in 1601 the Arthur portion is an episode in the poem of *Love's Martyr or Rosalins Complaint*; but in 1611 the episode becomes (in the title-page) the main poem, albeit even then Love's Martyr's story is a part of the 'Annals.'

(g) WHAT IS THE POETIC VALUE OF "LOVE'S MARTYR"? Speaking generally, I do not rate Robert Chester as a poet very high. The poem of *Love's Martyr* wants proportion in its parts. The opening has a certain brightness (pp. 1-6), and the brightness returns when the 'Annals' being ended the Poet resumes with this 'Note'—" & now, to where we left." The 'Annals' themselves are thinly done. With Arthur for main theme they look meagre and prosaic beside the old stories of the 'renowned Prince,' such as Mr. Furnivall has furnished us in his golden little book, and such as the 'Legends' of many Chronicles—verse and prose—furnish, and placed beside the purple splendour of our Laureate's celebration.* Sooth to say, his 'singing' of

* With reference to Chester's address "To the courteous Reader" my ever-obliging friend, Mr. Furnivall, has sent me a number of notes on the various Arthurian romances and MSS., and through M. Paulin Paris, further. I must content myself with a reference to the numerous Arthurian publications in

Flowers and Plants and Trees, Birds and Beasts and Fish, and precious Stones and Shells and Minerals grows wearisome; although there are *bits* of Folk-Lore and quaint myths and superstitions in wonderful fulness and variety. Whatever he felt inclined to write, or whatever came into his head, of which he could manufacture a few or even a couple of stanzas, is brought in by Chester. The book is, in fact, an *omnium gatherum*. It is just possible that this jungle of irrelevances was of design, that he might conceal in hidden brake (if I may so speak) the fair flowers and fragrances and tendernesses of the story he celebrates in *Love's Martyr*. I question if Elizabeth had chanced on the volume during the dim sad days that succeeded the death of Essex, that she would have persevered to read or to listen.

The poetry itself, is, as a rule, poor. There are almost innumerable instances of lines and phrases inserted, more to complete the rhythm and rhyme, than for reason's sake. For the same reason there are not a few forced, and I might almost say, unidiomatic constructions. Only "few and far between" have we aught of inspiration or of fine expression. All the more remarkable is it that Chester so dared to interpret the popular belief of what Essex was to Elizabeth.

But with every abatement I can promise a sympathetic reader that he will come, now and again, on "brave translunary things." Thus in the description of the Person of the 'Phoenix,' that is of Elizabeth, you have daintinesses that make you pause, *e.g.*:

Her Hair.

"When the leaft whistling wind begins to sing,
And gently blowes her haire about her necke,

England and France. Suffice it that the most unlikely-looking, viz., the Greek, has been published by F. Michel in his *Tristram* (Pickering), albeit it refers, says M. Paulin Paris, not to Tristram, as he supposed, but to Guiron le Courtois; and there are other Greek Arthur celebrations. M. Paulin Paris, is amused with Chester's credulity, and writes—that it reminds him of a respected friend, the Marquis of ———, who asked, "Can I doubt of the existence of Homer when I possess his bust and portrait?" See Hazlitt's *Warton*, *s.n.*

Like to a chime of bells it soft doth ring,
 And with the pretty noise the wind doth checke,
 Able to lull asleepe a peniue hart,
 That of the round worlds forrowes beares a part" (p. 10).

Eyes.

"Vnder this mirrour, are her princely eyes:
 Two Carbuncles, two rich imperiall lights;
 That ore the day and night do foueraignize,
 And their dimme tapers to their rest the frights:
 Her eyes excell the Moone and glorious Sonne,
 And when she riseth al their force is donne" (p. 11).

Cheekes.

"Her morning-coloured cheekes, in which is plac'd,
 A Lillie lying in a bed of Roses;
 This part aboue all other I haue grac'd,
 For in the blew veines you may reade fweet posies:
 When she doth blush, the Heauens do wax red,
 When she lookes pale, that heauenly Front is dead" (*Ibid.*)

Chin.

"Her chinne a litle litle pretie thing
 In which the fweet carnation Gelli-flower,
 Is round encompass in a cristall ring,
 And of that pretie Orbe doth beare a power:
 No storme of Enuie can this glorie touch,
 Though many should assay it ouermuch" (*Ibid.*)

Lips.

"Her lippes two rubie Gates from whence doth spring,
 Sweet honied deaw by an intangled kisse,
 From forth these glories doth the Night-bird sing,
 A Nightingale that no right notes will misse:
 True learned Eloquence and Poetrie,
 Do come betweene these dores of excellencie" (*Ibid.*)

Hands.

"Her hands are fortunes palmes, where men may reade
 His first houres destiny, or weale or woe,
 When she this sky-like map abroad doth spreade,
 Like pilgrimes many to this Saint do go,
 And in her hand, white hand, they there do see
 Loue lying in a bed of yuorie" (p. 13).

Fingers.

"Her fingers long and finall do grace her hand;
 For when she toucheth the sweete founding Lute,

The wild vntamed beafts amaz'd do stand,
And carroll-chanting birds are fudden mute:
O fingers how you grace the filuer wires,
And in humanitie burne *Venus* fires!" (*Ibid.*)

Feet.

"And if by night ſhe walke, the Marigold,
That doth incloſe the glorie of her eye,
At her approach her beauty doth vnfold,
And ſpreads her ſelfe in all her royaltie,
Such vertue hath this Phoenix glaſſy ſhield,
That Flowers and Herbs at her faire fight do yeeld" (p. 14.)

There is occaſionally a pleaſant 'ſmoothneſſe' and harmony, as in the 'Phoenix' in her lament for her years ſo ſwiftly paſſing away without a mate, *e.g.*:

"What is my Beauty but a vading Flower?
Wherein men reade their deep-conceiued Thrall,
Alluring twentie Gallants in an hower,
To be as feruile vaffalls at my Call?
My Sunne-bred lookes their Senſes do exhall:
But (ô my grieve) where my faire Eyes would loue,
Foule bleare-eyed Ennie doth my thoughts reprooue.

What is my Vertue but a Tablitorie:
Which if I did beſtow would more increaſe?
What is my Wit but an inhumane glorie:
That to my kind deare friends would proffer peace?
But O vaine Bird, give ore in ſilence, ceaſe;
Malice perchaunce doth hearken to thy words,
That cuts thy thread of Loue with twentie ſwords"
(pp. 25-6).

Equally flowing, and informed with a ſubdued paſſion is 'Nature's' remonſtrance:

"Is this the ſumme and ſubſtance of thy woe?
Is this the Anker-hold vnto thy bote?
Is this thy Sea of Griefe doth ouerflow?
Is this the Riuer ſets thy ſhip aſhore?
Is this the Leſſon thou haſt learn'd by rote?
And is this all? and is this plot of Ground
The ſubſtance of the Theame doth thee confound?" (p. 30).

There are alſo now terſe and now vivid things, *e.g.*:

Luft.

" . . . Luft is fuch a hot inflamed thing
It gouerneth mans fenfes, rules a King " (p. 45).

Cities.

" Great peopled Cities, whose earth-gracing show,
Time is afham'd to touch or ouerthrow " (p. 33).

Polution.

" Hels damned fent with this may not compare " (p. 28),

Majefty.

" Stand by faire Phoenix, fspread thy Wings of Gold,
And daunt the face of Heauen with thine Eye " (p. 27).

Cleansing.

" . . . the white fnow fhall excell in whiteneffe " (p. 22).

White-luftre of neck.

" . . . More glorious then the day with all his light " (p. 12).

Lady's hand.

" Then by the lawne-like Hand he tooke his louer " (p. 51).

Troops.

" His barbed Horfes beat the yeelding ground,
And with their neighing terrifide their foe,
Proud of their riders, in whose harts are found
A promife to the Romanes ouerthrow.
The gliftering fhine of their well-fafhion'd armour,
Tels all men here doth ride a Conquerour " (p. 71-72).

Slaughter.

" . . . all the greene graffe with their bloud they died " (p. 75).

Arthur.

..... " they found King Arthurs skull,
Of fuch great largeneffe that betwixt his eyes,
His foreheads fpace a fpanne broad was at full " (p. 82).

Diamond.

* The *Diamond* the worlds reflecting eye,
The *Diamond* the heauens bright fhining ftarre,
The *Diamond* the earths moft pureft glorie:
And with the *Diamond* no ftone can compare;
She teacheth men to fpeake, and men to loue,
If all her rareft vertues you will proue " (p. 111).

The " fire burns " and flames o' times, *e.g.*:

True and false loue.

Turtle. "False loue puts on a Maske to shade her folly,
True loue goes naked wishing to be seene,
False loue will counterfeite perpetually,
True love is Troths sweete emperizing Queene:
This is the difference, true Loue is a jewell,
False loue, hearts tyrant, inhumane, and cruell.

.....

Phoenix. Thou shalt not be no more the *Turtle-Doue*,
Thou shalt no more go weeping al alone,
For thou shalt be my selfe, my perfect Loue,
Thy grieve is mine, thy sorrow is my mone,
Come kisse me sweetest sweete, O I do blesse
This gracious luckie Sun-shine happinesse" (p. 135).

The "Cantoës, alphabet-wise, to faire Phoenix made by the Paphian Dove" (pp. 142-48), and "Cantoës, verbally written" (pp. 149-75), fold within them real love-passion, though arbitrarily fettered in its expression. The more I study these the more I am impressed with Chester's evident knowledge of the secret history of Essex and Elizabeth. There are touches and allusions throughout that I can explain alone by interchange of conversation between the Poet and Essex, if, indeed, Elizabeth herself is to be excluded. The songs of "Nature" (pp. 86-7) and of "The Phoenix" (pp. 87-8) have the indefinable graciousness of Elizabethan poetry.

Besides all this, there are a number of current poetic phrases of the day, such as we would look for in such a poet. And while some of them—as pointed out in Notes and Illustrations—are used by Shakespeare, there is in my judgment some probability for thinking that these are not casual coincidences. He clearly alludes, in the lines "To the kind Reader" (p. 6), to the Rape of Lucrece; and doubtless he had also his *Venus and Adonis*, and not improbably saw and heard some of the plays. Not only would these things be natural in a young man of his birth, but I think I can detect in some of his lines a reflex or remembrance of the rhythm of Shakespeare's lines. There

is, also, the unforgettable fact that Shakespeare, with special exceptionalness, gave his 'new compositions' to the book; also, that all the known contributors were Dramatists, and connected with the theatre.*

Altogether, few I hope will differ from me in affirming that it had been pity to have left *Love's Martyr* in the hazards of a couple of known exemplars (at most);—literary and historical loss longer to have allowed such a book to be inaccessible to Shakespearian students. I indulge the expectation that my interpretations of the 'truth of love' in the story of the 'Phoenix' and 'Turtle Dove' will take their place as a substantive addition to our critical literature, and give new interest and its true meaning to Shakespeare's incomparable 'Phoenix and Turtle.'

(h) WHO WAS 'TORQUATO CÆLIANO'? By accident or design Chester has here combined the Christian name of TASSO, and the surname of one of the minor poets of Italy of the same period. The following little book was probably known to Chester:

RIME
DI DIVERSI
CELEBRI POETI
Dell' età nostra:
novamente raccolte.
e poste in luce
in bergamo, M.DLXXXVII.
Per Convino Ventura, e Compagni.

Pp. 95-148 consists of selections from the *Rime* of Livio Celiano; and then pp. 149-81 of similar selections from Torquato Tasso—the latter immediately following Celiano's. Whether this circumstance led our Poet to misremember the name of the "venerable Italian Poet"

* The conjunction of Ben Jonson and Marston in the book in 1601 is of special interest; for it was in the same year Jonson produced his *Poetaster*, attacking Dekker and Marston. See Ward's *Eng. Drama, s.n.* Later (1604-5), Jonson, Chapman, and Marston, were together in prison for *Eastward Hoe*.

under whose mask—as a professed translator—he had elected to sing *Love's Martyr*, we can only guess. Certes the selections from Celiano, in the small volume of Geo. Battista Licinio, contain nothing whatever to justify Chester's description of *Love's Martyr* as a translation; as, indeed, the entire scope and substance of his poems forbid.

It is further to be remembered that, while in the 1601 title-page the Poems are designated translations, in the second title-page of 1611 this is withdrawn, and its native origin and growth affirmed, *e.g.*, "*The Annals [= Annals] of Great Brittain. Or A Most Excellent Monument, wherein may be seene all the antiquities of this Kingdome.*" Our late-given interpretation of the main subject of *Love's Martyr* and related Poems, reveals that the author's own consciousness of their 'burden' would make him very willing to be mistaken for a translator, rather than to be known as the actual composer of such 'perilous stuff.' Notwithstanding willing helpers at home and in Turin, Florence and Rome, I have not succeeded in obtaining, or so much as hearing of, an *exemplar* of any edition of the Poems of Livio Celiano.* Quadrio mentions also this: "*Celiano (Livio) Rime. Pavia, 1592.*" I have no expectation that, were this other volume before me, any ground-work for *Love's Martyr* would be found in it. For Chester's poems are English throughout, with no touch of Italian grace or melody or such allusions as were inevitable in any actual translation of an Italian poet. In the British Museum copy of the selections of 1587, some former possessor informs us that Celiano was a native of Genoa. I cherish the pleasures of hope that some specialist may hereafter enable me to recover the *Rime* of 1592, and perchance other works of Livio Celiano. In such case I shall not fail to communicate the result. Meantime Dr. Todhunter of Dublin—author

* I owe special thanks to my friends E. W. Gosse, Esq.; W. M. Rossetti, Esq.; Dr. Steele, Rome; and Messrs. Dulau and Co., London. Mr. Gosse guided me to the Selections in the British Museum.

of *Laurella and other Poems*, having the genuine mint-mark — has most kindly favoured me with verse-renderings of some of Celiano's love-lays, as typical. The translations are as close to the original as for our object was deemed needful. I have now to give them, as follows :

The Lovers Parallel.

This lovely new-born plant,
Whose grace doth so enchant,
Mimics that maiden fair
Whose virgin beauty is my life's despair.

It in earth's heavy crust
Its delicate roots has thrust;
Her's round its cisterns deep
Of my life-drained heart do cling and creep.

It a sweet river laves,
Her my full eyes' sad waves;
It joys in sun and air,
She in the warm sighs of my love's despair.

It hath its leaflets green
Her tresses fair, my Queen;
It hath its glowing flowers,
She her sweet face, like roses after showers.

But it with fruit is graced
Most pleasant to the taste;
Bitter is hers, heigho !
Gall of my life, since I desire it so !

The Envious Lover.

O many-coloured flowers !
Joy of the meadows; and ye verdurous leaves !
Ye whole beloved brood
Of Earth's great motherhood,
How do I envy your thrice-happy state !
When you the hot noontide grieves
The blessed dawn bedews your fainting bud;
And ah ! how happier far
Than me ye are,
When the beloved feet
Ye bend to kiss, of my Urania sweet;
And how in your frail form I long to be
When in her lap she takes you tenderly !

Introduction.

lxxi

The Lover's Complaint.

1.

Who would behold a park
Of trees, thick-planted, dark ;
Let him come see my daily-pierced heart,
Thick full of arrows, full of cruel smart;
Thus Love hath shewn his art !

2.

Who would behold a sea
Of tears wept hopelessly ;
Let him come see the wells of bitter brine
Which night and day I weep from out my eyne:
Thus Love's poor captives pine !

3.

Who would behold a pyre
Of hell's eternal fire ;
Let him come see my bosom, full of flame,
Tormented with love's craving and love's shame:
Thus Love doth write his name !

4.

And she desires to know
The cause of all this woe—
Why Love hath made of me park, sea, and hell,
Let him know this my tigress, loved too well,
So fair, but ah ! so fell !

The Lover's Plea.

1.

If I might pleasure thee
By crying: "Woe is me !"
"Woe's me ! woe's me !" a thousand times I'd scream,
So I might compass all my blissful dream !

2.

Or if by sighing deep
Thy favour I could keep,
If that would win thy pity for my plight,
Sweet heavens ! I'd sigh all day and sigh all night !

3.

Or if when I should cry
"Oh help me, sweet, I die !"
Thy comfortable presence I might have,
How oft I'd pray thee lift me from the grave !

4.
 Alas ! I still may sigh,
 "Woe's me !" for ever cry,
 And crave thy help in my despairful state;
 All will not serve to change my cruel fate !

It only remains to state that, throughout, my anxious aim has been to reproduce the book in absolute fidelity to the original. Below, I record certain errors of the original and other minor points.* I would, in conclusion, express my very cordial sense of obligation to the various friends who have aided me in my labour. I have to add to the names that appear in their places, that of the Rev. W. E. BUCKLEY, M.A., of Middleton Cheney, for excellent aid in tracing Chester's classical and other quotations ; but I wish emphatically to reiterate my gratitude to Dr. BRINSLEY NICHOLSON for his sustained and minute carefulness of reading after and with me, and giving me the benefit of his ripe acquaintance with Elizabethan-Jacobean literature. I send forth the book, especially my Introduction and Notes and Illustrations, with less hesitancy, that he has read the whole, and approved, if not in every detail, yet substantially. I have to thank my friend Professor DOWDEN for several suggestions that have been utilized.

And so I invite thee, 'gentle Reader,' to the thoughtful perusal of this ancient book, in the light and shadow of my interpretation of its 'shadowing the truth of love,'—viz., as telling the story of Elizabeth and Essex, with Shakespeare's version as well. I regard it as no common honour to address so 'fit audience.' I confidently count on every genuine fellow-student of Shakespeare receiving generously my endeavour and *weighing* text and notes together. HENRY ELLISON—subtle and vivid Singer of our generation, and destined to be more amply recognized a century hence—may close these introductory words :

" Oh turn unto the days of yore,
 When Faith her martyr-sons could name;
 And Liberty's untainted lore,
 From heart to heart, passed as a flame.

* See Postscript H.

Oh turn unto the days when Faith
 Could build cathedral piles thro' love;
And hosts therein, as with one breath,
 Their true heart-offering sent above !
Oh turn unto the days of old,
 When unreprieved all, and free,
Old songs were sung, old tales were told,
 And Hall and Bower rang to their glee.
Turn ye unto the times I say,
 When noble thoughts were welcome more
To English ears, than at this day
 Vile clinking gold, by knaves told o'er !
Oh turn ye to the household laws,
 The fireside laws of Peace and Love;
Where Wisdom feeds her little ones,
 And fashions them for Him above !
Oh turn unto our Shakespeare's page,
 And read of Harry's chivalry;
Of gallant deeds, which are a gage
 For like unto Posterity.
Oh then shall Freedom on Time's lyre
 Strike with a willing hand the strain
Of olden days; and Hampden's fire,
 And Milton's tongue, be heard again !
Then Faith shall have her martyr-names,
 Tho' not fire-tested be their worth,
And patient Charity, who tames
 Old hatreds, give to Love new birth !
Then Freedom's bright electric chain
 Shall stretch o'er hamlet, town, and tower;
And good old songs be heard again
 In knightly hall, in cot, and bower !
Then too my Fatherland, thy fame
 With rainbow-breadth once more shall rise;
Scattering the storms thro' which it came,
 Like dawn unto long watcher's eyes !
And thus, when thou must sink again
 Within thine own eternal Sea;
The guardian-angels still their strain
 Shall sing, and hail thee, 'bless'd and free.'*

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

St. George's Vestry, Blackburn, Lancashire.
August, 1878.

* *Madmoments*, vol. i, pp. 99-100, 'On hearing an eld-time song.'

POSTSCRIPT.

A. Page viii.

Epistle-dedicatory of *The Christian Exercise of Fasting, Private and Publike &c.* 1596.

"To the right worshipfull and his very Christian good friend, master Robert Chester, Esquier &c. mercie and peace in Iesvs Christ.

"I must look for many aduersaries, for the greatest part hath euer declined from pietie to superstition and prophanenes. Therefore, (right worshipfull) I come vnto you for protection of Gods trueth: being the more bolde to aske this fauor, because I am so well assured of your loue thereunto, and full resolution to defend the same with al your might during life. Againe, I haue nowe for many yeares known your Christian loue towards me for the truths sake. I desire to testifie my hearts affection towards you in the best manner that I can. The most blessed spirit of Iesus Christ guide and gouerne your spirit, keepe and comfort you and all yours. Februarie 12. 1596.

"Yours assuredly euer to vse in Iesus Christ during life. Henry Holland."

Judging from this Epistle one must conclude that Chester was of the Puritan side as against the Papal. Essex was avowedly with the Puritans.

B. Page ix.

Abstract of Sir Robert Chester's Will, made by Dr. Joseph Lennuel Chester, London.

"I, Robert Chester, of Royston, in the county of Herts, Knight"—dated 3 May 1638—to be buried at Royston, next the body of my sister Mrs. Mary Thornburgh—to my wife all my plate, jewels, household stuff, goods, chattels, &c., in my mansion house called Cockenhatch and in and upon my lands in Barkway and elsewhere in co. Herts.—my said wife to provide for the weekly distribution forever of 16^d worth of bread to the poor of Barkway and 8^d worth to the poor of the hamlet of Northampsted in Barkway aforesaid—to my son Robert Chester, Doctor of Divinity £100., with which to educate my godson Robert Chester son of Henry Chester till he reach the age of fifteen, and then £100. more to bind him apprentice or make him a scholar—to my said godson Robert Chester £300. when 24 years of age—to my said son Henry a Mourning cloak, and to his wife £10. for mourning—to my son Granado Chester, Doctor

of Divinity £100.—to my son Robert Chester D.D. and his wife each £10 for mourning, and to his son Robert my godson £100.—to my brother in law Mr. John Stone a mourning gown—to my son Edward Chester a gown, my horse, and my seal ring with arms—to my brother in law Mr. Edward Capon a cloak—to my son in law Sir Thomas Nightingale Baronet, a cloak—to my son in law Edward Ratcliffe Esquire, a cloak, and to my daughter his wife £20. for mourning and a ring—to my daughter Theodosea Nightingale widow £20. for mourning and a ring—to my son in law Samuel Hinton, D^r of the Civil Law a gown. And to my daughter his wife £20 for mourning and a ring, and to their daughter Anne Hinton £20. when 18 years of age—to my son in law John Piggott Esq. and my daughter his wife, mourning—to each of my grandchildren a ring of the value of 20 shillings, with this posy, "Christus unica salus"—to my kinsman Thomas Smith, Gent. a cloak—to the poor of Royston £5.—to the poor of Barkway and Northampsted £5.—to my cousin Magdalen Deane *alias* Addams 40 shillings a year for life, and to her daughter Anne, my cousin, wife of [blank] Tymberell, 20 shillings—to my nephew Henry Thornburgh £20. and mourning, and to each of his children £5.—to Mr. More, vicar of Royston, 20 shillings and a gown—to my godson Chester Greene 20 shillings—to Dr. Smith, vicar of Barkway, 20 shillings—all residue of personalty to my son Edward Chester, Esquire, whom I appoint my sole executor.

Codicil, dated 16 March 1639/40—to my said sons Granado Chester, D.D., and Robert Chester, D.D., £300. which they shall dispose for the benefit of my son Henry—to my said son Henry an annuity of £20 for life—All my messuages, lands, tenements, &c. to my said son Edward for life, with remainder to his son John Chester and his heirs male, remainder to the other sons of my said son Edward and their heirs male in succession, remainder to my said son Granado, &c., remainder to my said son Robert, &c., remainder to my said son Henry, &c.

Codicil, dated 7 April 1640—to Granado, second son of my said son Robert Chester, £50.—to Anne Hinton daughter of my said son Samuel Hinton £30. more when 18 years of age, or, if she die before, then same to her 2 younger sisters when 18."

[The Will was proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, 3 February, 1640-1, by Edward Chester, son and executor.

Recorded in Book "Evelyn," at folio 25.]

C. Page xxiii.

NICHOLS' PROGRESSES OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Were it not that the title-page of Chester's *Love's Martyr* (1601) designates it "the first *Essay* of a new *Brytish* Poet," I should have felt disposed to assign a somewhat vivid piece

in Nichols' Progresses, to Chester. It is entitled "The Principal Addresse in Nature of a New Year's Gifte; seeming thereby the Author intended not to haue his Name knowne." It is taken from Cotton MSS., Vespasian, E 8. It is possible that, notwithstanding the words "the first Essay," this anonymous production really was Chester's, but not re-claimed by him later. Be this as it may, there are memorable and illustrative things in it. Thus, in relation to the prominent part 'Nature' fills in *Love's Martyr*, it is noteworthy that, similarly here, 'Nature' gives the "principal Addresse." Equally noteworthy, too, is it, that one of Chester's titles, *Love's Martyr*, occurs in this set of courtly poems, e.g.:

"Horace, honour'd August, the high't of names,
And yet his harte from Mecene never fwerde;
Ovid helde trayne in Venus courte, and ferve,
Cheife Secretarye to all those noble dames,
Martyres of love, who fo broylde in his flames,
As bothe their trauth and penance well deferve
All in fine gold to have theyr image kerve."

More noteworthy still is the precise lamentation of Chester over Elizabeth's un-married state as in our closing quotation. Again, she is sung of as 'the Mayden Queen' with many lovers:

" . . . two Capetts, three Cezares affayde
And had repulfe of the great Britton Mayde "

And:

"For we suppose thou haft forfware
To matche with man for evermore "

And:

"In woman's breft
Hath harbourd safe the lyon's harte "

And the gazer on her 'bewtye' has a

" feble eye
That cannot view her stedfastlye "

Broadly looked into, this "Principal Addresse in Nature," throughout, is quite in the same vein with *Love's Martyr*

in its laudation of Elizabeth. A few quotations will doubtless be acceptable. This is the opening :

“ Gracious Princeſſe, where Princes are in place
To geve you gold, and plate, and perles of price,
It ſeemeth this day, ſave your royall advice,
Paper preſentes ſhoulde have but little grace;
But ſithe the tyme ſo aptly ſerves the caſe,
And as ſome thinke, you’re Highneſſes takes delighte
Oft to peruſe the ſtyles of other men,
And eſt youre ſelf, with Ladye Sapphoe’s pen,
In ſweet meaſures of poeſye t’endite,
The rare affectes of your heavenly ſprighte;
Well hopes my muſe to ſkape all manner blame,
Uttering your honours to hyde her owner’s name.”

Avowedly the author regards Elizabeth as a pre-eminent theme, *e.g.*, “The Author chooſinge by his Verſe to honour the Queens Maſteſtie of England, Ladye Elizabeth, boldly preferreth his Choife and the Excellencye of the Subject before all others of any Poet auncient or moderne.” And again : “That her Maſteſtie ſurmounteth all the Princeſſes of our tyme in Wiſedome, Bewtye, & Magnanimitie : & ys a Thinge verye admirable in nature.” In accord with this are the ſeveral ‘addresses’ placed under the nine Muses. I muſt content myſelf with one further quotation : “That her Maſteſtie (two things except) hath all the Parts that juſtly make to be ſayd a moſt happy Creature in this World.”

Parthe III. Erato.

“ Youthfull bewtye, in body well diſpoſed,
Lovelye favoure, that age cannot deface;
A noble harte where nature hath incloſed
The fruitful ſeedes of all vertue and grace,
Regall eſtate coucht in the treble crowne,
Anceſtrall all, by linage and by right,
Stone of treaſures, honor, and juſt renowne,
In quiet raigne, a ſure redouted might:
Faſt frindes, foes few or faint, or overthrowen,
The ſtranger toonges, and the hartes of her owne,
Breife bothe Nature and Nourriture have doone,
With Fortune’s helpe, what in their cunning is—

To yelde the erthe, a Princelye Paragon.
 But had shee, oh ! the two joys she doth misse,
 A Cæsar to her husband, a Kinge to her foone, [son]
 What lacks her Highnes then to all erthly blisse ?

I add, that "Parthe VII, Euterpe," is a summary description of Elizabeth's person, of which that in *Love's Martyr* is simply an expansion.

D. Page xxxiv.

OTHER 'PHENIX' AND KINDRED REFERENCES.

In "Sorrowes Joy"—a somewhat interesting set of poems among the many that 'speeded' the departing Queen and welcomed the coming King, which Nichols also has reprinted—there are exactly such descriptions of Elizabeth as are found in *Love's Martyr*, with the 'Phoenix' perpetually recurring, e.g.

"Nature, Art, Fortune vexed out of measure,
 All firmly vowd to frame her equall neuer."

.....
 "Wild Savedges ador'd her living name
 The Earth's bright glorie and the Worlds cleare light."

.....
 "Such one Eliza was whilst shee did live :
 One Phoenix dead, another doth suruiue."

.....
 "Thus is a Phoenix of her ashes bred

.....
 "Since that to death is gone that sacred Deitie
 That Phoenix rare."

.....
 "A sweeter Muse neare breathed on these lands."

.....
 "Loue strowed cinnamon on Phoenix nest."

.....
 "Or when as Phoenix dies : Phoenix is dead,
 And fo a Phoenix followes in her stead ;
 Phoenix for Phoenix."

See our Introduction (p. xlvi) for one very remarkable parallel with Chester's title of *Love's Martyr*. With relation to the superlative flatteries of Elizabeth by Chester and contemporaries, Hume has observed—"Even when

Elizabeth was an old woman, she allowed her courtiers to flatter her, with regard to her excellent beauties." Cf. Birch, vol. ii, pp. 442-43. When Elizabeth was nearly 70, Coke, at the trial of Essex in 1601, said gravely, that he and his partisans "went rather into the city than to the Court, in regard the lustre of the divine Majesty glistered so brightly in the Royal Majesty, and did so dazzle their eyes, that they durst approach no nearer." (Camden, Trans. 614, Orig. 11, 230, and cf. my *Dr. Farmer Chetham MS.*, in Narrative of the Trial of Essex and Southampton.)

E. Page xlv.

MELVILL'S ACCOUNT OF ELIZABETH.

Whitaker, in his "Additions and Corrections made in the second edition of *Mary, Queen of Scots, Vindicated*" (1789), has worked in under a passionate *animus*, many extracts from contemporary letters, &c. Bating the twist, he gives them all, they are of the rarest interest, and go to confirm and illustrate almost every detail in *Love's Martyr*. I refer the student-reader to the book. I content myself here with an incident at Court that vivifies Chester's praise of Elizabeth's musical gifts (p. 13, st. 2).

"She [Elizabeth] asked, if she [Mary] played well? I said, Reasonably for a Queen. That same day, after dinner, my Lord of Hunsdean [Hundson] drew me up to a quiet gallery, that I might hear some musick (but he said he durst not avow it) where I might hear the Queen play upon the virginals. After I had hearkened awhile, I took by the tapestry that hung before the door of the chamber; and seeing her back was towards the door, I entered within the chamber, and stood a pretty space hearing her play excellently well. But she left off immediately, as soon as she turned her about and saw me. She appeared to be surprized to see me, and came forward seeming to strike me with her hand; alledging she used not to play before men, but when she was solitary to shun melancholy. She asked, how I came there? I answered, as I was walking with my lord of Hunsdean, as we past by the chamber-door, I heard such melody as ravished me; whereby I was drawn in ere I knew how: excusing my fault of homeliness [familiarity] as being brought up in the court of France, where such freedom was allowed, the French easiness of manners being then as eminent, as it has since been She then called for my lady Strafford out of the next chamber, for the Queen was alone. She inquired, whether my Queen or she played best? In that, I found myself obliged to give her the praise." (pp. 145-6.)

F. Page xlix.

LETTER FROM A CORRESPONDENT IN ENGLAND TO A
SCOTTISH NOBLEMAN, AT THE CLOSE OF
ELIZABETH'S REIGN.

I am indebted to my friend J. M. Thomson, Esq., Edinburgh, for an exact copy of this very noticeable Letter. As it has never been printed *in extenso* I deem it expedient to give it without mutilation. The *italicized* lines are surely very remarkable in their revelation of Elizabeth's too-late discovery of the wrong against her truest and noblest self in sacrificing Essex. The Letter is valuable, also, as reflecting the troubled state of the nation at the time. The original unsigned *MS.*—for it was perilous to sign such a letter—is in the Advocates Library, Edinburgh, and it runs thus :

"Albeit that I haue not aunswered your Lordships letter ; neuertheless I hoope, that my silence shal receiue that favorable constructio[n] which my innocency may challenge of right. For I was resolved to commit no letter to the hands of Fortune, seing that the expectation of a litle tyme, might secure the passage of those papers, which I decreed to consecrate only to your self. And if the debt I owe you, might be payed by woordes, I would frank[ly] spende al my tyme in acknowledgement of your fauours ; which beare fruite of such sorte, that so soone as I haue receaued them, they begin to bud forth, & to produce new blossomes.

"Neuertheless my hoope is, that al the world shal knowe, that pow[er] in requiting, hath rather fayled mee then will. Therfor pardon mee I beseech you, if wanting meanes to discharge the debt I owe I am constrained to runn on the old skoare, & to spende stil out of your L^ds stocke.

"I haue at length sent his Ma^{ty} an abstract of such Gentlem[ens] names, as are in greatest accompt in Englande. The greatest part wherof are knowne vnto my self : the rest I haue had intelligence of, by many wary questions, & sundry relations, of those, that weer well assured of that which they informed. And concerning the Apologetical preface, I haue deliuered my opinion, wherin I jumpe just with your L^ds censure therof : hooping that h[is] highnes will take your woord in my behalfe, that my difference jn the forme of an Apology, springeth not from any spirit of contra[dicti]on, but from the obedience I owe, to aunswer, truly, vnto euery demaunde his Majesty shal propounde vnto mee. Also I haue sent a discourses aunswer vnto certeyne questions : wherin I suppoo[se] that though p'haps I may seeme to shoote at reuers, I haue not shott very wide from the marke. *Our Queene is trubled w[i]th a Rheume in her arme, which vexeth her very much : besides the greefe shee hath conceiued for my L^d of*

Essex his death, shee sleepeth not somuch by day as shee used, neither taketh rest by night: her delight is to sit in the darke, & sometimes with shedding of tears to bewaile Essex. This is the reason, that wee haue so many horses about London: the particularitie wherof I refer to Mr. Foules. In any case let mee intreate you to sollicite his Ma^{ty}, to send often, & though the journey bee longe, & peynefull, I doubt not, but that Mr. Foules, will gladly vndertake the charge, wherin so good seruice may bee performed. For it is expedient that the messenger bee skilful in our present estate, trusted by us, & knowne to bee confidente with the kinge. Concerning my self, or the seruice which I may performe, ether in this place, or any whatso euer, I protest that I remayne firme, & ready to bee employed, whensoever his Majesty, shal grace mee with his commandement. For I breathe no other contentment, then that, which may turne to the aduancement of so gracious a Prince, & the ease of this distressed Cuntry. In what state wee stande at this present, may better bee related by Mr. Foules, Quæque ipse miserrima vidit, then by a short narration of perpetual woes.

“Therfor I will aduertise your L^p, of your owne affaire: wherin I haue traueyled to the vttermoast of my power, & gotten a particular information of al Caris proceedings touching Whorlton. The common voice of the Tennants is, that hee payed only a 1000 marks to the Queene: but hauing conferred with himself, I founde him much discontented as hee pretended, for the great price hee had payed Videlicet: 1800^l: But I beleue him not therin. Neither doth 3; or I thinke it fitt that any thirde person should compoude with him for it. For it is certeyne that seing it is already leased, it wil not bee bought but at an vnreasonable rate: & the tyme wil come when hee wilbee glad to take half the money hee hath disbursed for his interest therin. The Queene hath sold a greate part of the Duchy of Cornwell & Lancaster, which landes must ether bee recalled, as wee haue a president therof in Henry the fourths tyme, or bought agayne to vnite them to the Crowne. I haue sent your L^p a draught of the suruay of Whorlton, which I gott cunningly out of the Checker. Likewise you shal receiue a copy of a Letters Pattents, taken out of the which is counted to conteyne the moast general woordes, that may bee used in a good & perfect assurance. And albeit t[hat] the name of a Rectory agree not with your Manors, it importeth not, seing that mutatis mutandis, forasmuch [as] concerneth the names, the whole process of the graunte is to [be] obserued. I feare that you can hardly reade itt, for it is written in badd Lattin, & abbreviations, which is the man[ner] of the clarks that copy any recorde out of the Chauncery. The graunte you sent mee with the clause of renewinge the Letters patents in Die Illo. is held to bee better then any other assurance that can nowe bee made by the kinge. I will deteyne your L^p no longer: beseeching you to build upon that good foundation of my affection, which your merite hath firmly layd. For my desir is to streyne my vttermoast ability, to bee alwaies the foremost in

Your L^ps Service.”

G. Page lxi.

SHAKESPEARE CENSURED.

I refer to Henry Chettle's *England's Mourning Garment*, &c. (1603). In this somewhat remarkable celebration of Elizabeth, Shakespeare, as author of the *Rape of Lucrece*, is thus appealed to :

“ Nor doth the siluer tonged Melicert
Drop from his honied mufe one fable teare
To mourne her death that graced his defert,
And to his laies open'd her Royall eare,
Shepheard remember our Elizabeth,
And sing her Rape, done by that Tarquin, Death.”

Is it accidental that CHAPMAN and MARSTON — other two of the authors of the “new compositions,” be it noted — are similarly censured and urged? Could these lines in Chettle be possibly meant to *hit* at Chester and the “new compositions”? —

—— — — — — “worft of worft,
Bayards and beafts accurst, with groseft flattery nurst:
Haue sung her sacred name, and prais'd her to their shame,
Who was our last and first.”

H. Page lxxii.

ERRATA OF THE ORIGINAL.

- Page 12, st. 3, l. 2, comma after ‘springs’ instead of period
(.) — corrected.
- ” 13, st. 3, l. 2, comma after ‘flower’ instead of period
(.) — corrected.
- ibid.*, st. 4, l. 1, ‘yee’ for ‘yea’ — corrected.
- ” 14, st. 1, l. 4, ‘Venus’ printed ‘Venvs’ — corrected.
- ” 22, numbered 41 instead of 14 — corrected.
- ” 23, *To those of light beleefe* — st. 1, l. 5, no comma after
‘conceit’ — corrected.
- ibid.*, st. 2, l. 5, comma after ‘find’ — corrected.
- ” 77, st. 2, l. 6, no stop after ‘spight’ — corrected.
- ” 83, Iohannis Leylandij, &c., l. 12, the comma after
‘petit’

- Page 89, Heading—'Dialogue' for 'Dialogue'—corrected.
- „ 92, st. 1, l. 3, no comma after 'enchantment'—corrected.
- „ 104, st. 3, l. 2, 'gods' for 'godd[es]s.'
- „ 111, numbered '101'—corrected to '103.'
- „ 113, st. 1, l. 3, 'cle' for 'clere,' and l. 6, 'the m' for 'the m[inde].'
- „ 128, st. 1, l. 1, 'Memnodides' should have been 'Memnonides' certainly.
- „ 131, st. 2, l. 3, 'fometing' for 'something'—corrected
- „ 137, st. 4, l. 4, 'secrecly' for 'secretly.'
- „ 142, 143, are mis-numbered '118' and '119' for '134' and '135'—corrected.
- „ 153 to 175, numbered 141 to 163 for 145 to 167—corrected.
- „ 167, margin—l. 14, 'feeel' for 'feeel,' and l. 20, 'poreft' for 'pureft'—corrected.
- „ 179-195, are mis-numbered 167 to 183 for 171 to 187—corrected.

See also various suggestions and criticisms in the Notes and Illustrations. A comma at the end of a line was a favorite contemporary punctuation.

ERRATA OF OUR REPRINT.

- Page 11, st. 3, l. 1, put comma after 'thing.'
- „ 29, st. 1, l. 4, spell 'keepe' for 'keep.'
- „ 31, st. 2, l. 4, spell 'harmeleeffe' for 'harmleeffe.'
- „ 34, st. 1, l. 1, put comma after '*Elfreda*.'
- „ 37, st. 4, l. 7, spell 'deedes' for 'deeds.'
- „ 38, st. 4, l. 2, spell 'tooke' for 'took.'
- „ 43, l. 7, spell 'owne' for 'own.'
- „ 44, heading, l. 2, put comma after 'Coronation.'
- „ 47, l. 3, spell 'litle' for 'little,' and st. 1, l. 2, 'wel' for 'well.'
- „ 77, st. 2, l. 1, spell 'battell' for 'battel.'
- „ 78, st. 1, l. 1, spell 'prepar'd' for 'prepared.'

Page 84, l. 8, read 'off spring' for 'offspring,' and l. 11, spell 'fweete' for 'sweet.'

„ 85, Hee endeth, &c., l. 2, put comma after 'feate.'

„ 93, st. 4, l. 3, put comma after 'Hercules.'

„ 96, st. 2, l. 5, capital to 'Fishes'; and st. 4, l. 1, spell 'Iacke' for 'Iack.'

„ 98, st. 3, l. 7, spell 'verie' for 'very.'

„ 108, st. 2, l. 2, spell 'Turbut' for 'Turbot.'

„ 112, st. 4, l. 6, spell 'food' for 'foode.'

„ 115, st. 2, l. 4, spell 'meate' for 'meat.'

„ 127, st. 2, l. 5, put comma after 'way.'

„ 128, st. 5, l. 3, spell 'dayly' for 'daily.'

„ 168, st. 3, l. 5, spell 'tels' for 'tells.'

„ 172, st. 2, l. 6, spell 'fauoring' for 'fauouring.'

„ 194, Heading of Ode—I have extended the contractions for *ov* and *σr*.

A. B. G.

ROBERT CHESTER'S
LOVE'S MARTYR, 1601,

WITH
SHAKSPERE'S "PHŒNIX AND TURTLE,"
ETC., ETC.

LOVES MARTYR:
OR,
ROSALINS COMPLAINT.

*Allegorically shadowing the truth of Love,
in the constant Fate of the Phoenix
and Turtle.*

A Poeme enterlaced with much varietie and raritie;
now first translated out of the venerable Italian Torquato
Cæliano, by ROBERT CHESTER.

With the true legend of famous King *Arthur*, the last of the nine
Worthies, being the first *Essay* of a new *Brytish* Poet: collected
out of diuerse Authentick Records.

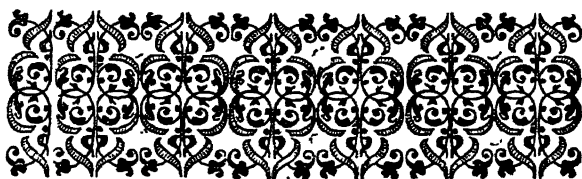
*To these are added some new compositions, of seuerall moderne Writers
whose names are subscribed to their seuerall workes, vpon the
first subiect: viz. the Phoenix and
Turtle.*

Mar: — Mutare dominum non potest liber notus.



LONDON
Imprinted for E. B.

1601.



TO THE HONORA-

ble, and (of me before all other)

honored Knight, Sir John Salisburie

one of the Esquires of the bodie to the

Queenes most excellent Maiestie, Robert

Chester wisheth increase of vertue
and honour.

Pofse & nolle, nobile.



Honorable Sir, hauing according to the directions of some of my best-minded friends, finished my long expected labour; knowing this ripe iudging world to be full of enuie, euery one (as sound reason requireth) thinking his owne child to be fairest although an Æthiopian, I am emboldened to put my infant wit to the eye of the world vnder your protectiō

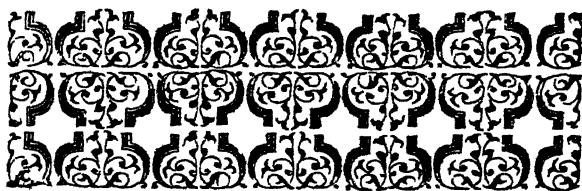
A 3

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORIE.

knowing that if Absurditie like a theefe
haue crept into any part of these Poems,
your well-graced name will ouer-shadow
these defaults, and the knowne Character of
your vertues, cause the common back-bi-
ting enemies of good spirits, to be silent. To
the World I put my Child to nurse, at the
expençe of your fauour, whose glorie will
stop the mouthes of the vulgar, and I hope
cause the learned to rocke it asleepe (for
your sake) in the bosome of good wil. Thus
wishing you all the blefings of heauen and
earth; I end.

Yours in all seruice,

Ro. CHESTER.

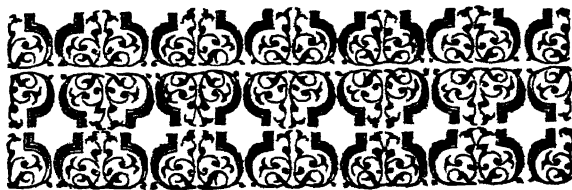


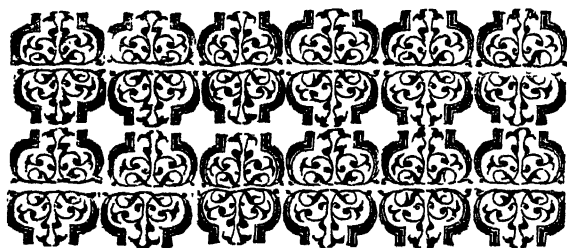
*The Authors request to
the Phoenix.*

P*Hœnix of beautie, beauteous Bird of any
To thee I do entitle all my labour,
More precious in mine eye by far then many,
That feedst all earthly senses with thy fauour :
Accept my home-writ praises of thy loue,
And kind acceptance of thy Turtle-doue.*

*Some deepe-read scholler fam'd for Poetrie,
Whose wit-enchancing verse deserueth fame,
Should sing of thy perfections passing beautie,
And eleuate thy famous worthy name :
Yet I the least, and meanest in degree,
Endeuoured haue to please in praising thee.*

R. Chester.





To the kind Reader.

O *F bloody warres, nor of the sacke of Troy,
Of Pryams muredred sonnes, nor Didoes fall,
Of Hellens rape, by Paris Troian boy,
Of Cæsars victories, nor Pompeys thrall,
Of Lucrece rape, being rauisht by a King,
Of none of these, of sweete Conceit I sing.*

*Then (gentle Reader) ouer-reade my Muse,
That armes herselfe to flie a lowly flight,
My untun'd stringed verse do thou excuse,
That may perhaps accepted, yeeld delight:
I cannot clime in praises to the skie,
Least falling, I be drown'd with infamie.*

Mea mecum Porto.

R. Ch.



THE
Anuals of great
Brittaine.

O R,

A MOST EXCEL-
lent Monument, wherein may be
seene all the antiquities of this King-
dome, to the satisfaction both of the
Vniuersities, or any other place stir-
red with Emulation of long
continuance.

Excellently figured out in a worthy Poem.



LONDON
Printed for MATHEW LOWNES.

1 6 1 1

I

ROSALINS COM-
PLAINT, METAPHORI-
cally applied to Dame Nature at a Parlia-
ment held (in the high Star-chamber) by the
Gods, for the preferuation and increafe of
Earths beauteous Phoenix.

A Solemne day of meeting mongst the Gods,
And royall parliament there was ordained :
The heauenly Synod was at open ods,
And many harts with earthly wrongs were pained :
Some came to craue excufe, fome to complaine
Of heauie burdend griefes they did sustaine.

Vesta she told, her Temple was defiled :
Iuno how that her nuptiall knot was broken ;
Venus from her sonne *Cupid* was exiled :
And *Pallas* tree with ignorance was shoken :
Bellona rau'd at Lordlike cowardice,
And *Cupid* that fond Ladies were so nice.

To this Asseembly came Dame *Nature* weeping,
And with her handkercher through wet with teares,
She dried her rosie cheekes, made pale with sighing,
Hanging her wofull head, head full of feares :
And to *Ioues* selfe plac'd in a golden seate,
She kneeld her downe, and thus gan to intreate :

Thou mightie Imperator of the earth,
Thou euer-liuing Regent of the aire,
That to all creatures giu'ft a liuely breath,

B

And thundrest wrath downe from thy firie chaire,
Behold thy handmaid, king of earthly kings,
That to thy gracious sight sad tidings brings.

One rare rich *Phanix* of exceeding beautie,
One none-like Lillie in the earth I placed ;
One faire *Helena*, to whom men owe dutie :
One countrey with a milke-white Doue I graced :
One and none such, since the wide world was found
Hath euer *Nature* placed on the ground.

Hcad. Her head I framed of a heauenly map,
Wherein the feuenfold vertues were enclosed,
When great *Apollo* slept within my lap,
And in my bosome had his rest reposed,
I cut away his locks of purest gold,
And plac'd them on her head of earthly mould.

Haire. When the least whistling wind begins to sing,
And gently blowes her haire about her necke,
Like to a chime of bells it soft doth ring,
And with the pretie noise the wind doth checke,
Able to lull asleepe a pensue hart,
That of the round worlds sorrowes beares a part.

Forehead. Her forehead is a place for princely *Ioue*
To sit, and censure matters of import :
Wherein men reade the sweete concepts of Loue,
To which hart-pained Louers do resort,
And in this Tablet find to cure the wound,
For which no salue or herbe was euer found.

· Vnder

Rofalins complaint

3

Vnder this mirrour, are her princely eyes :
Two Carbuncles, two rich imperiall lights ;
That ore the day and night do foueraignize,
And their dimme tapers to their rest she frights :
Her eyes excell the Moone and glorious Sonne,
And when she rifeth al their force is donne.

Eyes.

Her morning-coloured cheekes, in which is plac'd,
A Lillie lying in a bed of Rofes ;
This part aboue all other I haue grac'd,
For in the blew veines you may reade sweet posies :
When she doth blufh, the Heauens do wax red,
When she lookes pale, that heauenly Front is dead.

Cheekes.

Her chinne a litle litle pretie thing
In which the sweet carnatian Gelli-flower,
Is round encompaft in a chriftall ring,
And of that pretie Orbe doth beare a power :
No storme of Enuie can this glorie touch,
Though many should affay it ouermuch.

Chinne.

Her lippes two rubie Gates from whence doth fpring,
Sweet honied deaw by an intangled kiffe,
From forth thefe glories doth the Night-bird fing,
A Nightingale that no right notes will miffe :
True learned Eloquence and Poetric,
Do come betwene thefe dores of excellencie.

Lippes.

Her teeth are hewed from rich cryftal Rockes,
Or from the Indian pearle of much esteem,
Thefe in a clofet her deep counfell lockes,

Teeth.

B 2

And are as porters to so faire a Queene,
 They taste the diet of the heau'nly traine,
 Other base grosseneffe they do still disdaine.

Tongue. Her tongue the vtterer of all glorious things,
 The siluer clapper of that golden bell,
 That neuer foundeth but to mightie Kings,
 And when she speakes, her speeches do excell:
 He in a happie chaire himfelfe doth place,
 Whose name with her sweet tongue she means to grace.

Necke. Her necke is *Vestas* siluer conduict pipe,
 In which she powers perfect chastitie,
 And of the muskie grapes in sommer ripe,
 She makes a liquor of ratietye,
 That dies this swanne-like piller to a white,
 More glorious then the day with all his light.

Breastes. Her breasts two crystal orbes of whitest white,
 Two little mounts from whence lifes comfort springs.
 Between those hillockes *Cupid* doth delight
 To sit and play, and in that valley sings:
 Looking loue-babies in her wanton eyes,
 That all grosse vapours thence doth chaftefize.

Armes. Her armes are branches of that siluer tree,
 That men surname the rich *Hesperides*,
 A precious circling shew of modestie,
 When she doth spread these glories happines:
 Ten times ten thousand blessings he doth taste,
 Whose circled armes shall cling about her waste.

Her

Rosalins complaint.

5

Her hands are fortunes palmes, where men may reade *Hands.*
 His first houres destiny, or weale or woe,
 When she this sky-like map abroad doth spreade,
 Like pilgrimes many to this Saint do go,
 And in her hand, white hand, they there do fee
 Loue lying in a bed of yuorie.

Her fingers long and small do grace her hand ; *Fingers.*
 For when she toucheth the sweete founding Lute,
 The wild vntamed beafts amaz'd do stand,
 And carroll-chanting birds are sudden mute :
 O fingers how you grace the siluer wires,
 And in humanitie burne *Venus* fires !

Her bellie (ð grace incomprehenfible) *Bellie.*
 Far whiter then the milke-white lillie flower.
 O might *Arabian Phoenix* come inuisible,
 And on this mountaine build a glorious bower,
 Then Sunne and Moone as tapers to her bed,
 Would light loues Lord to take her maidenhead.

Be still my thoughts, be silent all yee Muses, *Nota.*
 Wit-flowing eloquence now grace my tongue :
 Arise old *Homer* and make no excuses,
 Of a rare peece of art must be my song,
 Of more then most, and most of all beloued,
 About the which *Venus* sweete doues haue houered.

There is a place in louely paradize,
 From whence the golden *Gehon* ouerflowes,
 A fountaine of such honorable prize,

B 3

That none the sacred, sacred vertues knowes,
 Walled about, betok'ning fure defence,
 With trees of life, to keepe bad errors thence.

Thighes. Her Thighs two pillers fairer far then faire,
 Two vnderprops of that celestiaall house,
 That Mansion that is *Iunos* siluer chaire,
 In which *Ambrosia VENUS* doth carouse,
 And in her thighs the pretty veines are running
 Like Christall riuers from the maine streames flowing.

Legges. Her legges are made as graces to the rest,
 So pretie, white, and so proportionate,
 That leades her to loues royall sportiue nest,
 Like to a light bright Angel in her gate :
 For why no creature in the earth but she,
 Is like an Angell, Angell let her be.

Feete. Her Feete (now draw I to conclusion)
 Are neat and litle to delight the eye,
 No tearme in all humane inuention,
 Or in the veine of sweet writ Poetrie
 Can ere be found, to giue her feet that grace,
 That beares her corporate Soule from place to place.

And if by night she walke, the Marigold,
 That doth inclose the glorie of her eye,
 At her approach her beauty doth vnfold,
 And spreads her selfe in all her royaltie,
 Such vertue hath this Phoenix glassy shield,
 That Floures and Herbs at her faire sight do yeeld.
 And

And if the grace the Walkes within the day,
Flora doth spreade an Arras cloth of flowers,
 Before her do the pretty *Satires* play,
 And make her banquets in their leaue Bowers :
 Head, Haire, Brow, Eyes, Cheeks, Chin and all,
 Lippes, Teeth, Tong, Neck, Brefts, Belly are maiefticall.

This *Phoenix* I do feare me will decay,
 And from her affhes neuer will arife
 An other Bird her wings for to difplay,
 And her rich beauty for to equalize :
 The *Arabian* fiers are too dull and bafe,
 To make another fpring within her place.

Therefore dread Regent of thefe Elements,
 Pitie poore *Nature* in her Art excelling,
 Giue thou an humble eare to my laments,
 That to thee haue a long true tale beene telling,
 Of her, who when it pleafe thee to behold,
 Her outward fight fhall bewties pride vnfold.

At thefe words *Ioue* stood as a man amazed,
 And *Iunos* loue-bred bewtie turnd to wight,
Venus fhe blusht, and on dame *Nature* gazed,
 And *Vefta* fhe began to weepe outright :
 And little *Cupid* poore boy ftrucke in loue,
 With repetition of this earthly Doue.

But at the laft *Ioue* gan to rouse his fpirit,
 And told dame *Nature* in her fweet difcourfe ;
 Her womans Tounge did run before her Wit,

B 4

Such a faire foule her felfe could neuer nurfe,
 Nor in the vastie earth was euer liuing,
 Such beauty that all beauty was excelleng.

Nature was strucke with pale temeritie,
 To see the God of thunders lightning eyes;
 He shooke his knotty haire so wrathfully,
 As if he did the heauenly rout despise:
 Then downe vpon her knee dame *Nature* fals,
 And on the great gods name aloud she cals.

Ioue thou shalt see my commendations,
 To be vnworthie and impartiall,
 To make of her an extallation,
 Whose beauty is deuine maiesticall;
 Looke on that painted picture there, behold
 The rich wrought *Phoenix* of *Arabian* gold.

Ioues eyes were fetled on her painted eyes,
Ioue blushing smil'd, the picture smil'd againe:
Ioue spoke to her, and in his heart did rise
 Loues amours, but the picture did disdaine
 To loue the god, *Ioue* would haue stole a kisse,
 But *Iuno* being by, denyed him this.

When all the rest beheld this counterfeit,
 They knew the substance was of rarer price:
 Some gaz'd vpon her face, on which did waite
 As messengers, her two celestiaall eyes;
 Eyes wanting fire, did giue a lightning flame,
 How much more would her eyes mans fences tame?
 Then

Then all the Gods and Goddeffes did decree,
In humble maner to intreat of *Ioue*
And euery power vpon his bended knee,
Shewd faithfull seruice in dame *Natures loue*,
Intreating him to pacifie his Ire,
And raife another *Phœnix* of new fire.

Her picture from *Ioues* eyes hath banisht Hate,
And Mildnesse plained the furrowes of his brow,
Her painted shape hath chaftified debate,
And now to pleasure them he makes a vow :
Then thus *Ioue* spake, tis pittie she should die,
And leaue no offspring of her Progenie.

Nature go hie thee, get thee *Phœbus* chaire,
Cut through the skie, and leaue *Arabia*,
Leaue that il working peece of fruitlesse ayre,
Leaue me the plaines of white *Brytania*,
These countries haue no fire to raife that flame,
That to this *Phœnix* bird can yeeld a name.

There is a country Clymat fam'd of old,
That hath to name delightfome *Paphos* Ile,
Ouer the mountaine tops to trudge be bold,
There let thy winged Horfes rest awhile :
Where in a vale like *Ciparissus* groue,
Thou shalt behold a second *Phœnix* loue.

A champion country full of fertill Plaines,
Green grassie Medowes, little prettie Hills,
Abundant pleasure in this place remaines,

C

And plenteous sweetes this heauenly clymat filles :
 Faire flowing bathes that issue from the rockes,
 Abountant heards of beafts that come by flockes.

High stately Cædars, sturdie bigge arm'd Okes,
 Great Poplers, and long trees of *Libanon*,
 Sweete smelling Firre that frankensence prouokes,
 And Pine apples from whence sweet iuyce doth come :
 The sommer-blooming Hawthorne ; vnder this
 Faire *Venus* from *Adonis* stole a kisse.

Fine Thickets and rough Brakes for sport and pleasure,
 Places to hunt the light-foote nimble Roe :
 These groues *Diana* did account her treasure,
 And in the cold shades, oftentimes did goe
 To lie her downe, faint, weary on the ground,
 Whilest that her Nymphs about her daunst a round.

A quire of heauenly Angels tune their voyces,
 And counterfeit the *Nightingale* in finging,
 At which delight some pleasure she reioyces,
 And *Plenty* from her cell her gifts is bringing :
 Peares, Apples, Plums, and the red ripe Cherries,
 Sweet Strawberries with other daintie berries.

Here haunt the *Satyres* and the *Driades*,
 The *Hamadriades* and pretie Elues,
 That in the groues with skipping many please,
 And runne along vpon the water sheldes :
 Heare *Mermaides* sing, but with *Ulysses* eares,
 The country Gallants do disdaine their teares.

The

The Crocadile and hissing Adders sting,
 May not come neere this holy plot of ground,
 No Nightworme in this continent may sing,
 Nor poison-spitting Serpent may be found :
 Here Milke and Hony like two riuers ran,
 As fruitfull as the land of *Canaan*.

What shall I say ? their Orchards spring with plentie,
 The Gardens smell like *Floras* paradise,
 Bringing increafe from one to number twentie,
 As Lycorice and sweet *Arabian* spice :
 No place is found vnder bright heauens faire blisse,
 To beare the name of *Paradiſe* but this.

Hard by a running ſtreame or cryſtall fountaine,
 Wherein rich *Orient* pearle is often found,
 Enuiron'd with a high and ſteepie mountaine,
 A fertill ſoile and fruitful plot of ground,
 There ſhalt thou find true *Honors* louely *Squire*,
 That for this *Phœnix* keepes *Prometheus* fire.

His bower wherein he lodgeth all the night,
 Is fram'd of Cædars and high loftie Pine,
 I made his houſe to chaſtice thence deſpight,
 And fram'd it like this heauenly rooſe of mine :
 His name is *Liberall honor*, and his hart,
 Aymes at true faithfull ſeruice and deſart.

Looke on his face, and in his browes doth ſit,
 Bloud and ſweete *Mercie* hand in hand vnited,
 Bloud to his foes, a preſident moſt fit

C 2

For fuch as haue his gentle humour fpited :
 His Haire is curl'd by nature mild and meeke,
 Hangs carelefse downe to fhrowd a blufhing cheeke

Giue him this Ointment to annoint his Head,
 This precious Balme to lay vnto his feet,
 Thefe fhall direct him to this *Phœnix* bed,
 Where on a high hill he this Bird fhall meet :
 And of their Afhes by my doome fhall rife,
 Another *Phœnix* her to equalize.

This faid the Gods and Goddeffes did applaud,
 The Censure of this thundring Magiftrate,
 And *Nature* gaue him euerlafting laud,
 And quickly in the dayes bright Coach ſhe gate
 Downe to the earth, ſhe's whirled through the ayre ;
Ioue ioyne thefe fires, thus *Venus* made her prayer.

An Introduction to the Prayer.

GVide thou great Guider of the Sunne and Moone,
 Thou elementall fauourer of the Night,
 My vnderſerued wit, wit ſprong too ſoone,
 To giue thy greatneſſe euerie gracious right :
 Let Pen, Hand, Wit and vnderſeruing tongue,
 Thy praife and honor ſing in euerie ſong.

In my poore prayer guide my Hand aright,
 Guide my dull Wit, guide all my dilled Senſes,
 Let thy bright Taper giue me faithfull light,

And

And from thy Booke of life blot my offences :
 Then arm'd with thy protection and thy loue,
 Ile make my prayer for thy Turtle-doue.

*A Prayer made for the prosperitie of
 a filuer coloured Doue, applyed to the
 beauteous Phœnix.*

O Thou great maker of the firmament,
 That rid'st vpon the winged *Cherubins*,
 And on the glorious shining element,
 Hear'st the sad praiers of the *Seraphins*,
 That vnto thee continually sing Hymnes :
 Bow downe thy listning eares thou God of might,
 To him whose heart will praise thee day and night.

Accept the humble Praiers of that soule,
 That now lies wallowing in the myre of Sinne,
 Thy mercie Lord doth all my powers controule,
 And seareth reines and heart that are within :
 Therefore to thee *Iehouah* Ile begin :
 Lifting my head from my imprisoned graue,
 No mercie but thy mercie me can saue.

The foule vntamed Lion still goes roring,
 Old hell-bread *Sathan* enemy to mankind,
 To leade me to his iawes that are deuouring,
 Wherein no Grace to humane flesh's assign'd,

But thou celestiall Father canst him bind :
Tread on his head, tread Sinne and *Sathan* downe,
And on thy seruants head fet Mercies crowne.

Thus in acceptance of thy glorious fight,
I purge my deadly sinne in hope of grace,
Thou art the Doore, the Lanthorne and the Light,
To guide my sinfull feete from place to place,
And now O Christ I bow before thy face :
And for the siluer coloured earthly Doue,
I make my earnest prayer for thy loue.

Shrowde her δ Lord vnder thy shadowed wings,
From the worlds enuious malice and deceit,
That like the adder-poisoned serpent stings,
And in her way layes a corrupted baite,
Yet raise her God vnto thy mercies height :
Guide her, δ guide her from pernicious foes,
That many of thy creatures ouerthrowes.

Wash her O Lord with Hysope and with Thime,
And the white snow she shall excell in whitenesse,
Purge her with mercie from all sinfull crime,
And her foules glorie shall exceed in brightnesse,
O let thy mercie grow vnto such ripenesse :
Behold her, O behold her gracious King,
That vnto thee sweet songs of praise will sing.

And as thou leadst through the red coloured waues,
The hoast of thy elected *Israel*,
And from the wrath of *Pharoe* didst them saue,

Appoin-

Appointing them within that land to dwell,
 A chofen land, a land what did excell :
 So guide thy filuer Doue vnto that place,
 Where ſhe Temptations enuie may outface.

Increase thy gifts beſtowed on thy Creature,
 And multiply thy bleſſings manifold,
 And as thou haſt adorned her with nature,
 So with thy bleſſed eyes her eyes behold,
 That in them doth thy workmanſhip vnfold,
 Let her not wither Lord without increaſe,
 But bleſſe her with ioyes offspring of ſweet peace.
 Amen. Amen.

To thoſe of light beleeſe.

Y*ou gentle fauourers of excellling Muſes,
 And gracers of all Learning and Deſart,
 You whoſe Conceit the deepeſt worke peruſes,
 Whoſe Iudgements ſtill are governed by Art :
 Reade gently what you reade, this next conceit,
 Fram'd of pure loue, abandoning deceit.*

*And you whoſe dull Imagination,
 And blind conceited Error hath not knowne,
 Of Herbes and Trees true nomination,
 But thinke them fabulous that ſhall be ſhowne :
 Learne more, ſearch much, and ſurely you ſhall find
 Plaine honeſt Truth and Knowledge comes behind.*

Then gently (gentle Reader) do thou fauour,

C 4

*And with a gracious looke grace what is written,
 With smiling cheare peruse my homely labour,
 With Enuies poisoned spitefull looke not bitten :
 So shalt thou cause my willing thought to strine,
 To adde more Honey to my new-made Hine.*

A meeting Dialogue-wise betweene Nature,
 the *Phœnix*, and the *Turtle Dove*.

Nature.

ALL haile faire *Phœnix*, whither art thou flying?
 Why in the hot Sunne dost thou spread thy wings?
 More pleasure shouldst thou take in cold shades lying,
 And for to bathe thyselfe in wholsome Springs,
 Where the woods feathered quier sweetely sings :
 Thy golden Wings and thy breasts beauteous Eie,
 Will fall away in *Phœbus* royaltie.

Phœnix.

O stay me not, I am no *Phœnix* I,
 And if I be that bird, I am defaced,
 Vpon the *Arabian* mountaines I must die,
 And neuer with a poore yong *Turtle* graced ;
 Such operation in me is not placed :
 What is my Beautie but a painted wal,
 My golden spreading Feathers quickly fal.

Nature.

Why dost thou shead thy Feathers, kill thy Heart,
 Weep out thine Eyes, and staine thy golden Face?
 Why dost thou of the worlds woe take a part,
 And in relenting teares thy selfe disgrace?
 Ioyes mirthful Tower is thy dwelling place ;

All

All Birdes for vertue and excelleng beautie,
Sing at thy reuerend feet in Loue and Dutie.

Oh how thou feed'st me with my Beauties praising!
O how thy Praise sounds from a golden Tounge!
O how thy Tounge my Vertues would be raising!
And raising me thou dost corrupt thy song;
Thou feest not Honie and Poifon mixt among;
Thou not'st my Beautie with a icalous looke,
But dost not see how I do bayte my hooke.

Phoenix.

Tell me, & tell me, for I am thy friend,
I am Dame *Nature* that first gaue thee breath,
That from *Ioues* glorious rich seate did descend,
To set my Feete vpon this lumpish earth:
What is the cause of thy sad sullen Mirth?
Hast thou not Beauty, Vertue, Wit and Fauour:
What other graces would'st thou craue of Nature?

Nature.

What is my Beauty but a vading Flower?
Wherein men reade their deep-conceiued Thrall,
Alluring twentie Gallants in an hower,
To be as seruile vassalls at my Call?
My Sunne-bred lookes their Senses do exhall:
But (& my grieve) where my faire Eyes would loue,
Foule bleare-cyed Enuie doth my thoughts reprooue.

Phoenix.

What is my Vertue but a Tablitorie:
Which if I did bestow would more increafe?
What is my Wit but an inhumane glorie:
That to my kind deare friends would proffer peace?

D

But O vaine Bird, giue ore in silence, cease ;
 Malice perchaunce doth hearken to thy words,
 That cuts thy threed of Loue with twentie swords.

Nature. Tell me (O Mirrour) of our earthly time,
 Tell me sweete *Phœnix* glorie of mine age,
 Who blots thy Beauty with foule *Enuies* crime,
 And locks thee vp in fond *Suspitions* cage ?
 Can any humane heart beare thee such rage ?
 Daunt their proud stomacks with thy piercing Eye,
 Vnchaine Loues sweetnesse at thy libertie.

Phœnix. What is't to bath me in a wholesome Spring,
 Or wash me in a cleere, deepe, running Well,
 When I no vertue from the fame do bring,
 Nor of the balmie water beare a smell ?
 It better were for me mongst Crowes to dwell,
 Then flocke with Doues, whē Doues sit alwayes-billing,
 And waste my wings of gold, my Beautie killing.

Nature. Ile chaine foule *Envy* to a brazen Gate,
 And place deepe *Malice* in a hollow Rocke,
 To some blacke defert Wood Ile banish *Hate*,
 And fond *Suspition* from thy sight Ile locke :
 These shall not stirre, let anie Porter knocke.
 Thou art but yong, fresh, greene, and must not passe,
 But catch the hot *Sunne* with thy steeled glasse.

Phœnix. That Sunne shines not within this Continent,
 That with his warme rayes can my dead Bloud chearish,
 Grosse cloudie Vapours from this Aire is sent,

Not

Not hot reflecting Beames my heart to nourish.
 O Beautie, I do feare me thou wilt perish ;
 Then gentle *Nature* let me take my flight,
 But ere I passe, set *Enuie* out of sight.

Ile coniure him, and raise him from his graue,
 And put vpon his head a punishment :
Nature thy sportiue Pleasure meanes to saue ;
 Ile send him to perpetuall banishment,
 Like to a totterd Furie ragd and rent :
 Ile baffle him, and blind his Iealous eye,
 That in thy actions Secrecie would pry.

Ile coniure him, Ile raise him from his Cell,
 Ile pull his Eyes from his conspiring head,
Nature Ile locke him in the place where he doth dwell ;
 Ile starue him there, till the poore slaue be dead,
 That on the poisonous Adder oft hath fed :
 These threatnings on the Helhound I will lay,
 But the performance beares the greater sway.

Stand by faire *Phoenix*, spread thy Wings of gold,
 And daunt the face of Heauen with thine Eye,
Phoenix Like *Iunos* bird thy Beautie do vnfold,
 And thou shalt triumph ore thine enemy :
 Then thou and I in *Phabus* coach will flie,
 Where thou shalt see and tast a secret Fire,
 That will adde spreading life to thy Desire.

Arise thou bleare-ey'd *Enuie* from thy bed,
 Thy bed of Snakie poison and corruption,
Nature

Vnmaske thy big-fwolne Cheekes with poyson red,
 For with thee I must trie Conclusion,
 And plague thee with the Worlds confusion.
 I charge thee by my Power to appeare,
 And by Celestiall warrant to draw neare.

Phoenix. O what a mistie Dampe breakes from the ground,
 Able it felse to infect this noysome Aire :
 As if a caue of Toades themselues did wound,
 Or poysoned Dragons fell into dispaire,
 Hels damned sent with this may not compare,
 And in this foggie cloud there doth arise
 A damned Feend ore me to tyrannize.

Nature. He shall not touch a Feather of thy wing,
 Or euer haue Authoritie and power,
 As he hath had in his dayes secret prying,
 Ouer thy calmie Lookes to send a shower :
 Ile place thee now in secrecies sweet Bower,
 Where at thy will in sport and dallying,
 Spend out thy time in Amorous discourfing.

Phoenix. Looke *Nurce*, looke *Nature* how the Villaine sweates,
 His big-fwolne Eyes will fall vnto the ground,
 With fretting anguish he his blacke breast beates,
 As if he would true harted minds confound :
 O keepe him backe, his sight my heart doth wound :
 O *Enuie* it is thou that mad'st me perisfh,
 For want of that true Fire my heart should nourisfh.

Nature. But I will plague him for his wickednesse,

Enuie

Ennie go packe thee to some forreine soyle,
 To some desertfull plaine or Wilderneffe,
 Where favage Monsters and wild beasts do toyle,
 And with inhumane Creatures keep a coyle.
 Be gone I say, and neuer do returne,
 Till this round compast world with fire do burne.

What is he gone? is *Ennie* packt away? *Phoenix.*
 Then one fowle blot is mooued from his Throne,
 That my poore honest Thoughts did seeke to slay:
 Away fowle grieve, and ouer-heaue Mone,
 That do ore charge me with continuall grones.
 Will you not hence? then with downe-falling teares,
 Ile drowne my selfe in ripenessse of my Yeares.

Fie peeuisht Bird, what art thou franticke mad? *Nature.*
 Wilt thou confound thy selfe with foolish Griefe?
 If there be cause or meanes for to be had,
 Thy Nurse and nourisher will find reliefe:
 Then tell me all thy Accidents in brieft;
 Haue I not banisht *Enny* for thy sake?
 I greater things for thee ile vndertake.

Ennie is gone and banisht from my sight, *Phoenix.*
 Banisht for euer comming any more:
 But in *Arabia* burnes another Light,
 A dark dimme Taper that I must adore,
 This barren Countrey makes me to deplore:
 It is so saplesse that the very Spring,
 Makes tender new-growne Plants be with'ring.

The noifome Aire is growne infectious,
 The very Springs for want of Moisture die,
 The glorious Sunne is here pestiferous,
 No hearbes for *Phisicke* or sweet *Surgerie*,
 No balme to cure hearts inward maladie :
 No gift of *Nature*, she is here defaced,
 Heart-curing *Balsamum* here is not placed.

Nature. Is this the fumme and substance of thy woe?
 Is this the Anker-hold vnto thy bote?
 Is this thy Sea of Griefe doth ouerflow?
 Is this the Riuer sets thy ship aflote?
 Is this the Lesson thou hast learn'd by rote?
 And is this all? and is this plot of Ground
 The substance of the Theame doth thee confound?

Phœnix. This is the Anker-hold, the Sea, the Riuer,
 The Lesson and the substance of my Song,
 This is the Rocke my Ship did seeke to shiuer,
 And in this ground with Adders was I stung,
 And in a lothfome pit was often flung :
 My Beautie and my Vertues captiuatē,
 To Loue, dissembling Loue that I did hate.

Nature. Cheare vp thy spirit *Phœnix*, prune thy wings,
 And double-gild thy Fethers for my newes ;
 A *Nightingale* and not a *Rauen* sings,
 That from all blacke contention will excuse
 Thy heauy thoughts, and set them to peruse
 Another Clymat, where thou maist expresse,
 A plot of *Paradise* for worthinesse.

Loue

Ioue in diuine diuineſſe of his Soule,
 That rides vpon his fire axaltree,
 That with his Mace doth humane fleſh controule,
 When of mans deedes he makes a Regiſtrie,
 Louing the good for ſingularitie :
 With a vail'd Count'nance and a gracious Smile,
 Did bid me plant my Bird in *Paphos* Ile.

What ill diuining Planet did preſage,
 My timeleſſe birth ſo timely brought to light ?
 What fatal Comet did his wrath engage,
 To worke a harmleſſe Bird ſuch worlds deſpight,
 Wrapping my dayes bliſſe in blacke fables night ?
 No Planet nor no Comet did conſpire
 My downefall, but foule *Fortunes* wrathful ire.

Phœnix.

What did my Beautie moue her to Diſdaine ?
 Or did my Vertues ſhadow all her Bliffe ?
 That ſhe ſhould place me in a deſart Plaine,
 And ſend forth *Enuie* with a *Judas* kiſſe,
 To ſting me with a Scorpions poiſoned hiſſe ?
 From my firſt birth-right for to plant me heere,
 Where I haue alwaies fed on Griefe and Feare.

Raile not gainſt *Fortunes* ſacred Deitie,
 In youth thy vertuous patience ſhe hath tyred,
 From this baſe earth ſhee'le lift thee vp on hie,
 Where in Contents rich Chariot thou ſhalt ride,
 And neuer with Impatience to abide :
Fortune will glorie in thy great renowne,
 And on thy feathered head will ſet a crowne.

Nature.

Phœnix. T'was time to come, for I was comfortlesse,
 And in my Youth haue bene Infortunate :
 This Ile of *Paphos* I do hope will bleffe,
 And alter my halfe-rotten tottering state ;
 My hearts Delight was almost ruinate.
 In this rich Ile a *Turtle* had his nest,
 And in a Wood of gold tooke vp his rest.

Nature. Fly in this Chariot, and come sit by me,
 And we will leave this ill corrupted Land,
 We'll take our course through the blew Azure skie,
 And set our feete on *Paphos* golden sand.
 There of that *Turtle Douc* we'll vnderstand :
 And visit him in those delightfull plaines,
 Where Peace conioyn'd with Plenty still remains.

Phœnix. I come, I come, and now farewell that strond,
 Vpon whose craggie rockes my Ship was rent ;
 Your ill befeeming follies made me fond,
 And in a vastie Cell I vp was pent,
 Where my fresh blooming Beauty I haue spent.
 O blame your felues ill nurtred cruell Swaines,
 That filld my scarlet Glorie full of Staines.

Nature. Welcome immortal Bewtie, we will ride
 Ouer the Semi-circle of *Europa*,
 And bend our course where we will see the Tide,
 That partes the Continent of *Affrica*,
 Where the great *Cham* gouernes *Tartaria* :
 And when the starrie Curtaine vales the night,
 In *Paphos* sacred Ile we meane to light.

How

How glorious is this Chariot of the day,
Where *Phæbus* in his cryftall robes is fet,
And to poore paffengers directs a way :
O happie time ſince I with *Nature* met,
My immelodious Difcord I vnfret :

Phænix.

And ſing ſweet Hymnes, burn Myrrhe & Frankenſence,
Honor that Iſle that is my fure defence.

Looke *Phænix* ore the world as thou doſt ride,
And thou ſhalt ſee the pallaces of Kings,
Great huge-built Cities where high States abide,
Temples of Gods, and Altars with rich off'rings,
To which the Priests their ſacrifices brings :
Wonders paſt wonder, ſtrange *Pyramides*,
And the gold-gathering Strond of *Euphrates*.

Nature.

O what rich pleaſure dwelleth in this Land !
Greene ſpringing Medowes, high vpreared Hills,
The white-fleeft Ewe brought tame vnto the hand,
Faïre running Riuers that the Countrie fills,
Sweet flowers that faïre balmy Deaw diſtils,
Great peopled Cities, whoſe earth-gracing ſhow,
Time is aſham'd to touch or ouerthrow.

Phænix.

Be ſilent gentle *Phænix*, Ile repeate,
Some of theſe Cities names that we deſcrie,
And on their large foundation Ile intreate,
Their Founder that firſt rear'd them vp on hie,
Making a glorious Spectacle to each eie :
Warres wald Defender and the Countries grace,
Not battred yet with Times controlling Mace.

Nature.

E

*This Alfred
first deuided
England into
Shires, being
King of West-
Saxons.*

Alfred the father of faire *Elfleda*
Founded three goodly famous Monasteries,
In this large Ile of sweete *Britania*,
For to refresh the poore soules miseries,
That were afflicted with calamities :
One in the Towne furnamed *Edlingsey*,
Which after ages called *Athelney*.

*Alfred buried
in the Cate-
dral Church of
Winchester.*

The second Houfe of that Deuotion,
He did erect at worthy *Winchester*,
A place well planted with Religion,
Called in this age the newly-built Minster,
Still kept in notable reparation :
And in this famous builded Monument,
His bodie was interd when life was spent.

*The University
of Oxford built
by Alfred.*

The last not least surpassing all the rest,
Was *Oxfords* honorable foundation,
Since when with Learnings glorie it is blest,
Begun by the godly exhortation
Of the Abbot *Neotus* direction :
From whose rich womb pure Angell-like Diuinitie,
Hath sprong to saue vs from Calamitie.

*This Sore is a
River that run-
neth by Leice-
ster, called of
some Brenber
water.*

Leyre the sonne of *Baldud* being admitted,
To beare the burden of the *British* fway,
A Prince with *Natures* glorie being fitted,
At what time *Ioas* raigned King of *Iuda*,
To make his new got Fame to last for aye,
By *Sore* he built the Towne of *Caerleir*,
That to this day is called *Leycester*,

Bellin

Belin that famous worthy *Brytaine* King,
That made the Townes of *France* to feare his frowne,
And the whole *Romish* Legion to sing.
And to record his gracious great renowne,
Whose host of men their Townes were firing :
 Builded in *Southwals* height *Caerlion*,
 Or termed *Arwiske Caerlegion*.

In this Citie
were three fa-
mous Churches
one of S. Julen
the Martyr, the
second of S. Al-
ron : and the o-
ther the mother
Church of old
Demetia.

This glorious Citie was the onely Pride,
In eldest age of all *Demetia* :
Where many notable Monuments abide,
To grace the Countrey of *Britania*,
That from *Times* memorie can neuer slide :
Amphibulus was borne in this sweete place,
Who taught *S. Albon*, *Albon* full of grace.

This Belin also
builded a noble
Gate in Lon-
don now called
Billin's Gate &
Bdina Caylle.

King *Lud* furnam'd the great *Lud-hurdibras*,
The sonne of *Leil*, builded the famous Towne
Of *Kaerkin*, with a huge Tower of brasse,
Now called *Canterburie* of great renowne,
Able to bide the raging Foes stout frowne :
 The *Metropolitans* seate where Learning sits,
 And chiefe of all our *English* Bishopricks.

Lud, father to
Baldud, a man
well seen in the
Sciences of A-
stronomie and
Necromancie.

This noble King builded faire *Caerguent*,
Now cleped *Winchester* of worthie fame,
And at Mount *Paladour* he built his Tent,
That after ages *Shaftsburie* hath to name,
His first foundation from King *Leyls* sonne came :
 About which building Prophet *Aquila*,
 Did prophesie in large *Brytania*.

This Baldud
sonne of Lud-
Hurdibras,
made first the
hot Baths at
Caerbran, now
called Bathe.

E 2

King *Leill* a man of great religion,
 That made his bordring neighbours for to yeeld,
He also repaired the Citie of And on their knees to pleade Submission,
Caer Leon, now called Chylr. Being eldest sonne to *Brute* surnamed *Greene shield*,
 The Citie of *Caerleits* he did build,
 Now called *Carleyle* by corruption,
 And Time that leades things to confusion.

The Cittie of Cambridge a famous Vniuersitie,
built in the dayes of Gurguntius the son of Beine, by one Cantaber a Spaniard, brother to Partholony, or as some write by Gorboman. The Nurfe of Learning and Experience,
 The Chearisher of true Diuinitie,
 That for the Soules good wisedome doth commence,
 Confuting Vice, and driving Error thence :
 Was built by *Sigisbert* : but wrought effectually
 By Kings and Lords of famous memorie.

Ebranke the sonne of stout *Mempriti*,
 Hauing in matrimoniall copulation,
 Twentie one wiues in large **Britanicus*,
 And thirtie daughters by iust computation,
 And twentie sonnes of estimation,
 Builded *Caerbranke* famous for the name,
 Now called *Englands Yorke* a place of Fame.

He in *Albania* large and populous,
 Now termed *Scotland* of the *Scottish* Sect,
 Because his deedes should still be counted famous,
 The Castle of *Maidens* there he did erect,
 And to good purpose did this worke effect :
 But iron-eating Time the Truth doth staine,
 For *Edinburgh* the Citie doth remaine.

And

And in that *Maiden* Castle he did frame,
 To grace the building to the outward eie,
 Nine Images of stone plac'd in the same,
 Which since haue stay'd times perpetuitie,
 In the true forme of worke-mans excellencie :
 Not any whit diminisht, but as perfect
 As in the first-dayes minute they were set.

Nature I muse at your description,
 To see how *Time* that old rust-cankard wretch,
 Honors forgetfull Friend, Cities confusion,
 That in all Monuments hath made a Breach,
 To auncient names brought alteration :
 And yet at this day such a place remaines,
 That all *Times* honor past with honor staines.

Phoenix.

Thofe carued old-cut stonie Images,
 That beautifie the Princes stately Towers,
 That graces with their grace the Pallaces,
 And high imperiall Emperizing bowers,
 Were neuer raz'd by *Times* controlling houres :
 Nine worthie women almost equialent,
 With those nine worthie men so valient.

Nature.

Three of the nine were *Jewes*, and three were *Gentiles*,
 Three *Christians*, Honors honorable Sexe,
 That from their foes did often beare the spoiles,
 And did their proud controlling neighbours vex,
 Which to their name did Nobleneffe annexe,
 An Embleame for true borne Gentilitie,
 To imitate their deeds in chivalrie.

E 3

The first *Minerua* a right worthie *Pagon*,
 That many manlike battailes manly fought,
 She first deuiz'd Artillerie of yron,
 And Armour for our backes she first found out,
 Putting our liues deare hazard from some doubt :
 She gouerned the *Libians*, and got Victories,
 With Honor by the lake **Tritonides*.

* *Locus Mi-*
lis, ita.

Our maine pitcht Battels she first ordered,
 Setting a Forme downe to this following Age,
 The orders of Incamping she first registred,
 And taught the lawes of Armes in equipage,
 To after time her skill she did engage :
Apollo was her deare begotten sonne,
 In *Abrahams* time she liu'd till life was donne.

Semiramis Queene of *Affiria*,
 Was second worthie of this worlds great wonder,
 She conquered large *Æthiopia*,
 And brought the Necke of that stout Nation vnder,
 Waisting the Countries of rich *India* :
 Her dayes of Honor and of Regiment,
 Was in the time of *Isaacks* gouernment.

The third and chiefeft for Audacioufnesse,
 And Enterprifes that she took in hand,
 Was *Tomyris* full of true Noblenesse,
 Queene of the *North* (as I do vnderstand.)
 From forth her eyes she lightned Honors Brand,
 And brandished a Sword, a sword of Fame,
 That to her weake Sexe yeelded *Hectors* name.

When

When she receiued newes her sonne was dead,
 The Hope and Vnderprop of *Scithia*,
 She put on Armour, and encountered
 The *Monarch Cyrus* King of *Persia*,
 And Gouvernor of rich *Getulia* :
 Slue him in fight her Fame for to renew,
 Two hundred thousand Souldiers ouerthrew.

Amongst the *Hebrew* women we commend,
Iahel the *Kenite* for the first in bountie,
 Whose vncomprehensible valour in the end,
 Did free and set at large her captiu'd Countrie,
 Oppressed with tyrannicall Miserie :
 From dangers imminent of fire Warre,
 By killing hand to hand her foe great *Sifar*.

Debora an *Hebrew* worthie the second place,
 She fortie yeares did gouerne *Israel*,
 In peace preferu'd her Land, her land of Grace,
 Where honest sportiue Mirth did alwaies dwell :
 Her holy holinesse no tongue can tell,
 Nations astonied at her happinesse,
 Did grieue to loose her Wisedomes worthinesse.

Judith the third that redeliuered,
 The strong besieged Citie of *Bethulia*,
 And when the proud Foe she had vanquished,
 And ouercame hot-spur'd *Affiria*,
 Bringing in triumph *Holofernes* head,
 She got a great and greater Victorie,
 Then thousand Souldiers in their maiestie.

The first of *Christians* was faire *Maud* the Countesse,
 Countesse of *Aniow*, daughter to a King,
Englands first *Henry*: *Almaines* Empresse,
 Heire indubitate, and her Fathers offspring,
 She titles to the *English* Crowne did bring:

She ne're defisted from the warlike field,
 Till that vsurped *Stephen* of *Blois* did yeeld,
 And condiscended to her sonnes dear right,
 That war-like *Maudd* had reobtain'd by might.

The second was *Elizabeth* of *Aragon*,
 Queene and wife to honorable *Ferdinando*:
 She stoutly fought for propagation
 Of Christian Faith; brought to subuersion,
 The forsaken infidels of *Granado*,
 Reducing that proud prouince all in one,
 To follow *Christs* vnspotted true Religion.

The last was *Iohane* of *Naples* true borne Queene,
 Sister to *Ladislaus* King of *Hungarie*,
 A woman that defended (as twas seene,)
 Her countries great and gracious libertie,
 By force of laudable Armes and Chiuallrie,
 Against the *Sarajins* inuasion,
 And proud hot warres of princely *Aragon*.

Thus haue I in the honor of their worth,
 Laid ope their Progenie, their Deedes, their Armes,
 Their offspring, and their honorable Birth,
 That is a Lanthorne lightning their true Fames,
 Which Truth can neuer burne in Enuies flames:

Worthy

Worthie of wonder are these three times three,
Folded in brazen Leaues of memorie.

Windsor a Castle of exceeding strength,
First built by *Aruiragus Brytaines* King,
But finished by *Arthur* at the length,
Of whose rare deedes our *Chronicles* do ring,
And poets in their verse his praise do sing :
For his Round-table and his war-like Fights,
Whose valiantnesse the coward Mind affrights.

This *Brytish* King in warres a Conquerer,
And wondrous happie in his Victories,
Was a companion of this noble Order,
And with his person grac'd these Dignities,
Great dignities of high exceeding Valour :
For he himselfe the selfe-same Honor tooke,
That all his following States did euer brooke.

This *Paragon* whose name our time affrights,
At *Windsor* Castle dubbed in one day,
One hundred and iust fortie valiant Knights,
With his keene trustie Sword, and onely stay,
(Cald *Dridwin*) that his Loue did ouerfway :
And with that Sword the very day before,
He slue as many *Saxon* foes or more.

But *English Edward* third of Memorie,
In blessed and religious zeale of Loue,
Built vp a Colledge of exceeding glory,
That his kind care to *England* did approue.

F

This *Colledge* doth this Castle beautifie :
 The Honor of the place is held so deare,
 That many famous Kings are buried there.

But one rare thing exceeding admirable
 That to this day is held in great renowne,
 And to all Forreiners is memorable,
 The name of which makes *Englands* foes to frowne,
 And puls the pride of forreine Nations downe,
Knights of the Garter and Saint Georges Crosse,
 Betok'ning to the Foe a bloudie losse.

Here followeth the Birth, Life
 and Death of honourable Arthur
King of Brittain.

To the courteous Reader.

Courteous Reader, hauing spoken of the first foundation
 of that yet renowned castle of Windfor by Aruiragus
 king of Britain, & finished by that succeding prince of worthy
 memory famous king Arthur; I thought good (being intrea-
 ted by some of my honourable-minded Friends, not to let slip so
 good and fit an occasion, by reason that there yet remains in
 this doubtfull age of opinions, a controuersie of that esteemed
 Prince of Brittain) to write not according to ages obliuio, but
 directed onely by our late Historiographers of England, who
 no doubt haue taken great paines in the searching foorth of the
 truth of that first Christian worthie: and wheras (I know not
 directed

directed by what blindnes) there haue bene some Writers (as I thinke enemies to truth) that in their erronious censures haue thought no such mā euer to be liuing; How fabulous that should seeme to be, I leaue to the iudgement of the best readers, who know for certaine, that that neuer dead Prince of memory, is more beholding to the French, the Romane, the Scot, the Italian, yea to the Greekes themselves, then to his own Countrymen, who haue fully and wholly set forth his fame and liuehood: then how shamelesse is it for some of vs, to let slip the truth of this Monarch? And for more confirmatiō of the truth, looke but in the Abbey of Westminster at Saint Edwards shrine, there shalt thou see the print of his royal Scale in red wax closed in Berrill, with this inscription, Patricius Arthurus Gallie, Germaniæ, Daciæ Imperator. At Douer likewise you may see Sir Gawins skull and Cradocks mantle: At Winchester, a Citie well knowne in England, his famous round Table, with many other notable monuments too long to rehearse: Besides I my selfe haue seen imprinted, a french Pamphlet of the armes of king Arthur, and his renowned valiant Knights, set in colours by the Heraulds of France: which charge of impressiō would haue been too great, otherwise I had inserted them orderly in his Life and Actions: but (gentle Reader) take this my paines gratefully, and I shal hereafter more willingly strue to employ my simple wit to thy better gratulation; I haue here set downe (turned from French prose into English meeter) the words of the Herald vnder the arms of that worthy Brittainc.

King Arthur in his warlike Shield did beare
 Thirteene rich Crownes of purified gold:
 He was a valiant noble Conquerer,
 As ancient Memorie hath truly told:
 His great Round-table was in Britanie,
 Where chofen Knights did do their homage yearely.

F 2

The strange Birth, honorable Coronation and most unhappie Death of famous Arthur King of Brytaine.

OF noble *Arthurs* birth, of *Arthurs* fall,
 Of *Arthurs* solemne Coronation,
 Of *Arthurs* famous deedes *Heroyicall*,
 Of *Arthurs* battels and inuasion,
 And that high minded worthie *Brytish King*,
 Shall my wits memorie be deifying.

In the last time of *Vter* furnam'd *Pendragon*,
 So called for his wittie pollicies,
 Being a King of estimation,
 In famous *Brytaine* mongst his owne allies,
 There was a mightie Duke that gouern'd *Cornwaile*,
 That held long warre, and did this King assaile.

This Duke was nam'd the Duke of *Tintagil*:
 After these hot bred warres were come to end,
 He sojourn'd at a place cald *Terrabil*,
 From whence *Pendragon* for this Duke did fend,
 And being wounded sore with *Cupids* sting,
 Charg'd him his Wife vnto the Court to bring.

His Wife a passing Ladie, louely, wife,
 Chaste to her husbands cleare vnspotted bed,
 Whose honor-bearing Fame none could supprize,

But

But *Vesta*-like her little time she led :
Igrene her name on whose vnequall beautie
Pendragon doted, led by humane folly.

At length he broke his mind vnto a Lord,
 A trustie Councillour and noble Friend,
 That soone vnto his minds grieffe did accord,
 And his Kings louing loue-thoughts did commend,
 Telling *Pendragon* this should be his best,
 To tell the Dutcheffe of his sweete request.

But she a Woman, sterne, inexorable,
 Willing fond Lufts inchauntments to resist,
 All his tongues smoothing words not penetrable,
 In her chaste bosomes Gate could not insift,
 But straight she told her Husband how she sped,
 Left that his grace should be dishonoured.

And counfeld him to passe away in haste,
 That Nights darke duskie mantle might oreshade,
 Their flying bodies, least at last they taste,
 More miserie then Time did ere inuade,
 " For Lust is such a hot inflamed thing,
 " It gouerneth mans senses, rules a King.

And as the Duchesse spake, the Duke departed,
 That neither *Vter* nor his Councell knew,
 How his deepe bosomes *Lord the Dutcheffe thwarted, * *Cupid.*
 But marke the story well what did ensue :
 Soone as the King perceiued their intent,
 Intemperate Rage made him impatient.

Away with Musicke for your strings do iarre,
 Your found is full of Discords, harsh and ill,
 Your Diapazon, makes a humming warre
 Within mine eares, and doth my fences fill
 With immelodious mourning ; She is gone
 That rul'd your felues and Instruments alone.

Away fond riming *Ouid*, left thou write
 Of *Prognés* murther, or *Lucretias* rape,
 Of *Igrens* iourney taken in the night,
 That in the blacke gloom'd silence did escape :
 O could no Dogge haue bark'd, no Cocke haue crow'd,
 That might her passage to the King haue show'd.

No mirth pleasde *Vter*, but grimme Melancholy
 Haunted his heeles, and when he fate to rest,
 He pondred in his mind *Igrenas* beutie,
 Of whom his care-craz'd head was full possest :
 Nothing was now contentiue to his mind,
 But *Igrenes* name, *Igrene* to him vnkind.

At last his noble Peeres with pitie mou'd,
 To see the Kings sodaine perplexitie,
 With a great care that their Liege Emperour lou'd,
 For to allay his great extremitie,
 Did counsell him to send for *Garloyes* wife,
 As he would answer it vpon his life.

Then presently a Messenger was sent,
 To tell the Duke of his wifes secret folly :
 This was the substance of his whole intent,

To

To bring his wife to Court immediatly :
Or within threescore dayes he did protest,
To fetch him thither to his little rest.

Which when the Duke had warning, straight he furnish'd
Two Castles with well-fenc'd artillerie,
With vitailles and with men he garnish'd,
His strongest Holds for such an enemye :
And in the one he put his hearts-deare Treasure,
Faire *Igrene* that he loued out of measure,

That Castle which the Duke himselfe did hold,
Had many Posternes out and issues thence,
In which to trust his life he might be bold,
And safely the warres Furie to commence :
But after-telling time did wonders worke,
That Foxes in their holes can neuer lurke.

Then in all haste came *Vter* with his hoast,
Pitching his rich pavilions on the ground,
Of his aspiring mind he did not boast,
For Loue and Anger did his thoughts confound,
Hot warre was made on both sides, people slaine,
And many Death-doore-knocking Soules complain.

Loue and minds anguish so perplext the King
For *Igrene* that incomparable Dame,
That *Cupids* sicknesse pearc'd him with a sting,
And his warres lowd Alarums ouercame,
Venus intreated *Mars* awhile to stay,
And make this time a sporting Holiday.

Then came fir *Ulfius*, a most noble Knight,
 And askt his King the cause of his disease,
 Being willing in a subiects gracious right,
Vter Pendragons mind in heart to please :
 Ah said the King, *Igrene* doth captiuat
 My Heart, and makes my Senses subiugate.

Courage, my gracious Liege, I will go find
 That true diuining prophet of our Nation,
Merlin the wise that shall content your mind,
 And be a Moderator in this action :
 His learning, wisedome, and vnseene experience,
 Shall quickly giue a Salue for loues offence.

So *Vlfius* at the length from him departed,
 Asking for *Merlin* as he past the way,
 Who by great fortunes chance fir *Vlfius* thwarted,
 As he went by in beggers base aray :
 Demanding of the Knight in basenesse meeke,
 Who was the man he went so farre to seeke ?

Vlfius amazed at his base attire,
 Told him it was presumption to demaund
 The name of him for whom he did enquire,
 And therefore would not yeeld to his command :
 Alas said *Merlin* I do plainly see,
Merlin you seeke, that *Merlin* I am he.

And if the King will but fulfill my heft,
 And will reward my true deseruing heart,
 In his loues agonies he shal be blest

So

So that he follow what I shall impart,
 Vpon my Knighthood he will honor thee,
 With fauour & rewards most royally.

Then *Vlfus* glad departed in all haft,
 And rode amaine to King *Pendragons* fight,
 Telling his Grace *Merlin* he met at laft,
 That like a Lampe will giue his *Louelaies* light.
 Where is the man? I wifht for him before.
 See where he ftands my Liege at yonder doore.

When *Vier* faw the man, a fudden ioy,
 And vncompre'nded gladneffe fild his hart:
 With kind embracements met him on the way,
 And to him gan his fecrets to impart.
 Leauē off, quoth *Merlin*, I do know your mind,
 The faire-fac'd Lady *Igrene* is vnkind.

But if your Maiefty will here proteft,
 And fweare as you are lawfull King annointed,
 To do my will, nothing fhall you moleft,
 But follow my direftions being appointed.
 I fweare quoth *Vier* by the *Euangelifts*,
 He dyes for me that once thy will refifts.

Sir, faid the Prophet *Merline*, this I craue,
 That fhall betoken well what ere betide,
 The firft faire ſportiuē Night that you fhall haue,
 Lying fafely nuzled by faire *Igrene's* fide,
 You fhall beget a ſonne whole very Name,
 In after-ftcaling Time his foes fhall tame.

G

That child being borne your Grace must giue to me,
 For to be nourished at my appointment,
 That shal redound much to his maiestie,
 And to your Graces gracious good intent :
 That shall be done : (quoth Merlin) let's away,
 For you shall sleepe with *Igrene* ere't be day.

And as *Ioue* stole to faire *Alcmenas* bed,
 In counterfeiting great *Amphytrio*,
 By the same lust-directed line being led,
 To *Igrenes* louely chamber must you go :
 You shall be like the Duke her husbands greatnesse,
 And in his place possesse her Husbands sweetnesse.

And you my noble Lord, sir *Vlfus*,
 Shall be much like sir *Brustias* a faire Knight,
 And I will counterfeit the good *Iordanus*,
 And thus wee le passe together in the night,
 But see you question not, say you are diseased,
 And hie to bed there shall your heart be pleased.

But on the morrow do not rise my Liege,
 Vntill I come to counsell for the best,
 For ten miles off you know doth lie the Siege,
 That will not turne these night-sports to a iest,
 Pendragon pleas'd hasted for to embrace,
 The sweet'ft got pray that euer King did chafe.

Soone as the Duke of *Tintagill* did perceiue,
 That *Vter* left alone his royall armie,
 He issued from his Castle to bereaue,

The

The fouldiers of their liues by pollicie :
 But see his fortune, by that wily traine,
 That he had laid for others he was flaine.

The subtill-lust directed King went on,
 Maskt in a strange deuifed new found fhape,
 To fimple-minded *Igrene* vnlike *Pendragon*,
 And three long houres lay in his louers lap :
 There he begat the chriftian King of Kings,
 Whofe fame *Caifter* Swannes in pleafure fings.

Affoonce as day-betok'ning *Phæbus* Chariot,
 Had croft his fifters waggon in the skie,
Merlin in hafte to *Vters* chamber got,
 Bidding good morrow to his Maieftie :
 And told him vnrecalled Time did ftay,
 To hafte him from his pleafure thence away.

Vter amaz'd with *Igrene* in his armes,
 Wifht that the Prophet had no vfe of tongue,
 Whofe dolefull found breath'd forth thefe harfh Alarmes,
 And like the night-Crow craokt a deadly fong ;
 Ah what a hell of grieffe t'was to depart,
 And leaue the new-got Treafure of his heart.

Then by the lawne-like Hand he tooke his louer,
 Being warm'd with blood of a diffembling Husband,
 Defire in her cheekes ſhe could not ſmother,
 And her Loue-dazeling eye none could withftand :
 He kiſt her twice or thrice and bad adue,
 As willing his nights pleafure to renew :

G 2

But when the late betrayed Lady knew,
 How that her true betrothed Lord was slaine,
 Ere that nights reuelling did first ensue,
 In secret to her selfe she wept amaine :
 Amaz'd and maruelling who that should be,
 That rob'd her husband of his treasurie.

And to her selfe she gan for to relate,
 The iniuries of her vnspotted life,
 And in her mind she liu'd disconsolate,
 Banning her base-bad Fortune being a wife ;
 Wishing for euer she had liu'd a maide,
 Rather than her chaste thoughts should be betrayed.

The noble Councell that attended *Vter*,
 Began with grauitie for to deuise,
 That (where their King had doted much vpon her)
 Her beautie his young thoughts to equalize,
 To knit them both in *Hymens* sacred right,
 And then in lawfull wife to tast delight.

This motion made vnto their Soueraigne,
 Of a warme lustie stomacke youthfull bloud,
 Thought it a heauen such a *Saint* to gaine,
 That would reuiue his spirits, do him good :
 And gaue consent to have her honoured,
 With marriage Rites, the which were soone performed.

Halfe a yeare after as the King and Queene,
 Then growing great with child a bed were lying,
 The Curtaines drawne vnwilling to be seene :

This

This pollicie the King himfelfe deuifing :
Asking whose child it was that ſhe did beare,
Speake gentle *Igrene* tell me without feare.

The Queene amazed at this queſtion,
Being fully wrapt in pale timiditie,
Knew not to anſwer this ſad action,
Becaufe ſhe fully knew her innocencie :
He vrg'd her ſtill, at length ſhe waxed bold,
And ſtoutly to the King the truth ſhe told.

With that he kiſt his Queene that was beguil'd,
And did recomfort her being halfe forlorne,
Telling t'was he that did beget the child,
The child that from her faire wombe ſhould be borne :
With that a ſudden ioy did repoſſeſſe
Her penſiue hart, whome Fortune late did bleſſe.

Then *Merlin* (that did alwaies loue the King,
As bearing chiefe affiance to his countrey)
Sought to prouide for the childs nourifhing,
Therein to ſhew his well diſpoſed dutie.
As thou decreeſt ſaid *Vter*, muſt it be,
My deare Sonnes fortunes Ile commit to thee.

Well ſaid the *Prophet*, I do know a Lord,
A faithfull paſſing true diſpoſed man,
That to your Graces pleaſure will accord,
And in your ſeruice do the beſt he can :
Commit your child vnto his cuſtodie,
A man renoun'd in famous *Britany*.

G 3

His name Sir *Hector* : send a Messenger,
 To will him come vnto the Court with speede,
 And that your Maiestie must needs conferre,
 Of matters helpfull in a Princes neede.

When he is come your Grace may certifie,
 You'le put your sonne & heire to his deliuerie.

And when that Fortunes child kind Fortunes heire,
 (For so the Destinies prognosticate)
 Shall be brought forth into the open aire,
 That of faire *Igrene* lately was begate :
 At yonder priue Posterne being vnchristened,
 You must deliuer it me to be baptized.

As *Merlin* had deuised, so t'was done :
 For all the Court to him did yeeld obeyfance :
 And now Sir *Hector* to the king is come,
 And to *Pendragon* made his deare affiance,
 Wishing his Wife might nourish that bright sonne,
 Whose Mornings glorie was not yet begunne.

Then when the louely Queene was soone deliuered,
 Of that rich bearing Burthen to her ioy,
 The King himselfe in person hath commaunded,
 Two Ladies and two Knights to beare the boy,
 Bound vp in cloth of gold being rich of State,
 And giue it to the pooreman at the gate,

So *Merlin* had the Prince at his disposing,
 Committing it to *Hectors* faithfull wife :
 Now nothing wanted but the sweete baptizing,

To

To grace the Prince of Princes all his life :
 A holy reuerent Man indu'de with fame,
Arthur of Britaine cald the Princes name.

After the royall Solemnation,
 Of that blacke mournfull weping funerall,
 Of *Vter* that we name the great *Pendragon*,
 By subtile practise brought vnto his fall :
 The sixteenth yeare of his victorious raigne,
 By poison was this braue *Pendragon* flaine.

His body vnto *Stone-heng* being brought,
 Hard by his brother *Aurelius* is he laid,
 In a faire Monument then richly wrought,
 Dead is the King whose life his foes dismaid,
 But from his loynes he left a sonne behind,
 The right *Idea* of his fathers mind.

Great *Arthur* whom we call the *Britaines* King,
 A man renown'd for famous victories,
Saxons and *Pictes* to homage he did bring,
 As you may read in auncient histories :
 Our later Chronicles do testifie,
 King *Arthurs* noble mind in Chivalrie.

Twelue noble battels did King *Arthur* fight,
 Against the *Saxons* men of hardie strength,
 And in the battels put them still to flight,
 Bringing them in subiection at the length :
 He neuer stroue to driue them quite away,
 But stragling here and there he let them stay.

*Valerius writteth that K.
 Arthur cōquered thirty king-
 domes, for as thē a great cō-
 pany of Gouver-
 nors held vnder
 their iurisdic-
 tion the Iland
 together with
 France and
 Germanie.*

In *Southery, Kent*, and *Norfolke* did they dwell,
 Still owing homage to king *Arthures* greatnesse,
 Whose puiffance their pride did alwaies quell,
 Yet did he temper rigour with his meeknesse :
 And like a Lion scorn'd to touch the Lambe,
 Where they submissiue-like vnto him came,

Against the *Pictes* he held continuall warre,
 The which vnto the *Saxons* were allide,
 And with the subtill *Scot* did alwaies iarre,
 Who neuer true to *Arthur* would abide :
 But (scorning his aduancement to the Crowne)
 Did thinke by force to pull his greatnesse downe.

The chiefeft cause of this hot mortall strife,
 That mou'd these Kings to be dissentious,
 Was that the King of *Pictes* had tane to wife
 The eldest sister of *Aurelius*,
 And *Cornon* King of *Scots* had married
 The youngest sister to his Princely bed.

Wherefore they thought the *Brytish* Regiment,
 Should haue descended to the lawfull heires
 Of *Anna*, wife to both in gouernment,
 And he as King to rule their great affaires :
 And do inferre king *Arthures* barftardie,
 And vniust claime to that high dignitie.

And presently they do dispatch in haft,
 Ambassiadours to famous *Brytanie*,
 Of their great Peeres for to demanda at laft,

The kingdomes Crowne and kingdomes Royaltie :
 Who scorning for to heare a stranger nam'd,
 Crowned king *Arthur*, whom the world hath fam'd.

*The Coronation of King Arthur, and
 the Solemnitie thereof: the proud message
 of the Romanes, and the whole resolution of King
 Arthur and his Nobles.*

THE appointed time and great Solemnitie,
 Approched of king *Arthurs* Coronation,
 To which high states of mightie Dignitie,
 Asssembled at the Citie of *Caerleon*,
 In *Cæsars* time cal'd *Vrbs Legionum* :
 A Title doubtlesse bearing some import,
 Where many famous *Brytaines* did resort.

To grace king *Arthur* whom the *Britaines* loued,
 Came three *Arch bishops* *Englands* chiefe renowne,
 Both *London*, *Yorke*, and *Dubright* Honor moued,
 On *Arthurs* head to set the *British* Crowne,
 That after puld the pride of Nations downe :
 Vnto the Pallace of this princely King,
 They were conuay'd where true-born Fame did spring.

Dubright (because the Court at that time lay
 Within the compasse of his Diocesse)
 In his own person on this Royall day,
 Richly to furnish him he did addresse,
 His loue vnto his King he did expresse,

H

And at his hands the King was dignified,
When *Aue Cæsar* lowd the people cride.

This happie Coronation being ended,
The King was brought in sumptuous royaltie,
With all the peoples harts being befriended,
To the Cathedrall church of that fame See,
Being the *Metropolitickall* in nobilitie,
With lowd exclaiming ioy of peoples voyce,
That God might bleſſe their Land for ſuch a choice

On either hand did two Archbiſhops ride,
Supporting *Arthur* of *Britania*,
And foure Kings before him did abide,
Angiſell King of ſtout *Albania*,
And *Cadual* King of *Venedocia*,
Cador of *Cornewaile* mongſt theſe Princes paſt,
And *Sater* of *Demetia* was the laſt.

Theſe foure attired in rich ornaments,
Foure golden Swords before the King did beare,
Betokening foure royall Gouvernments,
And foure true Noble harts not dreading feare,
That *Emmie* from their breafſts can neuer teare :
Before them playd ſuch well-tun'd melodie,
That birds did ſing to make it heauenly.

King *Arthurs* Queene vnto the Church was brought,
With many noble Peeres being conducted :
Her Armes and Titles royally were wrought,
And to her noble Fame were garniſhed,

That

That Infamie had neare diminished :
 Foure Queenes before her bore foure filuer Doues,
 Expressing their true Faith and husbands Loues.

To braue King *Arthur* on this solemne feast,
 This day of high vnspeakeable dignitie,
 Came foure graue discret persons of the best,
 From *Romes* Lieutenant, proud in Maiestie,
 Caring in token of their Embassage
 Greene Oliue boughs, and their dear Lieges message.

*The Epistle of Lucius Tiberius the
 Romane Lieutenant, to Arthur
 King of Britanie.*

L Vcius Tiberius, *Romes great gouernour,*
To Arthur King of large Britania,
As he deserueth fauour at our hands :
Rome and the Romane Senators do wonder,
And I my selfe exceedingly do muse,
To thinke of thy audacious haughtie mind,
And thy tyrannicall dealing to our State :
Hote fire Anger boyleth in my breast,
And I am mou'd with honour of the cause,
For to reuenge thy Iniuries to Rome :
And that like one or' proud of his estate,
Refuseth to acknowledge her thy head,
Neither regardest speedily to redresse,
Thy base and blind obliuious ouersight,
And vniust dealings to offend the Senate,

H 2 .

*Vnto whose high imperiall Dignitie,
 Vnlesse Forgetfulnesse do bleare thine eyes,
 Thou knowst the whole huge Circle of the world,
 Are made Contributorie and owe vs homage.
 The tribute that the Britaines ought to pay,
 The which the Senate did demanda of thee,
 Being due vnto the Romaine Emperie :
 For that braue Iulius Cæsar had enioy'd
 And many worthy Romanes many yeares,
 Thou in contempt of vs and our Estate,
 Our honorable Estate and our dignitie,
 Presum'st iniuriously for to detain :
 The confines of wel-scated Gallia,
 The Prouinces of Sauoy and Daulphine,
 With hot-flam'd fierie warre hast thou subdude,
 And gotten in thy large possession ;
 The Ilands of the bordring Ocean,
 The Kings whereof so long as we enioy'd them,
 Payd tribute to our Noble auncestors.
 The Senate highly mou'd with thy presumption,
 Determine for to redemaund amends,
 And restitution for thy open wrongs :
 I therefore from the noble Senatours,
 Commaund thee on thy true Allegiance,
 To Rome, to them, to me, and our Estate,
 That in the midst of August next ensuing,
 Thou do repaire to Rome, there for to answer,
 Before the worthie Senate and the Lords
 Thy Trespasse ; and abide arbitrement,
 Such as by them shall there be ordred,
 And iustice shall impose vpon thy head :*

Which

*Which thing if thou presumptuously refuse,
I will forthwith inuade thy Territories,
Wast thy whole Countrey, burne thy Townes and Cities;
And what so ere thy rashnesse hath detain'd,
From Rome or from the Romaine Emperie,
I will by dint of sword subdue againe.
Thus arm'd with hopefull Resolution,
Weele stay thy answer of submission.*

Lu. Tib.

*Cador the Duke of Cornewaile his
Oration to the King.*

R*enowned Arthur and thrice worthie Britaine :
O how a liuely bloud doth fill my veines,
At this proud message of the hawtie Romaines,
I hitherto my Lord haue bene in feare,
Lest that the worthy Britaines with much ease,
And long continuall, peace and quietnesse,
Should grow to too much slouth and cowardize,
And lose that honorable Reputation,
Of Chiuallrie and Martiall discipline :
Wherein (right Noble King) we haue bene counted,
For to surmount all Nations of the world.
For where the vse of Armes is not esteem'd,
But buried in Obliuions loathsome cane,
And wanton dallying held in æstimate,
It cannot chuse but pale-fac'd Cowardize,
Must dimme and cleane deface all worthy Vertue.
Five yeares haue fully runne their monthly course,*

H 3

*Since we put off our armour from our backs,
 Or heard the Trumpets clangor in our eares,
 Or marcht in triumph with the ratling Drum,
 Being nussled in effeminate delights,
 God willing that our names should not be blotted
 With the foule staine of beastly sluggardie,
 Hath stirred vp the proud insulting Romanes,
 To whet our dull edg'd swords not now in vse,
 To cut their heads off in this rightfull cause,
 And scoure our rustie Armour long laid vp,
 To buckle with so proud an enemy,
 Therefore great Arthur in thy greatnesse raise
 Thy colours vp, for to vpreare thy praise.* *Ca. Cor.*

The Oration of King Arthur to his Lordes
 and Followers.

M*Y Fellowes and my deare Companions,
 Both in the aduerse chances of our age,
 And prosperous successefull happinesse,
 Whose true vnspeakable fidelities,
 In giuing counsell touching warres abroad,
 And home-bred mutinies amongst our selues,
 With good successefulnesse haue I perceau'd,
 In your deepe wisedomes and your grauitie.
 Affoord me now your honorable aides,
 Wisely foreseeing what you think conuenient,
 Touching the proud command'ment sent from Rome,
 A thing at first carefully deliberated,
 Is in the end most easily tollerated:*

We

*We therefore shall with easier burden brooke,
The hawtie message of Tiberius Lucius,
If mongst our selues in wisdome we conferre,
How and which way to answer his demaund,
And surely (noble Followers) I suppose,
We haue no cause to feare their forreine braues.
For that vpon a most vniust request,
He seekes to haue a tribute paid from Britaine,
Because forsooth in Iulius Cæsars time,
Through iarres and discords of the ancient Brytains,
The tribute hath bene due and payable:
For when our countrie was at full possesse,
With ciuill garboiles and domesticke brawles,
Their Cæsar did arriue within this land,
And with this armed souldiers full of force,
Brought in subiection that vnquiet Nation,
By this alleadgance they vniustly craue,
Tribute and satisfaction at our hands,
For nothing that is got by violence,
May iustly be possesse by violence.
Sith therefore he presumeth to demaund,
A thing being most unlawfull at our hands,
By the same reason let vs demaund of him,
Tribute at Rome mauer their Romish power,
And he that is the mightier in force,
Let him possesse the honor of the tribute,
For if his allegations and demaunds,
Be forcible and worlhie to be kept,
Because their Cæsar and some Romane Princes,
Haue sometimes conquered Brytania,
By the like reason I do thinke that Rome,*

*Ought to pay tribute and to do vs homage,
 Because my Predecessors conquered it :
 Bellin the noble King of Brytanie,
 With his braue brother Brennus warlike ayde,
 Being then accounted Sauoies noble Duke,
 Razed the wals of Rome, and set his Standard
 With victorie vpon the Citie gates,
 And in the middle of their Market place,
 Hung vp twentie of their chiefeſt Noblemen.
 And Conſtantine the ſonne of Helena,
 And Maximinianus my neere Couſins,
 Were both inthroniſ'd in the Imperiall ſeate,
 And gouernment of Romes great Emperie.
 As touching Fraunce and other Ilands there,
 We neede not anſwer their out-brauing termes :
 For they refuſed to defend their owne,
 When we by force redeem'd them from their hands.
 Then counſell me thrife-worthy Brytaine Peeres,
 Abandoning baſe cowardize and feares.*

K. Arthur.

*The Anſwer of Howell King
 of litle Brytaine.*

T*Hough all your wiſedomes and your grauities,
 Handmaides to Counſell and Nobilitie,
 Should be engraued in one golden leafe,
 More to the purpoſe could not you inferre,
 Then thy moſt graue and exquisite Oration,
 Thy eloquent and Tully-like aduiſe*

Hath

*Hath furnisht vs with such experiment,
Whereby we ought incessantly to praise,
In you the wisedome of a constant man :
For if with all post expedition,
You will prepare a voyage vnto Rome,
That doth expect our haste and royall comming,
According to the reasons you alleage,
I doubt not but that faire Victoria,
Will sit in triumph on our conquering Helmes,
To fright the mindes of Romish aduersaries,
Sith we defend our auncient libertie,
Disdaining for to beare a seruile yoke,
Which to this day the Britaines do maintaine :
Let vs go chearefully and demaund of them,
With Iustice what vniustly they demaund :
For he that doth deface anothers right,
And thinkes vniustly for to dispossesse,
And take from him his owne inheritance
Deferuedly, and with a wortly meanes,
Not violating large and hostile Armes,
May he be put from that which is his owne,
By him to whom the wrong is offred.
Seeing therefore that the Romanes would vsurpe,
The royall dignitie of worthy Britaine,
Due to your honorable auncestors,
I doubt not (noble King) but weele regaine,
That which your Predecessors haue possesse,
Euen in the middle of their proudest Citie,
If we may come to buckle with our foes.
This is the conflict that true hearted Britaines,
So long haue wisht to happen to our age.*

I

*These be the prophesies of wise Sibilla,
 Long time agoe, plainly and truly told,
 And now at length fulfilled to our ioy,
 That of the third race of the worthie Britaines,
 There should be borne a Prince to repofseffe,
 The Romifh Empire and their Dignitie:
 For two of thefe the prophesie is paft,
 In Belin and that worthie Conftantine,
 Who ouercame, and gaue the Armes of Rome:
 Now haue we none but you my gracions Liege,
 The third and laft, not leaft in all our eyes,
 To whom this high Exploit is promifed:
 Make hafte therefore moft royall Soueraigne,
 For to receiue that which our God will giue,
 Haften for to fubdue their willing minds,
 Which profer vp their honor to your hands,
 Haften deare Liege for to aduance vs all,
 That willingly will fpend our liues and lands,
 For the aduancement of our libertie.
 And to atchieue this Labour worthie King,
 Ten thoufand armed fouldiers will I bring.*

Ho. K. of Brit

*Angufel King of Albania his
 Anfwere to the King.*

*S**ince firft I heard my Soueraigne fpeake his mind,
 Ful fraught with Eloquēce and learned Counfel,
 A fodaine ioy did fo poffeffe my foule,
 As that in words I cannot vtter forth*

A.

*The explanation of my willing thoughts :
 In all our Victories and Conquests wonne,
 Subduing many Regions, many Kings,
 Nothing at all in honour haue we gain'd,
 If that we suffer the proud-minded Romanes,
 And hautie Germaines to vsurpe vpon vs,
 And do not now reuenge those bloudie slaughters,
 Enacted on our friends and countrymen.
 And sith occasion now is profered,
 And Libertie to trie our force of Armes,
 I do reioyce to see this happie day,
 Wherein we may but meet and ioyne with them :
 I thirst my Lord in heart for sweet reuenge,
 As if three dayes I had beene kept from drinke ;
 The wounds I should receiue vpon that day
 Would be as pleasant to my labouring soule,
 As Water to a thirstie Traueller,
 Or else Releasement to a man condemn'd,
 Nay death it selfe were welcome to my bosome,
 For to reuenge our Fathers iniuries,
 Defend our libertie, aduance our King :
 Let vs giue onfet on that meacocke Nation,
 Those fond effeminate unruly people,
 And fight it out vnto the latest man ;
 That after we haue spread our wauiing Colours,
 In signe of Triumph and of Victorie,
 We may enioy the Honors they possesse,
 And for my part renowned valiant King,
 Two thousand armed horsemen will I bring.*

An. K. Alb.

I 2

A Royall armie *Arthur* hath provided,
 To beard the brauing *Romanes* in their Countrie,
 And like a *Martialist* hath them diuided,
 To buckle with so proud an Enemie :
 And Courage ioyn'd with Resolution,
 Doth pricke them forwards to this Action.

The *Britains* hawtie and resolued men,
 Stout, valiant, of *Bellonas* warlike brood,
 Chear'd on their Followers, and began agen
 For to reuiue their new decayed blood :
 And to redeeme to *Arthur* and his Line,
 What once was wonne by valiant *Constantine*.

Now sounds his Drumme a march in chearfull sort,
 Now his loud winded Trumpets checke the aire,
 And now the *Britaines* to him do resort,
 Not fearing warres affliction or despaire :
 But all with one voyce promise victorie
 To *Arthur* King of famous *Britainy*.

His Colours they are wauing in the wind,
 Wherein is wrought his Armes of ancestrie,
 His Pendants are in formall wife assign'd,
 Quartred at large by well read *Heraldrie* :
 Cuffing the ayre that struggles for to kisse,
 The gaudineffe of faire King *Arthurs* blisse.

Within his spreading Ensigne first he bore,
 Allotted from his royall familie,
 Three flying Dragons and three Crownes he wore,

For-

Portraide *de Or*, the field of *Azure* die,
 His fathers Coate, his Mothers Countries grace,
 His honors Badge, his cruell foes deface.

At last vnto himfelfe he hath affumpted,
 And tooke to Armes proper to his desire,
 As in his faithfull mind being beft accounted,
 And fitting to thofe thoughts he did require :
 A croffe of Siluer in a field of *Vert*,
 A gracious *Embleame* to his great defert.

On the firft quarter of this field was figured,
 The image of our *Ladie* with her *Sonne*
 Held in her armes ; this he defired,
 Wherein his new-growne valour was begonne :
 And bearing this fame Figure forth right nobly,
 Did maruellous Actes and reates of Chivalrie.

This Signe in elder ages being odious,
 And hated of the bad deferving mind,
 By his deare blood is made moft pretious
 Our vnpure Sinne by him being full refind :
 A great triumphant Signe, a Signe of ioy,
 A bleffed Croffe to free vs from annoy.

To this the righteous man bowes downe his head,
 And this the heauenly *Angels* do adore,
 By this our vnpure foules with life is fed,
 And *Diuels* fearing this do much deplore :
 Hereon he vanquifht *Sathan*, Hell, and Sinne,
 And by this Signe our new-life we begin.

Wife, learned *Historiographers* do write,
 That this pure Signe of the most holy Crosse
 Was sent from God, to *Mercuries* delight,
Iulian the Apostata's onely losse,
 And that an Angell brought to *Mercurie*,
 All Armour for his backe most necessarie.

A Shield of *Azure* herein coloured,
 A flowrie Crosse between two golden Roses,
 That the prowd *Iewes* minds much distempred,
 Whose vertue in it selfe true Time encloses
 A rich wrought Shield and a most heauenly Armour,
 That to the proud Foe strucke a deadly terrour.

And in the time of *Charles* the seuenth french King
 The Sunne giuing glorie to the dim-fac'd Morne,
 When early rising Birds alowd did sing,
 And faire cleare clouds the Element did adorne,
 To *Englishmen* and *French* from heauen was sent
 A milke-white Crosse within the Firmament.

Which heauenly Signe of both these nations seene,
 The haughtie *French* mou'd with rebellion
 Against their lawfull King and true-borne Queene,
 Began to yeeld their true submission,
 And tooke it as a great admonishment,
 And Signe betok'ning bitter detriment.

Thus we may see, that the Religion
 Which they conceiued of this blessed fight,
 Altered their minds to veneration,

And

And mollified their harts then full of spight,
 Yeelding vnto their Prince obedience,
 And true submission for their great offence.

This fight of honor, to the *French Kings* fame
 They did behold, a spectacle to *Fraunce*,
 At the same time when the third *Edward* came,
 And in the land his colours did aduance,
 Sending to Clodoueus then their King
 Which there became a Christian by Baptizing.

*Hæc sunt Francorum celebranda insignia Regum,
 Quæ demissa polo, sustinet alma fides
 Et nobis cœlica dona :
 Et pia Francorum placeant insignia Regum,
 Aurea cœlesti primum suffulta colore
 Lilia, Cæsarijs olim iam credita ceruis
 Auri flamma dehinc, veterum victoria Regum.*

And euer since great *Clodoueus* raigne,
 They did remaine as Ensignes to that Nation,
 Where still before three Toades they did sustaine,
 Their onely pourtraiture of commendation,
 By honor to the *English* Kings pertaining, (ning.
 That conquer'd *Fraunce*, when all their pride was wai-

His barbed Horfes beat the yeelding ground,
 And with their neighing terrifide their foe,
 Prowd of their riders, in whose harts are found
 A promiſe to the *Romanes* ouerthrow.

The glistering shine of their well-fashion'd armour,
Tels all men here doth ride a Conquerour.

Their Armour strongly made and firmly wrought,
Not to the vse of old decayed Time,
Who with their gilded shewes are good for nought,
But like to stonie wals not made with lime,
The *Brytaines* went not proudly armoured,
But strong, as scorning to be conquered.

In *Calis* he his colours doth aduance,
Who all for feare do entertaine this Prince,
And passeth through the regiment of *France*,
And doth with puissance the *French* conuince:
Still marching vp to *Paris* and to *Roane*,
Bringing that Countrie in subiection.

And hauing got his Title and his Name
A Title got with famous victorie,
He marcheth forward to enlarge his Fame,
Leauing faire *France* in his authoritie,
By sword and clemencie he conquer'd *Island*,
And wonne by famous warre the land of *Gothland*.

Now more and more his armie doth increase,
And mightie Kings do offer him their aide,
So in the country they might liue in peace,
His warlike followers so their minds difmaid:
The name of *Arthur* King of *Britanie*,
Hath fear'd the *Romish* force from *Italy*.

At

At last he comes to meete his enemie,
 High-harted *Lucius* that his letters sent,
 To great *Carleon* with such Maieftie,
 That stiffely did demaund a bafe intent :
 But now he wifht King *Arthur* were away,
 For feare he loft the Honor of the day.

The *Britaines* valour was fo admirable,
 As when a Lion meeteth with his Pray ;
 King *Arthurs* courage fo ineftimable,
 That nere a *Romaine* durft his strength affay :
 But like the duft with wind did take their flight,
 Yeelding by Warre what they demaund by Might.

Here lay a heape of *Romans* fllaughtered,
 Trode vnder foote by proud victorious Steedes,
 And here one Friend another murthered,
 Not able for to helpe him in his neede :
 Here bruifed Souldiers that alowd did cry,
 Braue *Arthur* helpe vs in our miferie.

And after he had wonne fo great a Field,
 And ouerthrew the *Romaine Lucius*,
 He pardon'd thofe that graciously would yeeld,
 And leaue their Leader proud *Tiberius* :
 Who left his men for feare, and would not fight,
 But hid himfelfe in darkneffe of the Night.

This bafe retraite and glorious Vi<torie,
 To *Arthur's* honour and *Tiberius* fhame,
 Was fprede through *Rome*, through *France*, through *Italy*,

K

An extollation to the *Brytish* name :
 Who forraged about, yet all did flie,
 Till *Arthur* tooke them to his pitying mercie.

Forwards towards *Rome* these *Britaines* make their way,
 Sounding Defiance as they passe along,
 Their conquering Ensignes still they do display,
 In Armes and hautie courage passing strong :
 All Cities offer peace, all Townes submit
 To *Arthurs* greatnesse, as a thing most fit.

But as they passe huge *Mirmedons* do striue,
 Surnamed *Giants*, for to stop this King.
 And vow by Paganisme (by which they thrive),
 His bodie in *Oceanus* to fling :
 And daunt his followers, who as Fame hath said,
 Of great bigge monstrous men were not afraid.

At last they march vpon a large broade plaine,
 When first these hautie *Giants* he doth spie,
 The *Britaines* scorne for to retire againe,
 But either winne the honor, or else die :
 Courage quoth *Arthur*, better die with fame,
 Then yeeld or turne to our immortall shame.

At length they meete, and meeting cope together,
 As when two sauage Boares are full of ire,
 The Victorie as yet inclin'd to neither,
 But from their Creafts and Shields did sparckle fire :
 Inkindled Wrath from *Arthurs* breast hath sprong,
 That he made passage through the thickest throng.
 The

The King of *Giants Arthur* meetes withall,
 And copes with him : for in his strength did stand
 His Kingdomes great aduancement, or his fall,
 His Subiects peace, his quietnesse of land :
 But this renowne to *Britaine* doth remaine,
 The *Giant, Arthur* hand to hand hath slaine.

When he was downe the rest did faint for feare,
 Which when the *British* armie had espied,
 Their true-borne valour did they not forbear,
 But all the greene graffe with their bloud they died :
 And made such slaughter of these monstrous men,
 That after-time hath registred agen.

After this Conquest is King *Arthur* minded,
 With all his royall power to march to *Rome*,
 And with his Lords he hath determined,
 This gallant Resolution, and this Doome :
 To crowne himselfe by warre their Emperour,
 And ouer all a mightie Gouvernour.

And had not Fortune and Rebellion,
 Stir'd vp his Cousin *Mordreds* hautie mind,
 At home to make ciuill inuasion,
 Who fought King *Arthurs* glory for to blind,
 With honour had he re-inkindled fire,
 To burne the wals of *Rome* to his desire.

But O iake *Mordred*, thou deceitfull Kinfman,
 (Begot of Treasons heyre) thus to rebell,
 Against thy noble Nephew, who hath wonne

K 2

Cities and peopled Townes that did excell :
And all he did was for to glorifie
His Royall kindred and his Noble countrey.

But thou some bafe-borne Haggard mak'ft a wing,
Againft the Princely *Eagle* in his flight,
And like a hissing Serpent feek'ft to sting
The Lion that did fhield thee from defpight :
But now being wakened by his Countries wrong,
With warre he meanes to vifite you ere long.

The news of this proud Rebelle in his Land,
Was like deepe piercing arrowes at his hart,
Intemperate Rage did make them vnderftand
King *Arthurs* furie, and fond *Mordreds* fmart,
Who vow'd reuengement moft vnnaturall,
On him that fought to bring his friends to thrall.

He founds Retraite with heart-fwolne heauineffe,
That he muft leaue faire *Rome* vnconquered,
And marcheth through the Land in quietneffe,
To be reueng'd on the Vfurper *Mordred* :
At this sweet newes of his departing thence,
The *Romaines* praife the Rebels excellence.

King *Arthur* heard at his returne towards *Brytaine*,
How *Mordred* had proclaim'd himfelfe there King,
Thofe that refifted, he by force hath flaine,
Vnto their Countries ground a gentle offering,
And to the *Saxon Cheldricke* is allide,
Who landing to their lawfull King denide.

By

By force they driue King *Arthur* from the shore,
 And like rebellious Monsters kill his men,
 Which when he viewes, he striueth more and more,
 And his great puissant strength renewes againe,
 And maugre all the power they withstand,
 At *Sandwich* Noble *Arthur* taketh Land :

And ioyning battel with his enemies,
 The traytrous Rebels are discomfited,
 And *Mordred* all in haft away he flies,
 By Treafons bloudie Traine & murther led,
 To gather Power to renew the fight,
 Vrg'd forward by the *Saxon Cheldricks* fpight.

The Noble *Arthur* in this conflict loft
 Some of his followers whom he lou'd too deare ;
 The death of gentle *Gawen* grieu'd him moft,
 As by his outward forrow did appeare :
 This *Gawen* was proud *Mordreds* lawfull brother,
 Legitimate by father and by mother.

O mirrour of true borne gentilitie,
 Faire mappe of Honor in his gentle blood,
 That rather chofe to loue his noble countrie,
 And feeke the meanes to do his life Liege good,
 Then to defend his kindred by that warre,
 That made the Sonne and moft kind Father iarre.

Kind *Gawen*, trustie worthie Gentleman,
 Belou'd of *Arthur*, as deseruedly,
 Recording Time thy faithfulness shall scan,

K 3

And loyall Truth wrapt vp in memorie :
 Shall say in thy Kings quarrell being iust,
 At last thou diedst, not in thy Brothers trust.

Thy gentle King prepared thy Funeral,
 And laid thy bodie in a Sepulchre,
 In thine owne country richly done and royall,
 At *Rosse* whose auncestrie shall still endure :
 And like a Nephew, mourn'd and wept for thee,
 Grieving to loose *Brytish* Nobilitie.

But to proceede in this vnluckie fight,
 King *Angusel* was slaine whom *Arthur* loued,
 A man in whom his countrie tooke delight,
 That ne're with home-bred Treacherie was moued
 In false-faith'd *Scotland* was his bones interd,
 To which before King *Arthur* him prefer'd.

That vniust *Mordred*, Mischiefes nourisher
 Times bad infamer, Traitor to the State,
 Of his whole Countrie bounds the chiefe perturber,
 Whose name to this day mongst them growes in hate.
 Fled from the battell, getting ships he faild
 Westward towards *Cornwail* whē his force was quail'd.

But when King *Arthur* heard of his departure,
 Causing the refuse Rebels for to flie,
 To make the way of his defence more sure,
 With speed he re-inforst his royall armie,
 With new supplie of hardie men at Armes,
 Whose Resolution fear'd no following harmes.

With

With his whole force he marcheth after him,
 Where all the *Kentish* men reioyce to see
 King *Arthurs* Colours, whose rich pride doth dim
 The faire-fac'd Sunne in all his Maiestie :
 Not resting till he came vnto the place,
 Where *Mordred* was encamped for a space.

By *Winchester* a Citie of renowne,
 The Traitorous armie of this *Mordred* lay,
 On whose proud gather'd troupe the Sunne did frowne,
 Fore-shewing to his men a blacke-fac't day :
 And so it prou'd before the selfe-same night ;
 Mordred and his best friends were slaine in fight.

At *Camblane* was this bloudie battell ended,
 Where fame-achthieuing *Arthur* fore was wounded,
 With gallant *Britaine* Lords being attended,
 Whose sword (cald *Pridwin*) manie had confounded,
 Yet Fortunes vnseene immortalitie,
 Sometimes cuts downe sprigs of a Monarchie.

At this dayes dolefull stroke of *Arthurs* death,
 The glorious shining Sunne lookt pale and wanne,
 And when this *Monarch* losed forth his breath,
 The *Britaines* being amaz'd about him ranne :
 And with their nailes did teare their flesh asunder,
 That they had lost their King the worlds great Wonder.

Ouer this litle Iland he had raigned,
 The full iust terme of fixe and twentie yeares,
 When twelue most famous battels he obtained,

As in our auncient Chronicles appeares,
 And in the Church-yard of faire *Glastenburie*,
 They held King *Arthurs* wofull obsequie.

And in the time of second *Henries* dayes,
 Betweene two pillars was his body found,
 That in his life deseru's immortall praise,
 Layd sixteene foote deepe vnderneath the ground;
 Because his *Saxon* foes whom he did chafe,
 Should not with fwords his liuelesse corps deface.

In the last yeare of *Henries* royaltie,
 More then fixe hundred after his buriall,
 By the Abbot of the house of *Glastenburie*,
 At last they found King *Arthurs* funerall:
Henry de Bloys the Abbots name they gaue,
 Who by the Kings commaund did find the graue.

The principall and chiefe occasion
 That moou'd King *Henry* for to seeke the place,
 Was that a Bardth in Welsh diuision,
 Recorded *Arthurs* actes vnto his Grace:
 And in the foresaid Church-yard he did sing,
 That they should find the body of the King.

And those that dig'd to find his bodie there,
 After they enterd feuen foote deepe in ground,
 A mightie broade stone to them did appeare,
 With a great leaden Crosse thereto bound,
 And downwards towards the corpes the Crosse did lie,
 Containing this inscripted poesie.

Hic

*Hic iacet sepultus inclytus Rex,
Arthurus in Insula Aualoniæ.*

His bodie whose great actes the world recorded,
When vitall limitation gaue him life,
And Fames thrill golden Trump abroad had founded,
What Warres he ended, what Debate, what Strife,
What Honor to his countrey, what great Loue,
Amongst his faithfull subiects he did proue.

Was not interd in sumptuous royaltie,
With funerall pompe of kindred and of friends,
Nor clofde in marble stone wrought curiously,
Nor none in mourning blacke his King attends,
But in a hollow tree made for the nonce,
They do enter King *Arthurs* princely bones.

Their outward habite did not shew their mind,
For many millions of sad weeping eies,
In euery streete and corner you might find,
Some beating their bare breast, and some with out cries,
Curfing and Banning that proud *Mordreds* foule,
That did by warre his princely life controule.

The Kings that were attendant on his traine,
Forgot their kingdomes, and their royall crownes,
Their high proud hautie hearts with grieve were flaine,
Strucke in amaze with Fortunes deadly frownes :
For they had lost their Scepter, Seate, and all,
By princely *Arthurs* most vnhappie fall.

L

The trunke being opened, at the last they found
 The bones of *Arthur* King of *Brytanie*,
 Whose shin-bone being set vpon the ground,
 (As may appeare by auncient Memorie)
 Reacht to the middle thigh within a spanne,
 Of a tall proper well fet bigge lim'd Man.

And furthermore they found King *Arthurs* skull,
 Of such great largeness that betwixt his eyes,
 His foreheads space a spanne broad was at full,
 That no true *Historiographer* denies :
 The forenam'd *Abbot* liuing in those daies,
 Saw what is written now to *Arthurs* praise.

The print of tenne wounds in his head appeared,
 All grown together except onely one,
 Of which it seemes this worthie *Brytaine* died :
 A true Memoriall to his louing Nation ;
 But that was greater far then all the rest,
 Had it bene lesser *Brytaine* had bene blest.

In opening of the Tombe they found his wife,
 Queene *Guiniuere* interred with the King,
 The Treffes of her haire as in her life,
 Were finely platted whole and glistering :
 The colour like the most pure refin'd gold,
 Which being toucht straight turned into mould.

Henry de Blois at the length translated
 The bones of *Arthur* and his louely Queene,
 Into the great Church where they were interred,

Within

Within a Marble toombe, as oft was seene :
 Of whom a worthie Poet doth rehearse,
 This *Epitaph* in sweete *Heroicke* Verse.

*Hic iacet Arthurus flos regum, gloria regni,
 Quem mores, probitas commendant laude perenni.*

Iohannis *Leylandij* antiquarij Encomion funerale, in
 vitam, facta, mortemq ; Regis Arthuri inclitissimi.

S Axonicas toties qui fudit Marte cruento
 Turmas, & peperit spolijs sibi nomen opimis,
 Fulmineo toties Piclos qui contudit ense,
 Imposuitque iugum Scoti cervicibus ingens,
 Qui tumidos Gallos, Germanos quique feroces
 Pertulit, & Dacos bello confregit aperto :
 Denique Mordredum è medio qui sustulit illud
 Monstrum, horrendum ingens, dirum seuumque tyrannum,
 Hoc iacet extinctus monumento Arthurius alto,
 Militiæ clarum decus & virtutis alumnus,
 Gloria nunc cuius terram circumuolat omnem,
 Ætherij que petit, sublimia tecta tonantis.
 Vos igitur gentis Proles generosa Britannæ
 Induperatori ter magno assurgite vestro :
 Et tumulo sacro Roseas inferte Corollas,
 Officij testes redolentia munera vestri.

Thus Englished.

He that so oft the *Saxon* Troupes did foile,
 And got a name of worth with richest spoile :
 He that with brandisht sword the *Picts* destroyd,
 And yok'd the *Scots*, their stubborn necks annoy'd :
 He that the loftie *French* and *Germanes* fierce did smite,

L 2

And *Dacians* force with Warre did vanquish quite :
 He lastly which cut off that monster *Mordreds* life,
 A cruell *Tyrant*, horrible, mightie, full of strife :
Arthur lyes buried in this Monument,
 Warres chiefeft garland, Vertues sole intent ;
 Whose Glorie through the world ftill swiftly flies,
 And mounts with *Fames* wings vp to the thundring skies.
 You gentle Offspring of the *Britaines* blood,
 Vnto this puiffant Emperour do honours good,
 And on his Tombe lay Garlands of fweete Rofes,
 Sweete gifts of Dutie, and fweet louing pofies.

Finis Epitaphij.

No. Arth.

*The true Pedigree of that famous
 VVorthie King Arthur, collected
 out of many learned Authors.*

TWelue men in number entred the vale of *Aualon* :
Iofeph of *Arimathea* was the chiefeft we confesse,
Iofue the fonne of *Iofeph* his father did attend on,
 With other ten, thefe *Glafton* did poffeffe,
Hilarius the Nephew of *Iofeph* firft begate
Iofue the Wife : *Iofue Aminadab*,
Aminadab *Castellors* had by fate :
Castellors got *Manael* that louely Lad,
 And *Manael* by his wife had faire-fac'd *Lambard*,
 With another deare fonne furnamed *Vrlard* ;
 And *Lambard* at the length begot a fonne,

That

That had *Igrene* borne of his wife,
 Of this *Igrene*, *Vier* the great *Pendragon*
 Begot King *Arthur* famous in his life,
 Where by the truth this Pedigree doth end,
Arthur from *Iosephs* loynes did first descend.
Peter Cousin to *Ioseph* of *Arimathea*,
 Being sometimes King of great *Arcadia*,
 Begat *Erlan* that famous worthy Prince,
 And *Erlan* gat *Melianus*, that did conuince
 His neighbour foes, *Melianus* did beget
Edor, and *Edor Lothos* name did fet,
 That tooke to wife the sifter of King *Arthur* :
 A Virgine faire, chaste, louely, and most pure,
 Of whom this *Lotho* had foure louely boyes,
 Their fathers comfort and their mothers ioyes,
Walwanus, *Agranainus*, *Garelus* and *Guerelise*,
 That in their countrey much did foueragnize :
 All which were men of great authoritie,
 And famous in the land of *Britanie*.

*Here endeth the Birth, Life, Death, and Pedigree of
 King Arthur of Britanie, & now, to wherc we left.*

O *Nature* tell me one thing ere we part,
 What famous towne and situated Seate
 Is that huge Building that is made by Art,
 Against whose wals the crySTALL streames do beate,
 As if the flowing tide the stones would eate :
 That lies vpon my left hand built so hie,
 That the huge top-made Steeple dares the Skie?

Phœnix.

L 3

Nature. That is the *Britaines* towne old *Troynouant*,
 The which the wandring-*Trojans* Sonne did frame
 When after shipwracke he a place did want,
 For to reuiue his Honor-splitted Name,
 And raifd againe the cinders of his Fame,
 When from *Sydonian Dido* they did steale,
 To reare the Pillars of a Common-weale.

Since when to come more nearer to our time,
Lud the great King did with his wealth enlarge,
 The famous builded Citie of this Clime,
 And *Ludstone* to be cald he gaue in charge,
 And *London* now that Towne is growne at large :
 The flowing Riuer *Thamafis* is nam'd,
 Whose Sea-enfuing Tide can neare be tam'd.

Phoenix. O *London* I haue heard thee honoured,
 And thy names Glorie rais'd to good intent,
 Lawes Councell chamber in thy wals is bred,
 The schoole of Knowledge and Experiment :
 Wife Senators to gouerne thee is lent.
 All things to beautifie a Royall Throne,
 Where Scarfitie and Dearth did neuer grone.

Nature. Leaue off thy Praifes till we haue more leasure,
 And to beguile the wearie lingring Day,
 Whose long-drawne Howers do tire vs out of measure :
 Our cunning in Loue-fongs let vs assay,
 And paint our Pleasure as some good Array :
 I will beginne my cunning for to taft,
 And your Experience we will try at laft.

Here Nature fingeth to this dittie following.

W^Hat is Loue but a toy,
 To beguile mens Senfes ?

Whta

What is *Cupid* but a boy,
 Boy to cause expences,
 A toy that brings to fooles oppressed thrall,
 A boy whose folly makes a number fall.

What is Loue but a child,
 Child of little substance,
 Making Apes to be wild,
 And their pride to aduance,
 A child that loues with giegawes to be toying,
 And with thinne shadows alwaies to be playing.

Loue is sweete, wherein sweete?
 In fading pleasures, wanton toyes,
 Loue a Lord, and yet meete,
 To crosse mens humours with annoyas:
 A bitter pleasure, pleasing for a while,
 A Lord is Loue that doth mans thoughts beguile.
 O sing no more, you do forget your Theame,
 And haue prophan'd the sacred name of Loue,
 You dip your tongue in an vnwholsome Streame,
 And from the golden Truth your notes remoue
 In my harsh Dittie I will all reprove:
 And vnaccustom'd I will trie my skill,
 To pleasure you, and to confute your will.

The Phoenix her Song to the Dittie before.

O Holy Loue, religious Saint,
 Mans onely hony-tasting Pleasure,
 Thy glory, learning cannot paint,
 For thou art all our wordly Treasure:
 Thou art the Treasure, Treasure of the soule,
 That great celestiall powers doft controule.
 What greater blisse then to embrace

The perfect patterne of Delight
 Whose heart-enchauting Eye doth chafe
 All stormes of sorow from mans sight
 Pleasure, Delight, Wealth, and earth-ioyes do lye
 In *Venus* bosome, bosome of pure beautie.

That mind that tasteth perfect Loue
 Is farre remoted from annoy :
Cupid that God doth sit aboue,
 That tips his Arrowes all with ioy :
 And this makes Poets in their Verbe to sing
 Loue is a holy, holy, holy thing.

Nature. O voice Angelicall, O heauenly song,
 The golden praise of Loue that thou hast made,
 Deliuerd from thy sweete smoothd honied tong,
 Commaunds Loue selfe to lye within a shade,
 And yeeld thee all the Pleasures may be had :
 Thy sweete melodious voice hath beautifide
 And guilded Loues rich amours in her pride.

Phoenix. Enough, enough, Loue is a holy thing,
 A power deuine, deuine, maiesticall :
 In shallow witted braines as you did sing,
 It cares not for the force materiall,
 And low-borne Swaines it nought respects at all :
 She builds her Bower in none but noble minds,
 And there due adoration still she finds.

Nature. Stay *Phoenix* stay, the euening Starre drawes nie,
 And *Phæbus* he is parted from our sight,

And

And with this Wagon mounted in the Skie,
 Affording passage to the gloomie night,
 That doth the way-faring Passenger affright :
 And we are set on foote neere to that Ile,
 In whose deep bottome plaines Delight doth smile.

O what a muskie sent the ayre doth cast,
 As if the Gods perfum'd it with sweete Myrrhe :
 O how my bloud's inspired and doth taste,
 An alteration in my ioynts to stirre,
 As if the good did with the bad conferre :
 The ayre doth moue my Spirites, purge my Sence,
 And in my body doth new warre commence.

Phoenix.

Looke round about, behold yon fruitfull Plaine,
 Behold their meadow plots and pasture ground,
 Behold their chrystall Riuers runne amaine,
 Into the vaste huge Seas deuouring found,
 And in her bowels all her filth is found :
 It vomiteth by vertue all corruption,
 Into that watrie plaine of defolation.

And while the day giues light vnto our eies,
 Be thou attentive, and I will relate,
 The glorie of the plaines that thou descri'st,
 Whose fertill bounds farre doth extenuate,
 Where *Mars* and *Venus* arme in arme haue fate :
 Of plants of hearbs, and of high springing trees,
 Of sweete delicious fauors, and of Bees.

In this delightfome countrey there doth grow,

M

The *Mandrake* cald in *Greeke Mandragoras*,
 Some of his vertues if you looke to know,
 The iuyce that freshly from the roote doth passe,
 Purgeth all fleame like blacke *Helleborus* :
 Tis good for paine engendred in the eies ;
 By wine made of the roote doth sleepe arise.

Theres *Yellow Crowbels* and the *Daphadill*,
Good Harry, *herbe Robert*, and white *Cotula*,
Adders graspe, *Eglantine*, and *Aphodill*,
Agnus Castus, and *Acatia*,
 The *Blacke Arke-Angell*, *Coloquintida*,
 Sweete *Sugar Canes*, *Sinkefoile*, and boies *Mercurie*,
 Goosefoote, *Goldsnap*, and good *Gratia Dei*.

Mosse of the Sea, and yellow *Succorie*,
 Sweete *Trefoile*, *Weedwind*, the wholesome *Wormewood*,
Muskmealons, *Moustaile*, and *Mercurie*,
 The dead *Arkeangell* that for wennes is good,
 The *Souldiers perrow*, and great *Southernewood* :
 Stone hearts tongue, *Blessed thistle*, and *Sea Trifoly*,
 Our Ladies cushion, and *Spaines Pellitorie*.

Phoenix. No doubt this Clymate where as these remaine,
 The women and the men are fam'd for faire,
 Here need they not of aches to complaine,
 For Phisickes skill growes here without compare :
 All herbes and plants within this Region are,
 But by the way sweete *Nature* as you go,
 Of *Agnus Castus* speake a word or two.

That

That shall I briefly ; it is the very handmaid
 To *Vesta*, or to perfect Chastitie,
 The hot inflamed spirite is allaid
 By this sweete herbe that bends to *Luxury*,
 It drieth vp the seede of *Venerie* :

Nature.

The leaues being laid vpon the sleepers bed,
 With chaftnesse, cleannesse, purenesse he is fed.

Burne me the leaues, and straw them on the ground,
 Whereas foule venomous Serpents vse to haunt :
 And by this vertue here they are not found,
 Their operation doth such creatures daunt,
 It causeth them from thence for to auaunt :

If thou be stung with Serpents great or lesse,
 Drink but the seede, and thou shalt find redresse.

But to proceed, heres *Clary* or *Cleare-eie*,
Calues snout, *Cukoe flowers*, and the *Cuckoes meate*,
Calathian Violets, *Dandelion*, and the *Dewberrie*,
Leopards foote, and greene *Spinage* which we vse to eate,
 And the hot *Indian Sunne* procuring heate :
 Great wild *Valerian*, and the *Withie wind*
 The *water Cresses*, or ague-curing *Woodbind*.

There's *Foxgloue*, *Forget me not*, and *Coliander*,
Galingal, *Goldcups*, and *Buprestis*,
Small honesties, *Eyebright*, and *Coculus Panter*,
Double tongue, *Moly*, and the bright *Anthillis*,
Smelling Clauer, and *Æthiopis* :

Floramore, *Euphorbium*, and *Esula*,
White bulbus violet, and *Cassia fistula*.

M 2

Phœnix. By the way sweete *Nature* tell me this,
Is this the *Moly* that is excellent,
For strong enchauntments, and the Adders hiss?
Is this the *Moly* that *Mercurius* sent
To wife *Vlysses*, when he did preuent
The witchcraft, and foule *Circe's* damned charmes,
That would haue compast him with twentie harmes?

Nature. This is the *Moly* growing in this land,
That was reueal'd by cunning *Mercurie*
To great *Vlysses*, making him withstand
The hand of *Circes* fatall forcerie,
That would haue loden him with miserie :
And ere we passe Ile shew some excellence,
Of other herbs in *Phisickes* noble Science.

There *Mugwort*, *Sena* and *Tithimailes*,
Oke of Ierusalem, and *Lyryconfaucie*,
Larkes spurre, *Larkes claw* and *Lentiles*,
Garden Nigella, *Mill*, and *Pionie*,
Woody Nightshade, *Mints*, and *Sentorie*,
Sowbread, *Dragons*, and *Goates oregan*
Pelemeum, *Hellebore*, and *Osmond the Waterman* .

Firft of this *Mugwort* it did take the name,
Of *Artemesia* wife to *Mausoleus*,
Where funne-bred beautie did his heart inflame,
When she was Queene of *Helicarnassus*,
Diana gaue the herbe this name to vs :
Because this vertue to vs it hath lent,
For womens matters it is excellent.

And

And he that shall this herbe about him beare,
 Is freed from hurt or daunger any way,
 No poifned Toade nor Serpent fhall him feare,
 As he doth trauell in the Sunne-fhine day,
 No wearineffe his limmes fhall ought affay :
 And if he weare this *Mugwort* at his breaft,
 Being traueilling, he nere fhall couet reft.

There is blacke *Hellebore* cald *Melampodium*,
 Becaufe an *Arcadian* fhepheard firft did find
 This wholfome herbe *Melampus* nam'd of fome,
 Which the rich *Proetus* daughters wits did bind,
 When fhe to extreame madneffe was inclin'd :
 It cured and reuiu'd her memorie,
 That was poffeft with a continuall frenzie.

There Centrie in Greeke *Centaurion*,
 That from the Centaure *Chiron* tooke the name,
 In *Spaine* t'was cald *Cintoria* long agoe,
 And this much honor muft we giue the fame,
 Wild Tygers with the leaues a man may tame :
 Tis good for finewed aches, and giues light
 To the blacke miftie dimneffe of the fight.

Fames golden glorie fpreadeth this report,
 Vpon a day that *Chiron* was a gueft,
 To arme-strong *Hercules* and did refort
 Vnto his houle to a moft fumptuous feaft,
 And welcome was the *Centaure* mongft the reft.
 But fee his lucke, he on his foote let fall,
 Great *Hercul's* shaft, and hurt himfelfe withal.

M 3

A mightie arrow not for him to weeld,
 The wound being deepe, and with a venom'd point,
 To Deaths areftment he began to yeeld,
 And there with fundrie Balmes they did annoint,
 His wounded foote being strucken through the ioynt :
 All would not ferue till that an old man brought,
 This *Centaurie* that eafe to him hath wrought.

There's *Ofmond balepate*, *Plebane*, and *Oculus Christi*,
Sleeping nightshade, *Salomons feale*, and *Sampire*,
Sage of Ierusalem, and fweete *Rofemarie*,
Great Pilofella, *Sengreene*, and *Alexander*,
Knights Milfoile, *Maficke*, and *Stocke gillofer*,
 Hearts eafe, *herbe twopence*, and *Hermodaftill*,
 Narciffus, and the red flower *Pimpernell*.

Phœnix. That word *Narciffus* is of force to steale,
 Cold running water from a ftony rocke :
 Alas poore boy thy beautie could not heale
 The wound that thou thyfelfe too deepe didft locke ;
 Thy fhadowed eyes thy perfect eyes did mocke.
 False beautie fed true beautie from the deepe,
 When in the glaffie water thou didft peepe.

O Loue thou art imperious full of might,
 And doft reuenge the crie difdaining louer
 His lookes to Ladies eyes did giue a light,
 But pride of beautie, did his beautie smother,
 Like him for faire you could not find another :
 Ah had he lou'd, and not on Ladies lower,
 He neare had bene transformed to a flower.

This

This is an Embleame for those painted faces,
 Where deuine beautie rests her for awhile,
 Filling their browes with stormes and great disgraces,
 That on the pained soule yeelds not a fmile,
 But puts true loue into perpetuall exile :

Nature.

Hard hearted Soule, such fortune light on thee,
 That thou maist be tranform'd as well as he.

Ah had the boy bene pliable to be wonne,
 And not abus'd his morne excelling face,
 He might haue liu'd as beauteous as the Sunne,
 And to his beautie Ladies would giue place,
 But O proud Boy, thou wroughtst thine owne disgrace :
 Thou lou'st thy selfe, and by the selfe same loue,
 Didst thy deuinesse to a flower remoue.

But to proceed, theres *Christi oculus*,
 The feede of this *Horminum* drunke with wine,
 Doth stirre a procurations heate in vs,
 And to Libidenous lusts makes men incline,
 And mens vnable bodies doth refine :
 It brings increase by operation,
 And multiplies our generation.

There's *Carrets*, *Cheruite*, and the *Cucumber*,
Red Patiens, *Purflane*, and *Gingidium*,
Oxe eie, sheepe killing *Penygrasses*, and the golden flower
Cuckoe pintell, our *Ladies seale*, and *Saga pinum*,
Theophrastus violet, and *Vincetoxicum* :
 Saint Peters wort, and louely *Venus haire*,
 And *Squilla*, that keepes men from foule despaire.

O this word *Carrets*, if a number knew
 The vertue of thy rare excellling roote,
 And what good help to men there doth enfue,
 They would their lands, and their liues sell to boote,
 But thy sweete operation they would view :
 Sad dreaming Louers slumbring in the night,
 Would in thy honie working take delight.

The *Thracian Orpheus* whose admired skill
 Infernall Pluto once hath rauished,
 Causing high Trees to daunce against their will,
 And vntam'd Beasts with Musicks Harpe hath fed,
 And fishes to the shore hath often led,
 By his experience oftentimes did proue,
 This Roote procur'd in Maides a perfect loue,

Purflane doth comfort the inflamed hart,
 And healeth the exulcerated kidnies :
 It stoppeth all defluxions falling smart,
 And when we sleepe expelleth dreames and fancies :
 It driues Imaginations from our eyes,
 The iuyce of *Purflane* hindreth that desire
 When men to *Venus* games would faine aspire.

Theres *Rocket*, *Iack by the hedge*, and *Loue in idlenesse*,
Knights water Sengreene, and *Siluer maidenheare*,
Paris Nauews, *Tornesol*, and towne *Cresses*,
Starre thistle that for many things is deare,
 And *Seia* that in *Italy* Corne doth beare :
 Wake-robbins, *Hyacinth*, and *Hartichocke*,
 Lettuce that mens fence asleepe doth rocke.

O poore

O poore boy *Hyacinthus* thy faire face
 Of which *Apollo* was enamored,
 Brought thy lifes Lord too timely to that place,
 Where playing with thee thou wast murdered,
 And with thy bloud the grasse was sprinckled :
 Thy bodie was transformed in that hower,
 Into a red white mingled Gilli-flower.

Phoenix.

But yet *Apollo* wept when he was flaine,
 For playing with him, cleane against his will
 He made him breathlesse, this procur'd his paine :
 True loue doth seldome seeke true loue to kill ;
 O Loue thou many actions dost fulfill !
 Search, seek, & learn what things there may be shewn,
 Then say that Loues sweet secrets are vknowne.

Nature.

And as a token of *Apolloes* forrow,
 A siluer coloured Lillie did appeare,
 The leaues his perfect fighes and teares did borrow,
 Which have continued still from yeare to yeare ;
 Which shewes him louing, not to be feure,
 At at is written as a mourning Dittie,
 Vpon this flower which shewes *Apolloes* pittie.

O Schoole-boyes I will teach you such a shift,
 As will be worth a Kingdome when you know it,
 An herbe that hath a secret hidden drift,
 To none but Treauants do I meane to shew it,
 And all deepe read Phisitions will allow it :
 O how you play the wags, and faine would heare
 Some secret matter to allay your feare.

N

Theres garden *Rocket*, take me but the feed,
 When in your Maisters brow your faults remaine,
 And when to saue your selues there is great need,
 Being whipt or beaten you shall feel no paine,
 Although the bloud your buttocks seeme to staine :
 It hardneth so the flesh and tender skin,
 That what is seene without comes not within.

The Father that desires to haue a boy,
 That may be Heire vnto his land and liuing,
 Let his espoused Loue drinke day by day,
 Good *Artichocks*, who buds in August bring,
 Sod in cleare running water of the spring ;
 Wiues naturall Conception it doth strengthen,
 And their declining life by force doth lengthen.

In Sommer time, when sluggish idlenesse
 Doth haunt the bodie of a healthfull man,
 In Winter time when a cold heauie slownesse
 Doth tame a womans strength do what she can,
 Making her look both bloudlesse, pale and wan,
 The vertue of this *Artichocke* is such,
 It stirres them vp to labour very much.

Theres *Sowbread*, *Stanwort*, and *Starre of Hiernusalem*,
 Bafe or flat *Verruine*, and the wholesome *Tansie*,
 Go to bed at noone, and *Titimalem*,
 Hundred headed *thistle*, and tree-clasping *Iuie*,
Storks bill, great *Stonecrop*, and seed of *Canary*,
 Dwarfe gentian, *Snakeweed*, and sommer *Sauory*,
 Bell rags, prickly *Boxe*, and *Raspis of Couentry*.

This

This *Sowbread* is an herbe that's perillous,
 For howsoever this same Roote be vsed,
 For women growne with child tis dangerous,
 And therefore it is good to be refused :
 Vnlesse too much they seeke to be misused.

O haue a care how this you do apply,
 Either in inward things or outwardly.

Those that about them carrie this same *Sowbread*
 Or plant it in their gardens in the Spring,
 If that they onely ouer it do tread,
 Twill kill the issue they about them bring,
 When Mother *Lullabie* with ioy should sing :

Yet wanton scaping Maides perhaps will tast,
 This vnkind herbe, and snatch it up in hast.

Yet let me giue a warning to you all,
 Do not presume too much in dalliance,
 Be not short-heeld with euery wind to fall :
 The Eye of heauen perhaps will not dispence
 With your rash fault, but plague your fowle offence,
 And take away the working and the vertue,
 Because to him you broke your promis'd dutie.

Theres *Iuie*, that doth cling about the tree,
 And with her leauie armes doth round embrace
 The rotten hollow withered trunke we see,
 That from the maiden *Cissus* tooke that place,
 Grape-crowned *Bacchus* did this damzell grace :

Loue-piercing windowes dazeled so her eye,
 That in Loues ouer-kindnesse she did dye.

N 2

A rich-wrought sumptuous Banquet was prepared,
 Vnto the which the Gods were all invited :
 Amongst them all this *Cissus* was infnared,
 And in the sight of *Bacchus* much delighted :
 In her faire bosome was true Loue vnited,
 She daunc't and often kist him with such mirth,
 That sudden ioy did stop her vitall breath.

Assoone as that the Nourisher of things,
 Our Grandam Earth had tasted of her bloud,
 From forth her bodie a fresh Plant there springs,
 And then an *Iuy*-climbing Herbe there stood,
 That for the fluxe Diffenterie is good :
 For the remembrance of the God of wine,
 It therefore alwaies claspes about the Vine.

There is *Angellica* or Dwarfie Gentian,
 Whose roote being dride in the hot shining Sunne,
 From death it doth preferue the poysoned man,
 Whose extreame torment makes his life halfe gone,
 That from deaths mixed potion could not shunne :
 No Pestilence nor no infectious aire,
 Shall do him hurt, or caufe him to dispaire.

Theres *Carduus benedictus* cald the *Blessed thistle*,
Neswort, *Peniroyall*, and *Astrolochia*,
Yellow Wolfs-bane, and *Rose-smelling Bramble*,
Our Ladies Bedstraw, *Brookelime*, and *Lunaria*,
Cinque foile, *Cats taile*, and *Cresse Sciatica*,
Hollihockes, *Moufeare*, and *Pety Morrell*
Sage, *Scorpiades*, and the garden *sorrell*.

First

First of the *Nesewort*, it doth driue away,
 And poyfoneth troublesome Mice and long-tail'd Rats,
 And being sod in milke, it doth destroy
 Bees, Waspes, or Flies, and litle stinging Gnats :
 It killeth Dogs, and rest disturbing Cats,
 Boyled with vineger it doth asswage
 The ach proceeding from the tooths hot rage.

Sage is an herbe for health preferuatiue,
 It doth expell from women barrenesse :
Aetius faith, it makes the child to liue,
 Whose new-knit ioynts are full of feeblenessse,
 And comforteth the mothers wearinesse :
 Adding a liuely spirit, that doth good
 Vnto the painefull labouring wiues sicke blood.

In *Egypt* when a great mortalitie,
 And killing Pestilence did infect the Land,
 Making the people die innumerable,
 The plague being ceast, the women out of hand
 Did drinke of iuyce of *Sage* continually,
 That made them to increafe and multiply,
 And bring forth store of children presently.

This herbe *Lunaria*, if a horfe do grafe
 Within a meadow where the same doth grow,
 And ouer it doth come with gentle pace,
 Hauing a horflocke at his foote below,
 As many haue, that fauegard we do know,
 It openeth the Locke, and makes it fall,
 Despight the barre that it is lockt withall.

N 3

Theres *Standergras*, *Hares ballockes*, or great *Orchis*,
 Prouoketh *Venus*, and procureth sport,
 It helps the weakned body that's amisse,
 And fals away in a consumptuous sort,
 It heales the *Heflique* feauer by report :
 But the dried shrueld roote being withered,
 Hindreth the vertue we haue vttered.

If Man of the great springing rootes doth eate,
 Being in matrimoniall copulation,
 Male children of his wife he shall beget,
 This speciall vertue hath the operation,
 If Women make the withered rootes their meate,
 Faire louely Daughters, affable, and wise,
 From their fresh springing loines there shall arise.

There's *Rosemarie*, the *Arabians* iustifie,
 (*Phisitions* of exceeding perfect skill,)
 It comforteth the braine and Memorie,
 And to the inward fence giues strength at will,
 The head with noble knowledge it doth fill.
 Conferues thereof restores the speech being lost,
 And makes a perfect Tongue with little cost.

Theres *Dwale* or *Nightshade*, tis a fatall plant,
 It bringeth men into a deadly sleepe,
 Then Rage and Anger doth their senses haunt,
 And like mad *Aiax* they a coile do keepe,
 Till leane-fac'd Death into their heart doth creepe,
 In *Almaine* graue experience hath vs taught,
 This wicked herbe for manie things is nought.

Oke

Oke of Ierusalem being throughly dried,
 And laid in preffes where your clothes do lie,
 No Mothes or venome mongft them fhall abide,
 It makes them fmell fo odoriferoufly,
 That it doth kill them all immediately :
 It helpes the breaft that's ftopped with corruption,
 And giues mans breath fit operation.

Bleft be our mother Earth that nourifheth,
 In her rich womb the feede of Times increafe,
 And by her vertue all things flourifheth,
 When from her bofome ſhe doth them releafe,
 But are their Plants and Trees in this faire Ile,
 Where *Floras* sweete ſpread garden ſeemes to ſmile ?

Phoenix.

As plentifull vnto theſe *Ilanders*,
 Are the fruit-bearing Trees, as be the Flowers :
 And to the chiefeft Lords that are commanders,
 They ſerue as pleaſant ouer-ſhading bowers,
 To banquet in the day, and ſport being late,
 And moſt of them I meane to nominate.

Nature.

Ther's the great ſturdie *Oke* and ſpreading *Vine*,
 Vnder whoſe branches *Bacchus* vſd' to ſleepe,
 The *Rose-tree* and the loftie bearing *Pine*,
 That ſeemes (being toucht with wind) full oft to weepe,
 The *Hawthorne*, *Chriſts-thorne* and the *Rosemary*,
 The *Tamariske*, *Willow*, and the *Almond-tree*.

The moſt chaſt tree, that Chaſtneſſe doth betoken,
 The *Hollyholme*, the *Corke* and *Goſeberrie*,

That neuer with tempestuous stormes is shooke,
 The *Oliue*, *Philbert*, and the *Barberie*,
 The *Masticke* tree whose liquid gumme being dride,
 Is good for them that Rheume hath terrified.

Theres *Iudas* tree, so cal'd becaufe that *Iew*,
 That did betray the innocent Lambe of God,
 There first of all his sorrowes to renew,
 Did hang himselfe, plagu'd with a heauy rod,
 A iust reward for such an vniust slaue,
 That would betray his Maister to the graue.

Theres *Ash-tree*, *Maple*, and the *Sycamore*,
Pomegranate, *Apricockes* and *Iunipere*:
 The *Turpentine* that sweet iuyce doth deplore,
 The *Quince*, the *Pearre-tree*, and the young mans *Medlar*,
 The *Fig-tree*, *Orenge*, and the sweet moist *Lemmon*,
 The *Nutmeg*, *Plum-tree*, and the louely *Cytron*.

Now for the *Mirtle* tree, it beares the name,
 Being once the gods *Pallas* best beloued,
 Of *Merfin* the younge fair *Athenian* Dame,
 Because in actiuenesse she much excelled:
 The lustie young men of *Athenia*,
 She still was honour'd of the wife *Minerua*.

Who willing her at Tilt and Tournament,
 At running, vaulting, and Actiuitie,
 And other exercife of gouernement,
 Not to be absent from her Deitie:
 Because that she as Iudge might giue the Crowne,
And

And garland to the Victors great renowne.

But no forepassed age was free from *Enuie*,
 That spitefull honor-crazing enemy :
 For on a time giuing the equall glorie
 To him that wan it most deferuedly,
 The vanquisher in furie much displeased,
 Slue *Merfin* whom the Goddesse fauoured.

Pallas offended with their crueltie,
 Did gratefully reuenge her Maidens death,
 Transforming her into a Mirtle tree,
 Sweetly to flourish in the lower earth :
 The berries are a meanes for to redresse
 (Being decocted) fwolne-fac'd Drunkenneffe.

The stormie Winters greene remaining *Bay*
 Was *Daphne*, *Ladon* and the Earths faire daughter,
 Whom wife *Apollo* haunted in the day,
 Till at the length by chaunce alas he caught her :
 O if such faults were in the Gods aboue,
 Blame not poore silly men if they do loue.

But she not able (almost out of breath)
 For to resist the wife Gods humble sute,
 Made her petition to her mother Earth,
 That she would succour her, and make her mute :
 The Earth being glad to ease her miserie,
 Did swallow her, and turn'd her to a Bay tree.

Apollo being amazed at this sight,

O

Named it *Daphne* for his *Daphnes* honour,
 Twisting a Garland to his hearts delight,
 And on his head did weare it as a fauour :
 And to this day the Bay trees memorie
 Remaines as token of true Prophecie.

Some of the heathen, men of opinion,
 Suppose the greene-leau'd Bay tree can resist
 Inchauntments, spirites, and illusion,
 And make them seeme as shadowes in a mist,
 This tree is dedicate onely to the Sunne,
 Because her vertue from his vice begonne.

The *Mose*-tree hath such great large spreading leaues,
 That you may wrap a child of twelue months old
 In one of them, vnlesse the truth deceaues,
 For so our *Herborists* haue truly told :
 By that great Citie *Aleph* in *Affyria*,
 This tree was found hard by *Venetia*.

The fruite hereof (the *Greekes* and *Christians*)
 That do remaine in that large-spreading Citie,
 The misbeleeuing *Iewes* and *Persians*,
 Hold this opinion for a certaintie :
Adam did eate in liuely Paradise,
 That wrapt mans free-borne foules in miseries.

Phenix.

These trees, these plants, and this description,
 Of their sweete liquid gums that are distilling,
 Are to be held in estimation,
 For faire-fac'd *Tellus* glorie is excelling :

But

But what white siluer'd rich refembling plaine,
Is that where wooddie moouing trees remaine?

That is the watry kingdome of *Neptunus*,
Where his high wood-made Towers dayly flote,
Bearing the title of *Oceanus*,
As hony-speaking Poets oft do quote:
And as the branches fpreading from the tree,
So do the Riuers grace this louely Countrie.

Nature.

Wherein is bread for mans fweete nourifhment,
Fifhes of fundry forts and diuerfe natures,
That the inhabitants doth much content,
As a relieuement to all mortall creatures,
But for to make you perfect what they be,
I will relate them to you orderly.

There swimmes the gentle *Prawne* and *Pickerell*,
A great deuourer of fmall little fifh,
The *Puffin*, *Sole*, and Sommer louing *Mackrell*,
In feafon held for a high Ladies difh:
The bigge bon'd *Whale*, of whom the skilfull Marriner,
Sometimes God knowes ftands in a mightie terrour.

The muficke-louing *Dolphin* here doth swimme,
That brought *Arion* on his backe to fhore,
And ftayd a long while at the Seas deepe brimme,
To hear him play, in nature did deplore,
As being loth to leaue him, but at laft
Headlong himfelfe into the Sea he caft.

O 2

Here swimmes the *Ray*, the *Sea-calfe* and the *Porpoise*,
 That doth betoken raine or stormes of weather,
 The *Sea-horse*, *Sea-hound*, and the wide-mouth'd *Plaice*,
 A *Spitchcoke*, *Stocke-fish*, and the litle *Pilcher*,
 Whose onely moisture prest by cunning Art,
 Is good for those troubled with Aches smart.

Here swimmes the *Shad*, the *Spitfish*, and the *Spurling*,
 The *Thornebacke*, *Turbot*, and the *Perewinkle*,
 The *Twine*, the *Trout*, the *Scallop*, and the *Whiting*,
 The *Scate*, the *Rock*, the *Tench* and pretie *Wrinckle*:
 The *Purple-fish*, whose liquor vsually,
 A violet colour on the cloth doth die.

Here swimmes the *Pearch*, the *Cuttle* and the *Stocke-fish*,
 That with a wooden staffe is often beaten,
 The *Crab*, the *Pearch*, which poore men alwayes with,
 The *Ruffe*, the *Piper* good for to be eaten:
 The *Barbell* that three times in euery yeare,
 Her natural young ones to the waues doth beare.

Phoenix. His great deuine Omnipotence is mightie,
 That rides vpon the Heauens axetree,
 That by increase amongst vs sends such plentie,
 If to his Mightinesse grateful we will be:
 But stubborne necked *Jewes* do him prouoke,
 Till he do loade them with a heauie yoke.

Nature. Truth haue you said; but I will here expresse
 The riches of the Earths hid reecreie,
 The salt Seas vnseene, vnknowne worthinesse,

That

That yeelds vs precious stones innumerably,
 The rarenesse of their vertue fit for Kings,
 And fuch this cuntry climate often brings.

Herein is found the *Amatist*, and *Abeſtone*,
 The *Topaze*, *Turches*, and *Gelatia*,
 The *Adamant*, *Dioniſe*, and *Calcedon*,
 The *Berill*, *Marble* and *Elutropia*,
 The *Ruby*, *Saphire*, and *Aſterites*,
 The *Iacinth*, *Sardonix*, and *Argirites*.

The *Smaragd*, *Carbuncle*, and *Alablaſter*,
Cornellis, *Cruiſopaffe*, and *Corrall*:
 The ſparkling *Diamond*, and the louely *Iaſter*,
 The *Margarite*, *Lodeſtone*, and the bright-ey'd *Chryſtall*,
Ligurius, *Onix*, *Nitrum*, and *Gagates*,
Abſiſtos, *Amatites*, and the good *Achates*.

Here in this Iland are there mines of *Gold*,
 Mines of *Siluer*, *Iron*, *Tinne* and *Lead*,
 That by the labouring workman we behold:
 And mines of *Braffe*, that in the Earth is fed,
 The ſtone *Lipparia*, *Galaſtites*, and *Panteron*,
Enidros, *Iris*, *Dracontites*, and *Aſtrion*.

The *Adamant*, a hard obdurate ſtone,
 Inuincible, and not for to be broken,
 Being placed neare a great bigge barre of Iron,
 This vertue hath it, as a ſpeciall token,
 The *Lodeſtone* hath no power to draw away
 The Iron barre, but in one place doth ſtay.

Yet with a Goates warme, fresh and liuely blood,
 This *Adamant* doth breake and riue in sunder,
 That manie mightie, huge strokes hath withstood :
 But I will tell you of a greater wonder,
 It reconciles the womans loue being lost,
 And giueth prooue of Chastnesse without cost.

The purple coloured *Amatist* doth preuaile
 Against the wit-oppressing Drunkenesse,
 If euill Cogitations do assaile
 Thy sleepe thoughts wrapt vp in heauinesse,
 It foone will driue them from thy minds disturbing,
 And temporize thy braine that is offending.

The white-veind enterlin'd stone *Achates*,
 Bespotted here and there with spots like blood,
 Makes a man gracious in the peoples eyes,
 And for to cleare the sight is passing good :
 It remedieth the place that's venomous,
 And in the fire smels odoriferous.

The Gemme *Amatites* hath this qualitie,
 Let a man touch his vesture with the same,
 And it resisteth fier mightily :
 The vertue doth the force of burning tame,
 And afterwards cast in the fiers light,
 Burnes not at all, but then it seemes most bright.

The faire stone *Berrill* is so precious,
 That mightie men do hold it verie rare :
 It frees a man from actions perillous,

If

If of his lifes deare blood he haue a care,
 And now and then being put into the Eyes,
 Defends a man from all his enemies.

The stone *Ceranicum* spotted ore with blue,
 Being safe and chafly borne within the hand,
 Thunders hote raging cracks that do enfue
 It doth expell, and Lightnings doth withstand,
 Defending of the house that many keepe,
 And is effectuell to bring men asleepe.

The *Diamond* the worlds reflecting eye,
 The *Diamond* the heauens bright shining starre,
 The *Diamond* the earths most purest glorie :
 And with the *Diamond* no Stone can compare ;
 She teacheth men to speake, and men to loue,
 If all her rarest vertues you will proue.

The *Diamond* taught *Musicke* first his cunning,
 The *Diamond* taught *Poetry* her skill,
 The *Diamond* gaue Lawyers first their learning,
Arithmeticke the *Diamond* taught at will :
 She teacheth all Arts : for within her eye,
 The knowledge of the world doth safely lye.

Dradocos is a stone that's pale and wan,
 It brings to some men thoughts fantastickall :
 It being layd vpon a cold dead Man,
 Loseth the vertue it is grac'd withall ;
 Wherefore tis called the most holy stone :
 For, whereas Death frequenteth it is gone.

Achites is in colour violet,
 Found on the Bankes of this delightful place,
 Both male and female in this Land we get :
 Whose vertue doth the Princely Eagle grace ;
 For being borne by her into her nest,
 She bringeth forth her young ones with much rest.

This stone being bound fast to a womans side,
 Within whose purest wombe her child is lying,
 Doth hasten child-birth, and doth make her bide
 But little paine, her humours is releasing.
 If anie one be guiltie of Deceit,
 This stone will caufe him to forfake his meate.

Enidros is the stone that's alwayes sweating,
 Distilling liquid drops continually :
 And yet for all his daily moisture melting, .
 It keepes the selfe same bignesse stedfastly :
 It neuer lesseneth, nor doth fall away,
 But in one stedfast perfectnesse doth stay.

*Perpetui fletus lachrymas distillat Enidros,
 Qui velut ex pleni fontis scaturigine manat.*

Gagates smelling like to Frankensence,
 Being left whereas the poisonous Serpents breed,
 Driues them away, and doth his force commence,
 Making this beast on barren plaines to feed,
 And there to starue and pine away for meate,
 Because being there he finds no foode to eate.

This stone being put in a faire womans drinke,

Will

Will testifie her pure Virginitie,
 A most rare thing that some men neuer thinke,
 Yet you shall giue your iugement easily,
 For if she make her water presently,
 Then hath this Woman lost her honestie.

The *Iacinth* is a neighbour to the *Saphire*,
 That doth transforme it selfe to sundrie fights,
 Sometimes tis blacke and cloudie, sometimes cle
 And from the mutable ayre borrowes lights :
 It giueth strength and vigor in his kind,
 And faire sweete quiet sleepe brings to the m

Rabiates being clearely coloured,
 Borne about one doth make him eloquent,
 And in great honour to be fauoured,
 If he do vse it to a good intent,
 Foule venomous Serpents it doth bring in awe,
 And cureth paine and grieve about the mawe.

The iron-drawing Lode-stone if you set
 Within a vessell, either Gold or Brasse,
 And place a peece of Iron vnder it,
 Of some indifferent size or smallest compasse,
 The Lodestone on the top will cause it moue,
 And by his vertue meete with it aboue.

The *Meade* stone coloured like the grassie greene,
 Much gentle ease vnto the Goute hath donne,
 And helpeth those being troubled with the Spleene,
 Mingled with Womans milke bearing a Sonne :

P

It remedi'th the wit-affailing Frenzie,
And purgeth the sad mind of Melancholie.

The stone *Orites* spotted ore with white,
Being worne, or hung about a womans necke,
Prohibiteth Conception and Delight,
And the child-bearing wombe by force doth checke :
Or else it haft'neth her deliuerie,
And makes the birth vnperfect and vntimely.

Skie colour'd *Saphire* Kings and Princes weare,
Being held most precious in their iudging sight :
The verie touch of this doth thoroughly cure
The Carbuncles enraging hatefull spight :
It doth delight and recreate the Eyes,
And all base grossenesse it doth quite despise.

If in a boxe you put an inuenomd Spider,
Whose poisonous operation is annoying,
And on the boxes top lay the true *Saphire*,
The vertue of his power shewes vs his cunning,
He vanquisheth the Spider, leaues him dead,
And to *Apollo* now is consecrated.

The fresh greene colour'd *Smaragd* doth excell
All Trees, Boughs, Plants, and new fresh springing Leaues :
The hote reflecting Sunne can neuer quell
His vertue, that no eyesight ere deceiues,
But ore faire *Phæbus* glorie it triumpheth,
And the dimme duskie Eyes it polisheth.

The

The valiant *Cæſar* tooke his chiefe delight,
 By looking on the *Σμαρους* excellence,
 To ſee his *Romane* ſouldiers how they fight,
 And view what wards they had for their defence,
 And who exceld in perfect chiuallrie,
 And nobleſt bore himſelfe in victorie.

This Stone doth ſerue to Diuination,
 To tell of things to come, and things being paſt,
 And mongſt vs held in eſtimation,
 Giuing the ſicke mans meat a gentle taſt :
 If things ſhall be, it keepes in the Mind,
 If not, forgetfulneſſe our Eyes doth blind.

The *Turches* being worne in a Ring,
 If any Gentleman hath cauſe to ride
 Supports, and doth ſuſtaine him from all falling,
 Or hurting of him ſelfe what ere betide :
 And ere he ſuffer anie fearefull danger,
 Will fall it ſelfe, and breake, and burſt a ſunder.

Theſe wondrous things of *Nature* to mens eares *Phoenix.*
 Will almoſt prove (ſweete *Nature*) incredible,
 But by *Times* ancient record it appeares,
 Theſe hidden ſecrets to be memorable :
 For his diuineſſe that hath wrought this wonder,
 Rules men and beaſts, the lightning and the thunder.

For the worlds blindneſſe and opinion, *Naturæ.*
 I care not *Phoenix*, they are miſbeleeuing,
 And if their eyes trie not concluſion,

They will not trust a strangers true reporting.
 With Beasts and Birds I will conclude my storie,
 And to that All-in-all yeeld perfect glorie.

In yonder woodie groue and fertile plaine,
 Remaines the *Leopard* and the watrie *Badger*,
 The *Bugle* or wild *Oxe* doth there remaine,
 The *Onocentaure* and the cruell *Tyger*,
 The *Dromidary* and the princely *Lion*,
 The *Bore*, the *Elephant*, and the poifinous *Dragon*.

The strong neck'd *Bull* that neuer felt the yoke,
 The *Cat*, the *Dog*, the *Wolfe*, and cruell *Viper*,
 The lurking *Hare* that pretie sport prouokes,
 The *Goatebucke*, *Hedgehogge*, and the swiftfoote *Panther*,
 The *Horse*, *Cameleopard* and strong pawd *Beare*,
 The *Ape*, the *Asse*, and the most fearefull *Deare*.

The *Mouse*, the *Mule*, the *Sow* and *Salamander*,
 That from the burning fire cannot liue,
 The *Weasell*, *Cammell* and the hunted *Beauer*,
 That in purfute away his stones doth giue:
 The *Stellio*, *Camelion* and *Vnicorne*,
 That doth expell hot poifon with his Horne.

The cruell *Beare* in her conception,
 Brings forth at first a thing that's indigest,
 A lump of flesh without all fashon,
 Which she by often licking brings to rest,
 Making a formal body good and found,
 Which often in this Iland we have found.

Hic

Hic format lingua fætum, quem protulit Vrſa.

The great wild *Bore* of nature terrible,
 With two ſtrong *Tuſhes* for his *Armorie*,
 Sometimes affailes the *Beare* moſt horrible,
 And twixt them is a fight both fierce and deadly:
 He hunteth after *Marioram* and *Organie*,
 Which as a whetſtone doth his need ſupplie.

The *Bugle* or wild *Oxe* is neuer tam'd,
 But with an iron ring put through his ſnout,
 That of ſome perfect ſtrength muſt needs be fram'd,
 Then may you leade him all the world about:
 The Huntſmen find him hung within a tree,
 Faſt by the hornes and then thy uſe no pittie.

The *Camell* is of nature flexible,
 For when a burden on his backe is bound,
 To eaſe the labourer, he is knowne moſt gentle,
 For why he kneeleth downe vpon the ground:
 Suffering the man to put it off or on,
 As it ſeemes beſt in his diſcretion.

They liue ſome fiftie or ſome hundred yeares,
 And can remaine from water full foure dayes,
 And moſt delight to drinke when there appears,
 A muddie ſpring that's troubled many wayes:
 Between them is a naturall honeſt care,
 If one conioyneth with his *Damme*, tis rare.

The *Dragon* is a poiſnous venom'd beaſt,

P 3

With whom the *Elephant* is at enmitie,
 And in contention they do neuer rest,
 Till one hath flaine the other cruelly :
 The *Dragon* with the *Elephant* tries a fall,
 And being vnder he is flaine withall.

The bunch-backt, big-bon'd, swift-foote *Dromidary*
 Of *Dromas* the Greeke word borrowing the name,
 For his quicke flying speedy property :
 Which easily these countreyemen do tame,
 Hel' go a hundredth miles within one day,
 And neuer seeke in any place to stay.

The *Dogge* a naturall, kind, and louing thing,
 As witnesseth our Histories of old :
 Their maister dead, the poore foole with lamenting
 Doth kill himselfe before accounted bold :
 And would defend his maister if he might,
 When cruelly his foe begins to fight.

The *Elephant* with tusshes Iuorie,
 Is a great friend to man as he doth trauell :
 The *Dragon* hating man most spitefully,
 The *Elephant* doth with the *Dragon* quarell :
 And twixt them two is a most deadly strife,
 Till that the man be past, and fau'd his life.

The *Elephant* seene in Astronomy,
 Will euery month play the Phisition :
 Taking delight his cunning for to try,
 Giuing himselfe a sweete purgation,

And

And to the running springs himfelfe addresse,
And in the same wash off his filthinesse,

The *Gote-bucke* is a beaft lasciuious,
And giuen much to filthy venerie ;
Apt and prone to be contentious,
Seeking by craft to kill his enemy :
His blood being warme suppleth the Adamant,
That neither fire or force could euer daunt.

The *Hedghogge* hath a sharpe quicke thorned garment,
That on his backe doth serue him for defence :
He can preface the winds incontinent,
And hath good knowledge in the difference
Betweene the Southerne and the Northren wind,
These vertues are allotted him by kind.

Whereon in *Constantinople* that great City,
A marchant in his garden gaue one nourishment :
By which he knew the winds true certainty,
Because the *Hedghogge* gaue him iust prefagement :
Apples, or peares, or grapes, such is his meate,
Which on his backe he caries for to eate.

The spotted *Linx* in face much like a *Lyon*,
His vrine is of such a qualitie,
In time it turneth to a precious stone,
Called *Ligarius* for his property :
He hateth man so much, that he doth hide
His vrine in the earth, not to be spide.

P. 4

The princely *Lion* King of Forrest-Kings,
 And chiefe Commaunder of the Wildernesse,
 At whose faire feete all Beasts lay downe their offerings,
 Yeelding alleageance to his worthinesse :

His strength remaineth most within his head,
 His vertue in his heart is compassed.

He neuer wrongs a man, nor hurts his pray,
 If they will yeeld submissiue at his feete,
 He knoweth when the *Lionesse* playes false play,
 If in all kindnesse he his loue do meete :

He doth defend the poore and innocent,
 And those that cruel-hearted Beasts haue rent.

Then is't not pittie that the craftie *Foxe*,
 The rauinous *Wolfe*, the *Tyger*, and the *Beare*,
 The slow-past-dull-brain'd heauie *Oxe*,
 Should striue so good a state to ouerweare ?

The *Lion* sleepest and laughes to see them striue,
 But in the end leaues not a beast aliue.

The *Onocentaur* is a monstrous beast ;
 Supposed halfe a man and halfe an affe,
 That neuer shuts his eyes in quiet rest,
 Till he his foes deare life hath round encompassed,
 Such were the *Centaures* in their tyrannie,
 That liu'd by humane flesh and villanie.

The *Stellio* is a beast that takes his breath,
 And liueth by the deaw thats heauenly,
 Taking his Food and Spirit of the earth,

And

And so maintaines his life in chastitie,
 He takes delight to counterfeit all colours,
 And yet for all this he is venimous.

Tis strange to heare such perfect difference,
 In all things that his Mightinesse hath fram'd
 Tis strange to heare their manner of defence,
 Amongst all creatures that my *Nurse* hath nam'd :
 Are there no Wormes nor Serpents to be found
 In this sweete smelling Ile and fruitful ground ?

Phoenix.

Within a little corner towards the East,
 A moorish plot of earth and dampish place,
 Some creeping Wormes and Serpents vnto rest,
 And in a manner doth this bad ground grace :
 It is vnpeopled and vnhabited,
 For there with poisonous ayre they are fed.

Nature.

Here liues the *Worme*, the *Gnat* and *Grashopper*,
Rinatrix, *Lizard*, and the fruitfull *Bee*,
 The *Mothe*, *Chelidras*, and the *Bloodsucker*,
 That from the flesh suckes bloud most speedily :
Ceraftis, *Aspis* and the *Crocodile*,
 That doth the way-faring passenger beguile.

The labouring *Ant*, and the beipeckled *Adder*,
 The *Frogge*, the *Tode*, and Sommer-haunting *Flie*,
 The prettie *Silkwormc*, and the poisonous *Viper*,
 That with his teeth doth wound most cruelly :
 The *Hornet* and the poisonous *Cockatrice*,
 That kills all birds by a most slie deuice.

Q

The *Aspis* is a kind of deadly Snake,
 He hurts most perillous with venom'd sting,
 And in pursute doth neare his foe forsake,
 But slaies a Man with poyfnous venoming :
 Betweene the male and female is such loue,
 As is betwixt the most kind *Turtle doue*.

This is the Snake that *Cleopatra* vsed,
 The *Egyptian* Queene belou'd of *Anthony*,
 That with her breasts deare bloud was nourished,
 Making her die (faire soule) most patiently,
 Rather than *Cæsars* great victorious hand,
 Should triumph ore the Queene of such a land.

The *Lizard* is a kind of louing creature,
 Especially to man he is a friend :
 This property is giuen him by nature,
 From dangerous beafts poore Man he doth defend :
 For being sleepey he all fence forsaketh,
 The *Lizard* bites him till the man awaketh.

The *Ant* or *Emote* is a labouring thing,
 And haue amongst them all a publike weale,
 In sommer time their meate they are prouiding,
 And secrets mongst themselues they do conceale :
 The monstrous huge big Beare being sickly,
 Eating of these, is cured presently.

The truitfull prety *Bee* liues in the hiue,
 Which unto him is like a peopled City,
 And by their daily labour there they thriue,

Bringing

Bringing home honied waxe continually :
 They are reputed ciuill, and haue kings,
 And guides for to direct them in proceedings.

When that their Emperour or King is present,
 They live in peacefull fort and quietnesse,
 But if their officer or king be absent,
 They flie and swarme abroad in companies :
 If any happen casuall-wife to dye,
 They mourne and bury him right solemnly.

The *Crocodile* a saffron colour'd Snake,
 Sometimes vpon the earth is conuerfant,
 And other times liues in a filthy lake,
 Being oppressed with foule needy want :
 The skin vpon his backe as hard as stone,
 Resisteth violent strokes of steele or iron.

Rinatrix is a poyfenous enuenom'd Serpent,
 That doth infect the riuers and the fountaines,
 Bringing to cattell hurt and detriment :
 When thirsty they forsake the steepy mountaines,
Rinatrix violator Aquæ, and infects the earth,
 With his most noysome stinking filthy breath.

The *Scorpion* hath a deadly stinging taile,
 Bewitching some with his faire smiling face,
 But presently with force he doth assaile
 His captiu'd praie, and brings him to disgrace :
 Wherefore tis cald of some the flattering worme,
 That subtilly his foe doth ouerturne.

Q 2

Orion made his boast the earth should bring
 Or yeeld no serpent forth but he would kill it,
 Where presently the *Scorpion* vp did spring,
 For so the onely powers above did will it :
 Where in the peoples prefence they did fee,
Orion stung to death most cruelly.

Of *Wormes* are diuers forts and diuers names,
 Some feeding on hard timber, some on trees,
 Some in the earth a secret cabbine frames,
 Some liue on tops of Ashes, some on Oliues ;
 Some of a red watrish colour, some of greene,
 And some within the night like Fire are seene.

The *Silkeworme* by whose Webbe our Silkes are made,
 For she doth dayly labour with her weauing,
 A *Worme* that's rich and precious in her trade,
 That whilst poore soule she toyleth in her spinning,
 Leaues nothing in her belly but empty aire,
 And toying too much falleth to despaire.

Here liues the *Caddes* and the long leg'd *Crane*,
 With whome the *Pigmies* are at mortall strife,
 The *Larke* and *Lapwing* that with nets are tane, ' .
 And so poore filly soules do end their life :
 The *Nightingale* wrong'd by Adulterie,
 The *Nightcrow*, *Goshawke*, and the chattring *Pie*.

The *Pheasant*, *Storke*, and the high towring *Faulcon*,
 The *Swanne* that in the riuier takes delight,
 The *Goldfinch*, *Blackebird*, and the big neck'd *Heron*

The

The skreeching *Owle* that loues the duskie night,
 The *Partridge*, *Griffon*, and the liuely *Peacocke*,
 The *Linnet*, *Bulfinch*, *Snipe*, and rauening *Puttocke*.

The *Robin Redbreast* that in Winter sings,
 The *Pellican*, the *Iay*, and the chirping *Sparrow*,
 The little *Wren* that many yong ones brings,
Hercin, *Ibis*, and the swift wingd *Swallow* :
 The princely *Eagle* and *Caladrius*
 The *Cuckow* that to some is prosperous.

The snow-like colour'd bird, *Caladrius*,
 Hath this inestimable natural prosperitie,
 If any man in sicknesse dangerous,
 Hopes of his health to haue recouerie,
 This bird will alwayes looke with chearefull glance,
 If otherwise, sad is his countenance.

The *Crane* directed by the leaders voice,
 Flies ore the seas, to countries farre vnknowne,
 And in the secret night they do reioice
 To make a watch among them of their owne ;
 The watchman in his clawes holds fast a stone,
 Which letting fall the rest are wak'd anone.

The Spring-delighting bird we call the *Cuckow*,
 Which comes to tell of wonders in this age,
 Her prettie one note to the world doth show,
 Some men their destinie, and doth presage
 The womans pleasure and the mans disgrace,
 Which she fits singing in a secret place.

Q 3

The Winters enuious blaft ſhe neuer taſteth,
 Yet in all countries doth the *Cuckoe* ſing,
 And oftentimes to peopled townes ſhe haſteth,
 Ther for to tell the pleaſures of the Spring :
 Great Courtiers heare her voyce, but let her flye,
 Knowing that ſhe prefageſh Deſtiny.

This pretty bird ſometimes vpon the ſteeple,
 Sings *Cuckoe, Cuckoe*, to the pariſh Priſt,
 Sometimes againe ſhe flies amongſt the people,
 And on their Croſſe no man can her reſiſt,
 But there ſhe ſings, yet ſome diſdaining Dames,
 Do charme her hoarſe, leſt ſhe ſhould hit their names.

She ſcornes to labour or make vp a neſt,
 But creepes by ſtealth into ſome others roome,
 And with the *Larkes* deare yong, her yong-ones reſt,
 Being by ſubtile dealing ouercome :
 The yong birds are reſtoratiue to eate,
 And held amongſt vs as a Princes meate.

The Princely *Eagle* of all Birds the King,
 For none but ſhe can gaze againſt the Sunne,
 Her eye-ſight is ſo cleare, that in her flying
 She ſpies the ſmalleſt beaſt that euer runne,
 As ſwift as gun-ſhot vſing no delay,
 So ſwiftly doth ſhe flie to catch her pray.

She brings her birds being yong into the aire,
 And ſets them for to looke on *Phæbus* light,
 But if their eyes with gazing chance to water,

Thoſe

Those she accounteth bastards, leaues them quight,
 But those that haue true perfect constant eyes,
 She cheriseth, the rest she doth despise.

The *Griffon* is a bird rich feathered,
 His head is like a *Lion*, and his flight
 Is like the *Eagles*, much for to be feared,
 For why he kils men in the vgly night :
 Some say he keepes the *Smaragd* and the *Iasper*,
 And in pursute of Man is monstrous eager.

The gentle birds called the faire *Hircinie*,
 Taking the name of that place where they breed,
 Within the night they shine so gloriously,
 That mans astonied senses they do feed :
 For in the darke being cast within the way
 Giues light vnto the man that goes astray.

Ibis the bird flieth to *Nilus* flood,
 And drinking of the water purgeth cleane :
 Vnto the land of *Egypt* he doth good,
 For he to rid their Serpents is a meane ;
 He feedeth on their egges, and doth destroy
 The Serpents nests that would their Clime annoy.

The *Lapwing* hath a piteous mournfull cry,
 And sings a sorrowfull and heauy song,
 But yet shee's full of craft and subtilty,
 And weepeth most being farthest from her yong :
 In elder age she seru'd for Southsayers
 And was a Prophetesse to the Augurers.

Q 4

The birds of *Ægypt* or *Mennodides*,
 Of *Memnon* that was slaine in rescuing *Troy*,
 Are said to flie away in companies,
 To *Priams* pallace, and there twice a day
 They fight about the turrets of the dead,
 And the third day in battell are confounded.

The *Nightingale* the nights true Chorister,
Musickes chiefe louer in the pleasant Spring,
 Tunes Hunts-vp to the Sunne that doth delight her,
 And to *Arions* harp aloud will sing:
 And as a Bridegroomer that to church is comming,
 So he salutes the Sunne when he is rising.

The *Romane Cæsars*, happie Emperours,
 Especially thofe of the yongest fort,
 Haue kept the *Nightingale* within their towers,
 To play, to dally, and to make them sport,
 And oftentimes in *Greeke* and *Latine* tong,
 They taught thofe birds to sing a pleasant fong.

This bird as *Hiftories* make mention,
 Sung in the infant mouth of *Stefichorus*,
 Which did foretell due commendation,
 In all his actions to be prosperous:
 So *Bees* when *Plato* in his bed did lie,
 Swarm'd round about his mouth, leauing their honie.

The sluggish slouthfull and the daftard *Owle*,
 Hating the day, and louing of the night,
 About old sepulchers doth daily howle,

Frequenting

Frequenting barnes and houfes without light,
 And hides him often in an Iuy tree,
 Leaft with fmall chattring birds wrong'd he fhould be.

*Fædaque fic volucris venturi nuntia luctus,
 Ignauus Bubo, dirum mortalibus omen.*

The filthy meffenger of ill to come
 The fluggifh *Owle* is, and to danger fome.

This ill bedooming *Owle* fate on the fpeare,
 Of warlike *Pirrhus* marching to the field,
 When to the *Græcian* armie he drew neare,
 Determining to make his foes to yeeld,
 Which did foresheew finifter happineffe,
 And balefull fortune in his bufineffe.

The *Parrat* cald the counterfeiting bird,
 Deckt with all colours that fair *Flora* yeelds,
 That after one will fpeake you word for word :
 Liuing in wooddie groues neare fertile fields,
 They haue bene knowne to giue great Emperors wine,
 And therefore fome men hold them for deuine.

The proud fun-brauing *Peacocke* with his feathers,
 Walkes all along, thinking himfelfe a King,
 And with his voyce prognosticates all weathers,
 Although God knowes but badly he doth fing :
 But when he lookes downe to his bafe blacke Feete,
 He droopes, and is afham'd of things unmeete.

The mighty *Macedonian Alexander*,

R

Marching in louely triumph to his foes,
 Being accounted the worlds conquerour,
 In *Indie* spies a *Peacocke* as he goes,
 And maruelling to see so rich a fight,
 Charg'd all men not to kill his sweete delight.

The *Pellican* the wonder of our age,
 (As *Ierome* faith) reuiues her tender yong,
 And with her purest bloud, she doth aswage
 Her yong ones thirst, with poisonous Adder stong,
 And those that were supposed three dayes dead.
 She giues them life once more being nourished.

The vnfatiate *Sparrow* doth prognosticate,
 And is held good for diuination,
 For flying here and there, from gate to gate,
 Foretels true things by animaduertion :
 A flight of *Sparrowes* flying in the day,
 Did prophesie the fall and sacke of *Troy*.

The artificiall nest-composing *Swallow*,
 That eates his meate flying along the way,
 Whose swiftnesse in our eyfight doth allow,
 That no imperiall Bird makes her his pray :
 His yong ones being hurt within the eies,
 His helpes them with the herbe *Calcedonics*.

Cecinna and the great *Volateran*,
 Being *Pompeis* warlike and approued knights,
 Sent letters by these Birds without a man,
 To many of their friends and chiefe delights,

And

And all their letters to their teete did tie,
Which with great speed did bring them haftily.

The fweete recording Swanne *Apolloes* ioy,
And fry fcorched *Phaetons* delight,
In footed verfe fings out his deep annoy,
And to the filuer riuers takes his flight,
Prognosticates to Sailers on the feas,
Fortunes prosperitie and perfect eafe.

*Cignus in auspicijs semper lætissimus ales,
Hoc optant nautæ, quia se non mergit in undis.*

But what fad-mournefull drooping foule is this,
Within whose watry eyes fits Discontent,
Whose fnaile-pac'd gate tels fomething is amiffe :
From whom is banisht sporting Meriment :
Whose feathers mowt off, falling as he goes,
The perfect picture of hart pining woes ?

Phœnix.

This is the carefull bird the *Turtle* Doue,
Whose heauy croking note doth shew his grieve,
And thus he wanders seeking of his loue,
Refusing all things that may yeeld reliefe :
All motions of good turnes, all Mirth and Ioy,
Are bad, fled, gone, and falne into decay.

Nature.

Is this the true example of the Heart ?
Is this the Tutor of faire *Constancy* ?
Is this Loues treasure, and Loues pining smart ?
Is this the substance of all honesty ?

Phœnix.

R 2

And comes he thus attir'd, alas poore foule,
That Destinies foule wrath should thee controule.

See Nourfe, he stares and lookes me in the face,
And now he mournes, worfe then he did before,
He hath forgot his dull flow heauy pace,
But with swift gate he eyes vs more and more :
O shall I welcome him, and let me borrow
Some of his grieve to mingle with my forrow.

Nature. Farwell faire bird, Ile leaue you both alone,
This is the *Doue* you long'd so much to see,
And this will proue companion of your mone,
An Vmpire of all true humility :
Then note my *Phoenix*, what there may eniue,
And so I kisse my bird. *Adue, Adue.*

Phoenix. Mother farewell ; and now within his eyes,
Sits sorrow clothed in a sea of teares,
And more and more the billowes do arise :
Pale Griefe halfe pin'd vpon his brow appeares,
His feathers fade away, and make him looke,
As if his name were writ in Deaths pale booke.

Turtle. O stay poore *Turtle*, whereat hast thou gazed,
At the eye-dazling Sunne, whose sweete reflection,
The round encompass't heauenly world amazed ?
O no, a child of Natures true complexion,
The perfect *Phoenix* of rariety,
For wit, for vertue, and excelling beauty.

Haile

Haile map of sorrow : *Tur.* Welcome *Cupid's* child. *Phoenix.*
 Let me wipe off those teares vpon thy cheekes,
 That stain'd thy beauties pride, and haue defil'd
 Nature it selfe, that so vsurping seekes
 To sit vpon thy face, for Ile be partener,
 Of thy harts wrapped sorrow more hereafter.

Natures faire darling, let me kneele to thee, *Turtle.*
 And offer vp my true obedience,
 And sacredly in all humility,
 Craue pardon for presumptions foule offence :
 Thy lawne-snow-colour'd hand shall not come neare
 My impure face, to wipe away one teare.

My teares are for my *Turtle* that is dead,
 My sorrow springs from her want that is gone,
 My heauy note sounds for the foule that's fled,
 And I will dye for him left all alone :
 I am not liuing, though I seeme to go,
 Already buried in the graue of wo.

Why I haue left *Arabia* for thy sake, *Phoenix.*
 Because those fires haue no working substance,
 And for to find thee out did vndertake :
 Where on the mountaine top we may aduance
 Our fiery alter ; let me tell thee this,
 Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.

Come poore lamenting foule, come sit by me,
 We are all one, thy sorrow shall be mine,
 Fall thou a teare, and thou shalt plainly see,

R 3

Mine eyes shall answer teare for teare of thine :
 Sigh thou, Ile sigh, and if thou giue a grone,
 I shall be dead in answering of thy mone.

Turtle. Loues honorable Friend, one grone of yours,
 Will rend my sicke-loue-pining hart afunder,
 One sigh brings teares from me like *Aprill* showers,
 Procur'd by Sommers hote loud cracking thunder :
 Be you as mery as sweet mirth may be,
 Ile grone and sigh, both for your selfe and me.

Phoenix. Thou shalt not gentle *Turtle*, I will beare
 Halfe of the burdenous yoke thou dost sustaine,
 Two bodies may with greater ease outweare
 A troublefome labour, then Ile brooke some paine,
 But tell me gentle *Turtle*, tell me truly
 The difference betwixt false Loue and true Sinceritie.

Turtle That shall I briefly, if youle giue me leaue,
 False loue is full of Enuie and Deceit,
 With cunning shifts our humours to deceiue,
 Laying downe poison for a fugged baite,
 Alwayes inconstant, false and variable,
 Delighting in fond change and mutable.

True loue, is louing pure, not to be broken,
 But with an honest eye, she eyes her louer,
 Not changing variable, nor neuer shoken
 With fond Suspition, secrets to discouer,
 True loue will tell no lies, nor ne're dissemble,
 But with a bashfull modest feare will tremble.

False

Falſe loue puts on a Maſke to ſhade her folly,
 True loue goes naked wiſhing to be ſeene,
 Falſe loue will counterfeite perpetually,
 True loue is Troths ſweete emperizing Queene:
 This is the difference, true Loue is a iewell,
 Falſe loue, hearts tyrant, inhumane, and cruell.

What may we wonder at? O where is learning?
 Where is all difference twixt the good and bad?
 Where is *Apelles* art? where is true cunning?
 Nay where is all the vertue may be had?
 Within my *Turtles* boſome, ſhe refines,
 More then ſome louing perfect true deuines.

Phoenix.

Thou ſhalt not be no more the *Turtle*-Doue,
 Thou ſhalt no more go weeping al alone,
 For thou ſhalt be my ſelfe, my perfect Loue,
 Thy griefe is mine, thy ſorrow is my mone,
 Come kiſſe me ſweeteſt ſweete, O I do bleſſe
 This gracious luckie Sun-ſhine happineſſe.

How may I in all gratefullneſſe requite,
 This gracious fauor offred to thy ſeruant?
 The time affordeth heauineſſe not delight,
 And to the times appoint wee be obſeruant:
 Command, O do commaund, what ere thou wilt,
 My hearts blood for thy ſake ſhall ſtraight be ſpilt.

Turtle.

Then I command thee on thy tender care,
 And chiefe obedience that thou owſt to me,
 That thou eſpecially (deare Bird) beware

Phoenix.

Of impure thoughts, or vncleane chastity :
 For we must waite together in that fire,
 That will not burne but by true Loues desire.

Turtle. A spot of that foule monster neare did staine,
 These drooping feathers, nor I neuer knew
 In what base filthy clymate doth remaine
 That spright incarnate ; and to tell you true,
 I am as spotlesse as the purest whight,
 Cleare without staine, of enuy, or despight.

Phoenix. Then to yon next adioyning groue we'll flye,
 And gather sweete wood for to make our flame,
 And in a manner sacrificingly,
 Burne both our bodies to reuiue one name :
 And in all humblenesse we will intreate
 The hot earth parching Sunne to lend his heate.

Turtle. Why now my heart is light, this very doome
 Hath banisht sorrow from my peniue breast :
 And in my bosome there is left no roome,
 To set blacke melancholy, or let him rest ;
 Ile fetch sweete mirrhe to burne, and licorice,
 Sweete Iuniper, and straw them ore with spice.

Phoenix. Pile vp the wood, and let vs inuocate
 His great name that doth ride within his chariot,
 And guides the dayes bright eye, let's nominate
 Some of his blessings, that he well may wot,
 Our faithfull seruice and humility,
 Offer'd vnto his highest Deity.

Great

Great God *Apollo*, for thy tender loue,
 Thou once didst beare to wilful *Phaeton*,
 That did desire thy chariots rule aboue,
 Which thou didst grieue in hart to thinke vpon :
 Send thy hot kindling light into this wood,
 That shall receiue the Sacrifice of blood.

For thy sweete *Daphnes* sake thy best beloued,
 And for the Harpe receiu'd of *Mercury*,
 And for the *Muses* of thee fauored,
 Whose gift of wit excels all excellency :
 Send thy hot kindling fire into this wood,
 That shall receiue the Sacrifice of blood.

Turtle.

For thy sweet fathers sake great *Iupiter*,
 That with his thunder-bolts commands the earth,
 And for *Latonas* sake thy gentle mother,
 That first gaue *Phæbus* glories liuely breath :
 Send thy hot kindling light into this wood,
 That shall receiue the sacrifice of blood.

Phoenix.

Stay, stay, poore *Turtle*, & we are betraid,
 Behind yon little bush there sits a spy,
 That makes me blush with anger, halfe afraid,
 That in our motions secretly would pry :
 I will go chide with him, and driue him thence,
 And plague him for presumptions foule offence.

Be not affraid, it is the *Pellican*,
 Looke how her yong-ones make her brest to bleed,
 And drawes the blood forth, do the best she can,

Turtle.

S

And with the fame their hungry fancies feede,
 Let her alone to vew our Tragedy,
 And then report our Loue that she did fee.

See beauteous *Phœnix* it begins to burne,
 O bleffed *Phœbus*, happy, happy light,
 Now will I recompence thy great good turne,
 And first (deare bird) Ile vanish in thy fight,
 And thou shalt see with what a quicke desire,
 Ile leape into the middle of the fire.

Phœnix. Stay *Turtle* stay, for I will first prepare;
 Of my bones must the Princely *Phœnix* rise,
 And ift be possible thy blood wele spare,
 For none but for my sake, dost thou despise
 This frailty of thy life, ô liue thou still,
 And teach the base deceitfull world Loues will.

Turtle. Haue I come hither drooping through the woods,
 And left the springing groues to seeke for thee?
 Haue I forfooke to bathe me in the floods,
 And pin'd away in carefull misery?
 Do not deny me *Phœnix* I must be
 A partner in this happy Tragedy.

Phœnix. O holy, sacred, and pure perfect fire,
 More pure then that ore which faire *Dido* mones,
 More sacred in my louing kind desire,
 Then that which burnt old *Esons* aged bones,
 Accept into your euer hallowed flame,
 Two bodies, from the which may spring one name.

O sweet

O sweet perfumed flame, made of those trees,
 Vnder the which the *Muses* nine haue song
 The praise of vertuous maids in misteries,
 To whom the faire fac'd *Nymphes* did often throng ;
 Accept my body as a Sacrifice
 Into your flame, of whom one name may rife.

Turtle.

O wilfulnesse, see how with smiling cheare,
 My poore deare hart hath flong himselfe to thrall,
 Looke what a mirthfull countenance he doth beare,
 Spreading his wings abroad, and ioyes withall :
 Learne thou corrupted world, learne, heare, and see,
 Friendships vnspotted true sincerity.

Phoenix.

I come sweet *Turtle*, and with my bright wings,
 I will embrace thy burnt bones as they lye,
 I hope of these another Creature springs,
 That shall possesse both our authority :
 I stay to long, ô take me to your glory,
 And thus I end the *Turtle* Doues true story.

Finis. R. C.

Pellican.

W^Hat wondrous hart-grieuing spectacle,
 Haft thou beheld the worlds true miracle?
 With what a spirit did the *Turtle* flye
 Into the fire, and chearfully did dye?
 He look't more pleasant in his countenance
 Within the flame, then when he did aduance,
 His pleasant wings vpon the naturall ground,

S 2

True perfect loue had fo his poore heart bound,
The *Phœnix Natures* deare adopted child,
With a pale heauy count'nance, wan and mild,
Grieu'd for to see him first possesse the place,
That was allotted her, her selfe to grace,
And followes cheerfully her second turne,
And both together in that fire do burne.
O if the rarest creatures of the earth,
Because but one at once did ere take breath
Within the world, should with a second he,
A perfect forme of loue and amitie
Burne both together, what should there arise,
And be presented to our mortall eyes,
Out of the fire, but a more perfect creature?
Because that two in one is put by Nature,
The one hath giuen the child inchaunting beautie,
The other giues it loue and chaftitie:
The one hath giuen it wits rarietie
The other guides the wit most charily:
The one for vertue doth excell the rest,
The other in true constancie is blest.
If that the *Phœnix* had bene separed,
And from the gentle *Turtle* had bene parted,
Loue had bene murdered in the infancie,
Without these two no loue at all can be.
Let the loue wandring wits but learne of these,
To die together, so their grieffe to ease:
But louers now a dayes do loue to change,
And here and there their wanton eyes do range,
Not pleased with one choise, but seeking many,
And in the end scarce is content with any:

Loue

Loue now adayes is like a shadowed light,
 That shewes it felfe in *Phæbus* golden light,
 But if in kindnesse you do strue to take it,
 Fades cleane away, and you must needs forsake it.
 Louers are like the leaues with Winter shoken,
 Brittle like glasse, that with one fall is broken.
 O fond corrupted age, when birds shall shew
 The world their dutie, and to let men know
 That no sinister chaunce should hinder loue,
 Though as these two did, deaths arrest they proue.
 I can but mourne with sadnesse and with griefe,
 Not able for to yeeld the world reliefe,
 To see these two consumed in the fire,
 Whom Loue did copulate with true desire :
 But in the worlds wide eare I meane to ring
 The fame of this dayes wondrous offering,
 That they may sing in notes of Chastitie,
 The *Turtle* and the *Phænix* amitie

Conclusion.

GEntle conceiuers of true meaning Wit,
 Let good Experience iudge what I haue writ,
 For the Satyricall fond applauded vaines,
 Whose bitter worme-wood spirite in some straines,
 Bite like the Curres of *Ægypt* those that loue them,
 Let me alone, I will be loth to moue them,
 For why, when mightie men their wit do proue,
 How shall I least of all expect their loue ?
 Yet to those men I gratulate some paine,
 Because they touch those that in art do faine.

But those that haue the spirit to do good,
 Their whips will will neuer draw one drop of blood;
 To all and all in all that view my labour,
 Of euery iudging sight I craue some fauour
 At least to reade, and if you reading find,
 A lame leg'd staffe, tis lameness of the mind
 That had no better skill : yet let it passe,
 For burdnous lodes are set vpon an Asse.
 From the sweet fire of perfumed wood,
 Another princely *Phoenix* vpriht stood :
 Whose feathers purified did yeeld more light,
 Then her late burned mother out of sight,
 And in her heart restes a perpetuall loue,
 Sprong from the bosome of the *Turtle-Doue*.
 Long may the new vprising bird increafe,
 Some humors and some motions to release,
 And thus to all I offer my deuotion,
 Hoping that gentle minds accept my motion.

Finis R. C.

Cantoes Alphabet-wise to faire Phœ-
nix made by the Paphian Doue.

A. 1.

A Hill, a hill, a *Phoenix* scekes a Hill;
 A promontorie top, a flatly Mountaine,
 A Riuer, where poore foule she dippes her bill,
 And that sweete siluer streame is *Natures* fountaine,
 Accomplishing all pleasures at her will :
 Ah, be my *Phoenix*; I will be thy *Doue*,
 And thou and I in secrecie will loue.

B. 2.

B. 2.

Blaze not my loue, thou Herald of the day,
 Blesse not the mountaine tops with my sweet shine,
 Beloued more I am then thou canst fay,
 Blessed and blessed be that Saint of mine,
 Balme, honie sweet, and honor of this Clime :
 Blotted by things vnseene, belou'd of many,
 But Loues true motion dares not giue to any.

C. 3.

Chastnesse farewell, farewell the bed of Glorie,
 Constraint adew, thou art loues Enemie,
 Come true Report, make of my Loue a Storie,
 Cast lots for my poore heart, so thou enioy me,
 Come come sweet *Phœnix*, I at length do claime thee,
 Chaste bird, too chaste, to hinder what is willing,
 Come in mine armes and wele not fit a billing.

D. 4.

Deuout obedience on my knees I profer,
 Delight matcht with delight, if thou do craue it,
 Denie not gentle *Phœnix* my sweet offer,
 Despaire not in my loue, for thou shalt haue it,
 Damne not the foule to woe if thou canst saue it :
 Doves pray deuoutly, O let me request,
 Delicious loue to build within thy nest.

E. 5.

Enuie is banisht, do not thou despaire,
 Euill motions tempt thee sooner then the good :
 Enrich thy beautie that art fam'd for faire,
 Euery thing's silent to conioyne thy blood,
 Esteeme the thing that cannot be withstood :
 Esteeme of me, and I will lend thee fire,

Euen of mine owne to fit thy sweet desire.

F. 6.

Faint harted foule, why dost thou die thy cheekes,
 Fearfull of that which will reuiue thy fence,
 Faith and obedience thy sweet mercy seekes,
 Friends plighted war with thee I will commence,
 Feare not at all, tis but sweet Loues offence,
 Fit to be done, so doing tis not seene,
 Fetcht from the ancient records of a Queene.

G. 7.

Gold beautifying *Phœnix*, I must praise thee,
 Granut gracious heauens a delightfome Muse,
 Giue me old *Homers* spirit, and Ile raise thee,
 Gracious in thought do not my Loue refuse,
 Great map of beauty make thou no excuse,
 Gainst my true louing spirit do not carpe,
 Grant me to play my Sonnet on thy Harpe.

H. 8.

Health to thy vertues, health to all thy beauty,
 Honour attend thy steps when thou art going,
 High heauens force the birds to owe thee duty;
 Hart-groning care to thee still stands a woiing,
 Haue pittie on him *Phœnix* for so doing:
 Helpe his difease, and cure his malady,
 Hide not thy secreet glory leaft he die.

I. 9.

I Loue, ô Loue how thou abufest me,
 I fee the fire, and warme me with the flame,
 I note the errors of thy deity:
 In *Vestas* honor, *Venus* lufts to tame,
 I in my humors yeeld thee not a name,

I count

I count thee foolish, fie Adultrous boy,
I touch the sweete, but cannot tast the ioy.

K. 10.

Kisses are true loues pledges, kisse thy deare *Turtle*,
Keepe not from him the secrets of thy youth :
Knowledge he'll teach thee vnder a greene spread Mirtle,
Kend shalt thou be of no man, of my truth,
Know first the motion, when the life ensueth :
Knocke at my harts dore, I will be thy porter,
So thou wilt let me enter in thy dorter.

L. 11.

Loue is my great Aduotrix, at thy shrine
Loue pleads for me, and from my tongue doth say,
Lie where thou wilt, my hart shall sleepe with thine,
Lamenting of thy beauty fresh as May,
Looke *Phoenix* to thy selfe do not decay :
Let me but water thy dead fapleffe floure,
Loue giues me hope t'will flourish in an houre.

M. 12.

Make not a Iewell of nice Chastity,
Muster and summon all thy wits in one,
My heart to thee sweares perfect constancy :
Motions of zeale are to be thought vpon,
Marke how thy time is ouerspente, and gone,
Mis-led by folly, and a kind of feare,
Marke not thy beauty for my dearest deare.

N. 13.

Note but the fresh bloom'd Rose within her pride,
(No Rose to be compared vnto thee)
Nothing so soone vnto the ground will slide,
Not being gathered in her chiefe beauty,

T

Neglecting time it dies with infamy :

Neuer be coy, left whil't thy leaues are ſpred,
None gather thee, and then thy grace is dead.

O. 14.

O looke vpon me, and within my brow,
Officious motions of my hart appeares,
Opening the booke of Loue, wherein I vow,
Ouer thy ſhrine to ſhed continuall teares :
O no, I ſee my *Phœnix* hath no Eares,
Or if ſhe haue Eares, yet no Eyes to ſee,
O all diſgraced with continuall follie.

P. 15.

Proud Chafteity, why doſt thou ſeeke to wrong
Phœnix my Loue, with leſſons too precife ?
Pray thou for me, and I will make a ſong,
Pend in thine honor, none ſhall equalize,
Poſſeſſe not her, whoſe beauty charmes mine eyes,
Plead, ſue, and ſeeke, or I will baniſh thee,
Her body is my Caſtle and my fee.

Q. 16.

Queſtion not *Phœnix* why I adore thee,
Quite captiuatè and priſner at thy call,
Quit me with Loue againe, do not abhor me,
Queld downe with hope as ſubiugate to thrall,
Quail'd will I neuer be deſpight of all ;
Quaking I ſtand before thee, ſtill expecting
Thine owne conſent, our ioyes to be effecting.

R. 17.

Remember how thy beauty is abuſed,
Ract on the tenter-hookes of foule diſgrace,
Riuers are dry, and muſt be needs reſuſed

Reſtore

Restore new water in that dead founts place,
 Refresh thy feathers, beautifie thy face :
 Reade on my booke, and there thou shalt behold
 Rich louing letters printed in fine gold.

S. 18.

Shame is ashamed to see thee obstinate,
 Smiling at thy womanish conceipt,
 Swearing that honor neuer thee begat,
 Sucking in poyson for a sugred baite,
 Singing thy pride of beauty in her height :
 Sit by my side, and I will sing to thee
 Sweet ditties of a new fram'd harmony.

T. 19.

Thou art a *Turtle* wanting of thy mate,
 Thou crok'ft about the groues to find thy Louer,
 Thou fly'ft to woods, and fertile plaines dost hate :
 Thou in obliuion dost true vertue smother,
 To thy sweete selfe thou canst not find another :
 Turn vp my bosome, and in my pure hart,
 Thou shalt behold the *Turtle* of thy smart.

V. 20.

Vpon a day I fought to scale a Fort,
 Vnited with a Tower of sure defence ;
 Vncomfortable trees did marre my sport,
 Vnlucky Fortune with my woes expence,
Venus with *Mars* would not sweet war commence,
 Vpon an Alter would I offer Loue,
 And Sacrifice my foule poore *Turtle* Doue.

W. 21.

Weepe not my *Phœnix*, though I daily weepe,
 Woe is the Herald that declares my tale,

T 2

Worthy thou art in *Venus* lap to sleepe,
 Wantonly couered with God *Cupids* vale,
 With which he doth all mortall fence exhale :
 Wash not thy cheekes, vnlesse I sit by thee,
 To dry them with my sighes immediatly.

X. 22.

Xantha faire Nymph ; resemble not in Nature,
Xantippe Loue to patient *Socrates*,
Xantha my Loue is a more milder creature,
 And of a Nature better for to please :
Xantippe thought her true loue to diseafe,
 But my rare *Phoenix* is at last well pleas'd,
 To cure my passions, passions seldom eas'd.

Y. 23.

Yf thou haue pittie, pittie my complaining,
 Yt is a badge of Vertue in thy sexe,
 Yf thou do kill me with thy coy disdaining,
 Yt will at length thy selfe-will anguish vexe,
 And with continuall sighes thy selfe perplex :
 Ile helpe to bring thee wood to make thy fire,
 If thou wilt giue me kisses for my hire.

Z. 24.

Zenobia at thy feete I bend my knee,
 For thou art Queene and Empreffe of my hart,
 All blessed hap and true felicity,
 All pleasures that the wide world may impart,
 Befall thee for thy gracious good defart :
 Accept my meaning as it fits my turne,
 For I with thee to ashes meane to burne.

Finis.

Cantoes Verbally written.

I.

Pittie me that dies for thee.

*Pittie
me
that
dies
for
thee.* **P**ittie my plainings thou true nurse of pittie,
Me hath thy piercing lookes enioynd to sighing,
That cannot be redressed, for thy beautie
Dies my sad heart, sad heart that's drown'd with weeping :
For what so ere I thinke, or what I doe,
Thee with mine eyes, my thoughts, my heart, I woe.

2.

My life you saue, if you I haue.

*My
life
you
saue
if
you
I
haue.* My eyes, my hand, my heart seeke to maintaine
Life for thy loue, therefore be gracious,
You with your kindnesse haue my true heart flaine,
Saue my poore life, and be not tyrannous,
If any grace do in thy breast remaine,
You women haue bene counted amorous ;
I pine in sadnesse, all proceeds from thee, '
Haue me in liking through thy clemencie.

3.

Do thou by me, as I by thee.

*Do
thou
by
me,
as
I
by* Do not exchange thy loue, left in exchanging,
Thou beare the burd'nous blot of foule disgrace,
By that bad fault are many faults containing,
Me still affuring nothing is so base,
As in the worlds eye alwayes to be ranging :
I sweare sweete *Phoenix* in this holy case,
By all the sacred reliques of true loue,

thee. Thee to adore whom I still constant proue.

4.

*Voutsafe to thinke how I do pine,
In louing thee that art not mine.*

Voutsafe Voutsafe with splendor of thy gracious looke,
to To grace my passions, passions still increasing :
thinke Thinke with thy selfe how I thy absence brooke,
how How day by day, my plaints are neuer ceasing,
I I haue for thee all companies forooke ;
do Do thou reioyce, and in reioycing say,
pine, Pine nere so much Ile take thy grieve away.

In In that great gracing word shalt thou be counted
louing Louing to him, that is thy true sworne louer,
thee Thee on the stage of honor haue I mounted,
that That no base mistie cloud shall euer couer :
art Art thou not faire ? thy beautie do not smother ;
not Not in thy flouring youth, but still suppose
mine. Mine owne to be, my neuer dying Rose.

5.

*My destinie to thee is knowne,
Cure thou my smart, I am thine owne.*

My My time in loues blind idleneffe is spent,
destinie Destinie and Fates do will it so,
to To *Circes* charming tongue mine eare I lent,
thee Thee louing that dost with my ouerthrow :
is Is not this world wrapt in inconstancie,
knowne. Knowne to most men as hels miserie ?

Cure Cure of my wound is past all Phisickes skill,
thou Thou maist be gracious, at thy very looke

My

my My wounds will close, that would my bodie kill,
smart Smart will be easde that could no plaisters brooke ;
I I of my *Phœnix* being quite forfooke,
am Am like a man that nothing can fulfill :
thine Thine euer-piercing eye of force will make me,
owne. Owne heart, owne loue, that neuer will forsake thee.

6.

Ore my heart your eyes do idolatrize

Ore Ore the wide world my loue-layes Ile be fending.
my My loue-layes in my Loues praife alwayes written,
heart Heart comfortable motions still attending,
your Your beautie and your vertuous zeale commending,
eyes Eyes that no frosts-cold-rage hath euer bitten :
do Do you then thinke that I in Loues hot fire,
idola- Idolatrize and surphet in desire.
trize

7.

I had rather loue though in vaine that face,
Then haue of any other grace.

I I being forc'd to carrie *Venus* shield,
had Had rather beare a *Phœnix* for my crest,
rather Rather then any bird within the field,
loue Loue tells me that her beautie is the best :
though Though some desire faire *Vestas Turtle-doue,*
in In my Birds bosome resteth perfect loue.

Vaine Vaine is that blind vnskilfull herauldrie,
that That will not cause my bird that is so rare,
face, Face all the world for her rarietie,
then Then who with her for honor may compare ?
haue Haue we one like her for her pride of beautie,
of Of all the feathered Quier in the aire ?

any Any but unto her do owe their dutie :
other Other may blaze, but I will alwaies fay,
grace. Grace whom thou list, ſhe beares the palme away.

8.

What euer fall, I am at call.

What What thunder ſtormes of enuie ſhall ariſe,
euër Euër to thee my heart is durable,
fall, Fall fortunes wheele on me to tyrrannize,
I I will be alwayes found inexorable :
am Am I not then to thee moſt ſtable ?
at At morne, midnight, and at mid-dayes funne,
call. Call when thou wilt, my deare, to thee Ile runne.

9.

*I had rather loue, though in vaine that face,
 Then haue of any other grace,*

I I now do wiſh my loue ſhould be releiued,
had Had I my thoughts in compaſſe of my will,
rather Rather than liue and ſurfeit being griued,
loue Loue in my breaſt doth wondrous things fulfill,
though Though loues vnkindneſſe many men do kill,
in In her I truſt, that is my true ſworne louer,
vaine Vaine he doth write that doth her vertues ſmother.

that That ſhe is faire, *Nature* her ſelfe alloweth,
face, Face full of beauty, eyes reſembling fire,
then Then my pure hart to loue thy hart ſtill voweth,
haue Haue me in fauour for my good deſire,
of Of holy loue, Loues Temple to aſpire ;
any Any but thee my thoughts will nere require,
other Other ſweet motions now I will conceale
grace. Grace theſe rude lines that my hearts thoughts reueale.

10. *Dis-*

10.

Disgrace not me, in louing thee.

Disgrace Disgrace be banisht from thy heauenly brow,
not Not entertained of thy piercing eie,
me Me thy sweete lippes, a sweet touch will allow,
in In thy faire bosome would I alwayes lie,
louing Louing in such a downe-bed to be placed,
thee. Thee for to please, my selfe for euer graced.

11.

*I had rather loue though in vaine that face,
 Then haue of any other grace.*

I I liue enricht with gifts of great content,
had Had my desires the guerdon of good will,
rather Rather then taste of Fortunes fickle bent,
loue Loue bids me die, and scorne her witleffe skill,
though Though Loue command, Despaire doth stil attend,
in In hazard proues oft times but doubtfull end.
vaine Vaine is the loue encountred with denayes,
that That yeelds but griefe, where grace should rather grow,
face, Face full of furie, voide of curteous praise :
then Then since all loue consists of weale and woe,
haue Haue still in mind, that loue deserues the best,
of Of hearts the touchstone, inward motions louing,
any Any that yeelds the fruite of true-loues rest,
other Other I loue vnworthie of commending,
grace. Grac'd with bare beautie, beautie most offending.

12.

My selfe and mine, are alwayes thine.

My My care to haue my blooming Rose not wither,
selfe Selfe-louing Enuie shall it not denie,
and And that base weed thy growth doth seeke to hinder,

V

mine Mine hands shall pull him vp immediatly,
are Are they not enuious monsters in thine eie,
alwayes Alwayes with vaine occasions to inclose
thine. Thine euer growing beautie, like the Rose?

13.

*The darting of your eies, may heale or wound,**
Let not empiring lookes my heart confound.

The The ey-bals in your head are *Cupids* fire,
darting Darting such hot sparkles at my brest,
of Of force I am enthrald, and do desire
your Your gracious loue, to make me happie blest:
eyes Eyes, lippes, and tongue haue caused my vnrest,
may May I vnto the height of grace aspire,
heale Heale my sicke heart with loues great griefe opprest,
or Or if to fire thou wilt not yeeld such fuell,
wound. Wound me to death, and so be counted cruell.

Let Let the wide ope-mouth'd world slaunder the guiltie,
not Not my dead *Phoenix*, that doth scorne such shame,
empiring Empiring honor blots such infamie,
lookes Lookes dart away the blemish of that name;
my My thoughts prognosticate thy Ladies pittie:
heart Hearts-ease to thee, this counsell will I giue,
confound Confound thy foes, but let true louers liue.

14.

You are my ioy, be not so coy.

You You best belou'd, you honor of delight,
are Are the bright shining Starre that I adore,
my My eyes like Watchmen gaze within the night,

Ioy

ioy, Ioy fills my heart when you do shine before,
be not Be not disgrauiue to thy friend therefore :
too Too glorious are thy lookes to entertaine
coy. Coy thoughts, fell peeuiſh deeds, our baſe diſdaine.

15.

For you I die, being abſent from mine eye.

For For all the holy rites that *Venus* vſeth,
you You I coniure to true obedience :
I I offer faith, which no kind hart refuseth,
die, Die periur'd Enuie for thy late offence,
being Being enamored of rich Beauties pride,
abſent Abſent, I freeze in Winters pining cold,
from From thee I ſit, as if thou hadſt denide,
my My loue-ſicke paſſions twentie times retold :
eye. Eye-dazling Miſtris, with a looke of pittie,
 Grace my ſad Song, and my hearts pining Dittie.

16.

Send me your heart, to eaſe my ſmart.

Send Send but a glaunce of amours from thine eie,
me Me will it rauiſh with exceeding pleaſure,
your Your eye-bals do enwrap my deſtinie,
heart Heart ſicke with forrow, forrow out of meaſure,
to To thinke vpon my loues continuall folly :
eaſe Eaſe thou my paine from pitties golden treaſure ;
my My griefe proceeds from thee, and I ſuppoſe
ſmart. Smart of my ſmart will my lifes bloud incloſe.

17.

Seeing you haue mine, let me haue thine.

Seeing Seeing my paſſions are ſo penetrable,
you You of all other ſhould be pittifull,
haue Haue mind of me, and you'le be fauourable,

mine Mine hart doth tell me you are mercifull,
let Let my harts loue be alwayes violable,
me Me haue you found in all things dutifull,
haue Haue me in fauour, and thy felfe shalt fee,
thine. Thine and none others, will I all wayes be.

18.

Within thy brest, my hart doth rest.

Within Within the circuit of a Christall spheare,
thy Thy eyes are plapt, and vnderneath those eyes,
brest, Brest of hard flint, eares that do scorne to heare
my My dayes sad gronings, and night waking cries,
hart Hart fore sicke passions, and Loues agonies,
doth Doth it become thy beauty? no, a stainè
rest. Rests on thy bright brow wrinckled with disdaine.

19.

O let me heare, from thee my deare.

O O tongue thou hast blasphem'd thy holy Goddesse,
let Let me do penance for offending thee,
me Me do thou blame for my forgetfulnesse:
heare, Heare my submission, thou wilt succor me:
from From thy harts closet commeth gentlenesse:
thee Thee hath the world admir'd for clemency,
my My hart is forrie, and Ile bite my tongue,
deare. Deare that to thee, to thee I offred wrong.

20.

My Phœnix rare, is all my care.

My My life, my hart, my thoughts, I dedicate,
Phœnix Phœnix to thee, Phœnix of all beauty,
rare, Rare things in hart of thee I meditate,
is Is it not time, I come to shew my duty?
all All fauors vnto thee I consecrate,

My

my My goods, my lands, my selfe, and all is thine,
care. Care those that list, so thou faire bird be mine.

21.

I would I might, be thy delight.

I I wish for things, would they might take effect,
would Would they might end, and we enjoy our pleasure,
I I vow I would not proffred time neglect,
might, Might I but gather such vnlook't for treasure,
be Be all things enuious I would the respect,
thy Thy fauours in my hart I do enroule,
delight. Delight matcht with delight, doth me controule.

22.

If I you haue, none else I craue.

If If adoration euer were created,
I I am a Maister of that holy Art,
you You my aduotrix, whom I haue admired,
haue, Haue of my true deuotion bore a part :
none None but your selfe may here be nominated,
else Else would my tongue my true obedience thwart :
I I cannot flatter, Loue will not allow it,
craue. Craue thou my hart, on thee I will bestow it.

23.

Be you to me, as I to thee.

Be Bee the poore Bee, sucke hony from the flower,
you You haue a spacious odoriferous field,
to To tast all moyfture, where in sweet *Floras* bower,
me, Me shall you find submissiue to yeeld,
as As a poore Captiue looking for the hower ;
I I may haue gracious lookes, else am I kild,
to To dye by you were life, and yet thy shame,
thee. Thee would the wide world hate, my folly blame.

V 3

24.

You are the first, in whom I trust.

You You in your bosome hauing plac'd a light,
are Are the chiefe admirall vnto my Fleet,
the The Lanthorne for to guide me in the night,
first, First to the shore, where I may set my feet
in In safegard, void of Dangers cruell spight,
whom Whom in disgrace Loue and fel Enuie meet,
I I muster vp my spirits, and they flie ;
trust. Trust of thy faith controules mine enemie.

25.

You are the last my loue shall taste.

You You standing on the tower of hope and feare,
are Are timorous of selfe-will foolishnesse,
the The onely Viper that doth loue-laies teare,
last, Last can it not, tis womans peeuihnesse,
my My kind affections can it not forbear,
loue Loue tells me that tis bred in idlenesse,
shall Shall such occasion hinder thee or me ?
taste. Taste first the fruit, and then commend the tree.

26.

If you I had, I should be glad.

If If the Sunne shine, the haruest man is glad,
you You are my Sunne, my dayes delightfome Queene,
I I am your haruest laborer almost mad,
had, Had I not my glorious commet seene,
I I wish that I might sit within thy shade,
should Should I be welcome ere thy beautie fade :
be Be not *Narcissus*, but be alwaies kind,
glad. Glad to obtain the thing thou neare couldst find.

27.

Thou

Though place be far, my heart is nar.

Though Though thou my Doue from me be separated,
place Place, nor the distance shall not hinder me,
be Be constant for a while, thou maist be thwarted,
far, Far am I not, Ile come to succour thee.
my My heart and thine, my sweet shall nere be parted,
heart Heart made of loue, and true simplicitie :
is Is not Loue lawlesse, full of powerfull might,
nar. Nar to my heart that still with Loue doth fight.

28.

My thoughts are dead, cause thou art sped.

My My inward *Muse* can sing of nought but Loue,
thoughts Thoughts are his Heralds, flying to my breast
are Are entertained, if they thence remoue,
dead, Dead shall their master be, and in vnrest ;
cause Cause all the world thy hatred to reproue,
thou Thou art that All-in-all that I loue best :
art Art thou then cruell ? no thou canst not be
sped. Sped with so foule a fiend as Crueltie.

29.

I send my heart to thee, where gladly I would be.

I I of all other am faire *Venus* thrall,
send Send me but pleasant glances of thine eie,
my My foule will leape with ioy and dance withall,
heart Heart of my heart, and foules felicitie :
to To beauties Queene my heart is sanctified,
thee. Thee about all things haue I deified.

Where Where is Affections ? fled to Enuies caue ?
gladly Gladlie my Thoughts would beare her companie,
I I from foule bondage will my *Phoenix* faue,

would Would she in loue requite my courtesie,
be. Be louing as thou art faire, else shall I sing,
 Thy beautie a poisnous bitter thing.

30.

*If you me iust haue knowne,
 Then take me for your owne.*

If If you be faire, why should you be vnkind?
you You haue no perfect reason for the same,
me Me thinkes it were your glorie for to find
iust Iust measure at my hands, but you to blame
haue Haue from the deepest closet of your heart,
known, Knowne my pure thoughts, and yet I pine in smart.

Then Then in the deepest measure of pure loue,
take Take pittie on the sad sicke pining soule,
me Me may you count your vnknowne *Turtle-Douc*,
for For in my bosomes chamber, I enroule
your Your deepe loue-darting eie, and still will be
owne. Owne of your owne, despight extremitie.

31.

My heart I send, to be your friend.

My My deare soules comfort, and my hopes true solacc,
heart Heart of my heart, and my liues secret ioy,
I I in conceit do thy sweete selfe embrace,
send, Send cloudie exhalations cleane away
to To the blind mistie North, there for to stay:
be Be thou my arbour, and my dwelling place,
your Your armes the circling folds that shall enclose me,
friend. Friend me with this, and thou shalt neuer lose me.

32.

I haue no loue, but you my doue.

I

I I pine in sadnesse, and in sad songs sing
haue Haue spent my time, my ditties harsh and ill,
no No fight but thy faire fight would I be seeing:
loue Loue in my bosome keepes his castle still,
but But being disseuered I sit alwayes pining,
you You do procure me *Niobes* cup to fill,
my My dutie yet remembred I dare proue,
doue. Doues haue no power for to exchange their Loue.

34

I will not change, though some be strange.

I I cannot stir one foote from *Venus* gate,
will Will you come sit, and beare me company?
not Not one but you can make me fortunate:
change Change when thou wilt, it is but cruelty,
though Though vnto women it is giuen by fate,
some Some gentle minds these ranging thoughts do hate:
be Be thou of that mind, else I will conclude,
strange. Strange hast thou alter'd Loue, to be so rude.

Thoughts keepe me waking.

Thoughts Thoughts like the ayrie puffing of the wind,
keepe Keepe a sweet faining in my Loue-sicke brest,
me Me still assuring that thou art most kind,
waking. Waking in pleasure, sleeping sure in rest:
 That no sleepest dreamings, nor no waking cries,
 To our sweet louing thoughts, sweet rest denies.

Seeing that my heart made choise of thee,
Then frame thy selfe to comfort me.

Seeing Seeing Loue is pleas'd with Loues enamor'd ioyes,
that That Fortune cannot crosse sweet *Cupids* will,

X

my My Loues content, not with fond wanton toyes :
heart Hart of my hart doth Loues vnkindnesse kill,
made Made by fond tongues vpbraiding hurtfull skill :
choife Choife now is fram'd to further all annoyés :
of Of all sweete thoughts, of all sweete happie rest,
thee, Thee have I chose, to make me three times blest.

Then Then let our holy true aspiring loue,
frame Frame vs the sweetest musicke of Desire :
thy Thy words shall make true concord, and remoue
selfe Selfe-will it selfe, for *Venus* doth require
to To be acquainted with thy beauties fire :
comfort Comfort my heart, for comfort tels me this,
me. Me hast thou chose of all to be thy blisse.

*My heart is bound to fauour thee,
 Then yeeld in time to pittie me.*

My My *Phoenix* hath two starre-resembling Eyes,
heart Heart full of pittie, and her smiling looke,
is Is of the Sunnes complexion, and replies,
bound Bound for performance by faire *Venus* booke
to To faithfulnessse, which from her nurse she tookc :
fauour Fauour in her doth spring, in vertuous praise,
thee, Thee Eloquence it selfe shall seeke to raise.

Then Then in performance of this gracious right,
yeeld Yeeld vp that piteous heart to be my Louer,
in In recompence how I haue lou'd thy sight,
time Time shall from time to time to thee discover :
to To thee is giuen the power of *Cupids* might,
pittie Pittie is writ in gold vpon thy hart,

Me

me. Me promising to cure a curelesse smart.

I ioy to find a constant mind.

I I am encompass round about with ioy,
ioy Ioy to enioy my sweete, for she protesteth
to To comfort me that languish in annoy,
find Find ease if any sorrow me molesteth,
a A happie man that such a loue possesseth*:
constant Constant in words, and alwayes vowes to loue me,
mind. Mind me she will, but yet she dares not proue me.

*My heart by hope doth liue,
 Desire no ioy doth giue.*

My My loue and dearest life to thee I consecrate,
heart Heart of my hearts deare treasure, for I striue
by By thy deuinenesse too deuine to nominate,
hope Hope of approued faith in me must thriue :
doth Doth not the God of Loue that's most deuine,
liue. Liue in thy bosomes closet and in mine ?

Desire Desire to that vnspeakable delight,
no No sharpe conceited wit can nere set downe,
ioy Ioy in the world to worldly mens ey-sight,
doth Doth but ignoble thy imperiall crowne :
giue. Giue thou the onset and the foe will flie,
 Amazed at thy great commanding beautie;

*Death shall take my life away,
 Before my friendship shall decay.*

Death Death that heart-wounding Lord, sweet louers foe,
shall Shall lay his Ebone darts at thy faire feete,

take Take them into thy hand and worke my woe,
my My woe that thy minds anguish will regret :
life Life, hart, ioy, greeting and all my pleasure,
away. Away are gone and fled from my deare treasure.

Before Before one staine shal blot thy scarlet die,
my My bloud shal like a fountaine wash the place,
friendship Friendship it selfe knit with mortality,
shall Shall thy immortal blemish quite disgrace :
decay. Decay shal all the world, my Loue in thee
 Shall liue vntain'd vntoucht perpetually

*Let truth report what hart I beare,
 To her that is my dearest deare.*

Let Let not foule pale-fac'd Enuy be my foe,
truth Truth must declare my spotlesse loyalty,
report Report vnto the world shal plainly show
what What hart deare Loue I alwayes bore to thee,
heart Hart fram'd of perfect Loues sincerity :
I I cannot flatter, this I plainly say,
beare, Beare with false words, ile beare the blame away.

To To change in loue is a base simple thing,
her Her name will be orestain'd with periury,
that That doth delight in nothing but dissembling ?
is Is it not shame so for to wrong faire beauty,
my My true approued tounge must answer I
dearest Dearest beware of this, and learne of me,
deare. Deare is that Loue combin'd with Chastity.

Seene hath the eye, chosen hath the hart :

Firme

Firme is the faith, and loth to depart.

Seene Seene in all learned arts is my beloued,
hath Hath anie one so faire a Loue as I?
the The stony-hearted sauage hath she moued,
eye, Eye for her eye tempts blushing chastitie,
chosen Chosen to make their nine a perfect ten,
hath Hath the sweet *Muses* honored her agen.

The The bright-ey'd wandring world doth alwaies seeke,
heart, Heart-curing comfort doth proceed from thee,
firme Firme trust, pure thoughts, a mind that's alwayes meeke,
is Is the true Badge of my loues Soueraigntie:
the The honor of our age, the onely faire,
faith, Faiths mistris, and Truths deare adopted heire.

And And those that do behold thy heauenly beautie,
loth Loth to forsake thee, spoile themselues with gazing,
to To thee all humane knees proffer their dutie,
depart. Depart they will not but with sad amazing:
 To dimme their ey-sight looking gainst the funne,
 Whose hot reflecting beames will neare be donne.

*No woe so great in loue, not being heard,
 No plague so great in loue, being long deferd.*

No No tongue can tell the world my hearts deepe anguish,
woe Woe, and the minds great perturbation
so So trouble me, that day and night I languish,
great Great cares in loue seeke my destruction:
in In all things gracious, sauing onely this,
loue. Loue is my foe, that I account my blisse.

X 3

Not Not all the world could profer me disgrace,
being Being maintained fairest faire by thee,
hard, Hard-fortune shall thy seruant nere outface,
no No stormes of Discord should discomfort me :
plague Plague all the world with frownes my *Turtle-Doue,*
so So that thou smile on me and be my loue.

great Great Mistris, matchlesse in thy soueraigntie,
in In lue and recompence of my affection,
loue Loue me againe, this do I beg of thee,
being Being bound by *Cupids* kind direction :
long Long haue I su'd for grace, yet stil I find,
deferd. Deferd I am by her that's most vnkind.

*And if my loue shall be releu'd by thee,
 My heart is thine, and so account of me.*

And And yet a stedfast hope maintaines my hart,
if If anie fauour fauourably proceede
my My deare from thee, the curer of my smart,
loue Loue that easeth minds opprest with neede,
shall be Shall be the true Phisition of my grieve,
releu'd Releu'd alone by thee that yeeld'ft reliefe.

by By all the holy rites that Loue adareth,
thee, Thee haue I lou'd aboue the loue of any,
My My heart in truth thee alwayes fauoureth,
heart Heart freed from any one, then freed from many :
is Is it not base to change? yea so they say,
thine Thine owne confession loue denies delay.

and And by the high imperiall seate of *Ioue,*
so So am I forc'd by *Cupid* for to sweare,
account Account I must of thee my *Turtle-doue,*

Of

of Of thee that Times long memorie shall outweare :
me. Me by thy stedfast truth and faith denying,
 To promise any hope on thee relying.

*My passions are a hell and death to me,
 Vnlesse you feele remorse and pittie me.*

My My sweetest thoughts sweet loue to thee I send,
passions Passions deeply ingrafted, vnremouable
are Are my affections, and I must commend
a A stedfast trust in thee most admirable :
hell Hell round enwraps my bodie by disdainē,
and And then a heauen if thou loue againe.

death Death haunts me at the heeles, yet is affraid,
to To touch my bosome, knowing thou lou'ſt me,
me, Me sometimes terrifying by him betraid,
vnlesse Vnlesse sweete helpfull succour come from thee :
you You well I know, the honor of mine eie,
feeles Feele some remorsefull helpe in miserie.

remorse Remorse sits on thy brow triumphantly,
and And smiles vpon my face with gentle cheere ;
pittie Pittie, loues gracious mother dwels in thee,
me. Me fauouring, abandoning base feare,
 Death is amazed, viewing of thy beautie,
 Thinking thy selfe perfect eternitie.

*My purest loue doth none but thee adore,
 My heartie thoughts are thine, I loue no more.*

My My comfortable sweete approued Mistris,
purest Purest of all the pure that nature framed,
loue Loue in the height of all our happinesse,

doth Doth tell me that thy vertues are not named :
none None can giue forth thy constancie approued,
but But I that tride thy faith, my best beloued.

Thee Thee in the temple of faire *Venus* shrine
adore, Adore I must, and kneele vpon my knee,
my My fortunes tell me plaine that thou art mine,
heartie Heartie in kindnesse, yeelding vnto me :
thoughts Thoughts the much-great disturbers of our rest
are Are fled, and lodge in some vnquiet breft.

Thine Thine euer vnremou'd and still kept word,
I I pondred oftentimes within my mind :
loue Loue told me that thou neuer wouldst afford,
none None other grace but that which I did find,
more. More comfortable did this sound in mine eare,
 Then sweet releasement to a man in feare.

I do resolute to loue no loue but thee,
Therefore be kind, and fauour none but me.

I I sometime sitting by my selfe alone,
do Do meditate of things that are ensuing,
resolute Resolute I do that thou must end my mone,
to To strengthen Loue if loue should be declining.
loue Loue in thy bosome dwels, and tells me still,
no No enuious stormes shall thwart affections will.

Loue Loue hath amaz'd the world, plac'd in thy brow,
but But yet slauish disdaine seekes for to crosse
thee Thee and my selfe, that haue combin'd our vow,
therefore Therefore that monster cannot worke our losse :

Be

be Be all the winds of Anger bent to rage,
kind. Kind shalt thou find me, thus my hart I gage.

and And from my faith that's vnremoueable,
faunour Fauour be seated in thy maiden eie,
none None can receiue it loue more acceptable
but But I my selfe, waiting thy pittying mercie :
me. Me hast thou made the substance of delight,
 By thy faire funne-resembling heaucnly sight.

Ah quoth she, but where is true Loue?
Where quoth he? where you and I loue.
I quoth she, were thine like my loue.
Why quoth he, as you loue I loue.

Ah Ah thou imperious high commaunding Lord,
quoth (Quoth he) to *Cupid* gentle god of Loue,
[s]he, He that I honor most will not accord,
but But strives against thy Iustice from aboue,
where Where I haue promist faith, my plighted word
is Is quite refused with a base reproue :
true True louing honour this I onely will thee,
loue? Loue thy true loue, or else false loue will kill me.

Where Where shall I find a heart that's free from guile?
quoth Quoth Faithfulnesse, within my louers brest.
he, He at these pleasing words began to smile,
where Where Anguish wrapt his thoughts in much vnrest :
you You did with pretie tales the time beguile,
and And made him in conceited pleasure blest,
I I grac'd the words spoke with so sweet a tong,
leue, Loue being the holy burden of your song.

Y

I I grac'd your fong of Loue, but by the way,
quoth (Quoth true Experience,) fit and you shall see,
ſhe She will enchaunt you with her heavenly lay :
were Were you fram'd all of heavenly Pollicie,
thine Thine eares ſhould drinke the poiſon of Delay,
like Like as I ſaid, ſo did it proue to be,
my My Miſtris beautie grac'd my Miſtris ſong,
loue. Loue pleaſ'd more with her Eyes than with her Tong.

Why Why then in deepeneſſe of ſweete Loues delight,
quoth Quoth ſhe, the perfect Miſtris of Deſire,
he He that I honor moſt bard from my ſight,
as As a bright Lampe kindles Affections fire :
you You Magicke operations worke your ſpight,
loue Loue to the mountaine top of will aſpires :
I I challenge all in all, and this I ſing,
loue. Loue is a holy Saint, a Lord, a King.

Ah Loue, where is thy faith in ſweete loue ?
Why loue where hearts conioyne in true loue :
Why then my heart hopes of thy Loues loue,
Elſe let my heart be plagu'd with falſe loue.

Why art thou ſtrange to me my Deare ?
Not ſtrange when as I loue my deare :
But thou eſteem'ſt not of thy deare.
Yes when I know my deareſt deare.

Why is my Loue ſo falſe to me ?
My loue is thine if thou lou'ſt me :
Thee I loue, elſe none contents me.

if

If thou lou'st me, it not repents me.

Ah quoth he, wher's faith in sweete loue?

Why quoth she, conioynd in true loue.

Ah quoth he, I hope of thy loue:

Else quoth she, Ile die a false loue.

Ah my Deare, why dost thou kill me?

No my deare, Loue doth not will me.

Then in thine armes thou shalt enfold me.

I, my deare, there thou shalt hold me:

And holding me betwene thine armes,

I shall embrace sweete Louers Charmes.

Though death from life my bodie part,

Yet neare the lesse keepe thou my hart.

<i>Though</i>	Though some men are inconstant, fond, and fickle,
<i>death</i>	Deaths ashie count'nance shall not alter me:
<i>from</i>	From glasse they take their substance being brittle,
<i>life</i>	Life, Heart, and Hand shall awaies fauour thee,
<i>my</i>	My Pen shall write thy vertues regiftric,
<i>bodie</i>	Bodie conioyn'd with bodie, free from strife,
<i>part,</i>	Part not in funder till we part our life.

<i>Yet</i>	Yet my foules life to my deare lifes concluding,
<i>nere</i>	Nere let Absurditie that villaine, theefe,
<i>the</i>	The monster of our time, mens praise deriding,
<i>lesse</i>	Lesse in perseuerance, of small knowledge chiefe,
<i>keepe</i>	Keep the base Gate to things that are excelleng,
<i>thou</i>	Thou by faire vertues praise maist yeeld reliefe,

Y 2

my My lines are thine, then tell Absurditie,
heart. Hart of my deare, shall blot his villainie.

Where hearts agree, no strife can be.

Where Where faithfulness vnites it selfe with loue,
hearts Hearts pin'd with sorrow cannot disagree :
agree, Agree they must of force, for from aboue
no No wind oppressing mischief may we see :
strife Strife is quite banisht from our companie.
can Can I be sad ? no, Pleasure bids me sing,
be. Be blessed, for sweete Loue's a happie thing.

*Thy voves my loue and heart hath wonne,
Till thy vntruth hath it vndonne.*

Thy Thy true unspeakable fidelitie,
voves Voves made to *Cupid* and his faire-fac'd mother,
my My thoughts haue wonne to vertuous chastitie :
loue Loue thee alone I will, and loue none other,
and And if thou find not my loues secrecie,
heart Heart fauouring thee, then do thou Fancie smother.
hath Hath all the world such a true Bird as I,
wonne, Wonne to this fauour by my constancie ?

Till Till that leane fleshles cripple, pale-fac'd Death,
thy Thy louely Doue shall pierce with his fell dart,
vntruth Vntruth in my faire bosome nere takes breath :
hath Hath any loue such a firme constant heart ?
it It is thine owne, vnlesse thou keepe it still
undonne. Vndone shall I be, cleane against my will.

Tinic

Time shall tell thee, how well I loue thee,

Time Time the true proportioner of things,
shall Shall in the end shew my affection,
tell Tell thee from whence all these my passions spring,
thee, Thee honoring that of loue haue made election :
how How often I haue made my offerings,
well Well knowne to *Venus* and her louely sonne,
I I to the wide world shall my passions runne :
loue Loue is a Lord of hearts, a great Commander,
thee. Thee chalenging to be my chiefe defender.

Most deuine and sacred,

Haue I found your loue vnspotted.

Most Most reuerend Mistris honor of mine eie,
deuine Deuine, most holy in religious loue,
and And Lord itfelfe of my hearts emperie,
sacred Sacred in thoughts admitted from aboue,
haue Haue in remembrance what affection willetth :
I I it reuiues the mind, and the mind killeth.
found Found haue I written in your skie-like brow,
your Your neuer ceasing kind humilitie,
loue Loue for your sake to me hath made a vow,
vnspotted Vnspotted shall I find your constancie,
 And without staine, to thy pure stainelesse beautie,
 Shall my hearts bosome offer vp his dutie.

The want of thee is death to me.

The The day shall be all night, and night all day
want Want of the Sunne and Moone to giue vs light,

Y 3

of Of a blacke darknesse, before thy loue will stay
thee Thee from thy pleasure of thy hearts delight.
is Is not Affection nurse to long Delay?
death Deaths Messenger, that barres me from thy fight?
to To be in absence, is to burne in fire,
me. Me round enwrapping with hot Loues desire.

I loue to be beloued.

I I do acknowledge of all constant pure,
loue Loue is my true thoughts herraide, and Ile sing
to To be of thy thoughts closet, firme and sure,
be Be the world still thy vertues deifying:
beloued. Beloued of the most, yet most of many,
 Affirme my deare, thou art beloued of any.

I scorne if I be scorned.

I I being not belou'd by my affection,
scorne Scorne within my thoughts such bad disgrace,
if If thou of me do make thy firme election,
I I to none other loue will giue my place:
be Be thou my Saint, my bosoms Lord to proue,
scorned. Scorned of all, Ile be thy truest loue.

The heart's in paine, that loues in vaine.

The The grieve poore louers feeble being not beloued,
heart's Hearts anguish, and sad lookes may testifie:
in In night they sleepe not, and in day perplexed,
paine, Paine of this sorrow makes them melancholy,

That

that That in disdaine their silly minds are vexed,
loues Loues terror is so sharpe, so strong, so mightie,
in In all things vnresistable, being aliue,
vaine. Vaine he resists that gainst loues force doth striue.

*What greater ioy can be then this,
 Where loue enioys each louers wish?*

What What may we count the world if loue were dead?
greater Greater in woe, then woe it selfe can be,
ioy Ioy from mans secret bosome being fled,
can Cannot but kill the heart immediatly,
be Because by ioy the heart is nourished:
then Then entertaine sweete loue within thy brest,
this, This motion in the end will make thee blest.

Where Where two harts are vnited all in one,
loue Loue like a King, a Lord, a Soueraigne,
enioyes Enioyes the throne of blisse to sit vpon,
each Each sad heart crauing aid, by *Cupid* flaine:
louers Louers be merrie, Loue being dignified,
wish. Wish what you will, it shall not be denied.

Finis. quoth R. Chester.

HEREAFTER FOLLOW DIVERSE

Poeticall Effaies on the former Subject; viz: the *Turtle* and *Phoenix*.

*Done by the best and chieft of our
moderne writers, with their names sub-
scribed to their particular workes :
neuer before extant.*

And (now first) consecrated by them all generally,
to the loue and merite of the true-noble Knight,
Sir Iohn Salisburie.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.



Anchora Spei.

MDCL.

INVOCATIO,

Ad Apollinem & Pierides.

G Ood Fate, faire *Theſpian Deities*,
 And thou bright God, whoſe golden Eies,
 Serue as a Mirrour to the ſiluer Morne,
 When (in the height of Grace) ſhe doth adorne
 Her Chryſtall preſence, and inuites
 The euer-youthfull *Bromius* to delights,
 Sprinkling his ſute of *Vert* with Pearle,
 And (like a looſe enamour'd Girlc)
 Ingles his cheeke ; which (waxing red with ſhame)
 Inſtincts the ſenſleſſe Grapes to do the ſame,
 Till by his ſweete reflection fed,
 They gather ſpirit, and grow diſcoloured.

To your high influence we commend
 Our following Labours, and ſuſtend
 Our mutuall palmes, prepar'd to gratulate
 An *honorable friend* : then propagate
 With your illuſtrate faculties
 Our mentall powers : Inſtruſt vs how to riſe
 In weighty Numbers, well purſu'd,
 And varied from the Multitude :
 Be lauifh once, and plenteouſly profuſe
 Your holy waters, to our thirſtie *Muſe*,
 That we may giue a Round to him
 In a *Caſtalian* boule, crown'd to the brim.

Vatum Chorus.
 Z 2 .

To the worthily honor'd Knight
Sir Iohn Salisburie.

Noblest of minds, here do the Muses bring
Vnto your safer iudgements tast,
Pure iuice that flow'd from the Pierian springs,
Not filch'd, nor borrow'd, but exhaust
By the flame-hair'd Apollos hand:
And at his well-observ'd command,
For you infusde in our retentive braine,
Is now distild thence, through our quilles againe.

Value our verse, as you approue the worth;
And thinke of what they are create,
No Mercenarie hope did bring them forth,
They tread not in that seruile Gate;
But a true Zeale, borne in our spirites,
Responsible to your high Merites,
And an Inuention, freer then the Times,
These were the Parents to our seuerall Rimes,
Wherein Kind, Learned, Enuious, al may view,
That we haue writ worthy our selues and you.

Vatum Chorus.





The first.

THE filuer Vault of heauen, hath but one Eie,
 And that's the Sunne: the foule-maskt Ladie, Night
 (Which blots the Cloudes, the white Booke of the Skie,)
 But one ficke *Phæbe*, feuer-shaking Light:
 The heart, one string: so, thus in single turnes,
 The world one *Phænix*, till another burnes.

The burning.

SVppose here burnes this wonder of a breath,
 In righteous flames, and holy-heated fires:
 (Like Musicke which doth rapt it selfe to death,
 Sweet'ning the inward roome of mans Desires;)
 So she waft's both her wings in piteous strife;
 "The flame that eates her, feedes the others life:
 Her rare-dead ashes, fill a rare-liue vrne:
 "One *Phænix* borne, another *Phænix* burne.

Ignoto.

Z 3



Let the bird of lowdeſt lay,
 On the ſole *Arabian* tree,
 Herald ſad and trumpet be :
 To whoſe ſound chaſte wings obay.

But thou ſhrieking harbinger,
 Foule precurrer of the fiend,
 Augour of the feuers end,
 To this troupe come thou not neere.

From this Seſſion interdict
 Euery foule of tyrant wing,
 Saue the Eagle feath' red King,
 Keepe the obſequie ſo ſtriſt.

Let the Prieſt in Surples white,
 That defunctiue Muſicke can,
 Be the death-deuining Swan,
 Leſt the *Requiem* lacke his right.

And thou treble dated Crow,
 That thy fable gender mak'ſt.
 With the breath thou giu'ſt and tak'ſt,
 Mongſt our mourners ſhalt thou go.

Here the Antheme doth commence,
 Loue and Conſtancie is dead,
Phoenix and the *Turtle* fled,
 In a mutuall flame from hence.

So they loued as loue in twaine,
 Had the eſſence but in one,

Two

Two distincts, Diuision none,
Number there in loue was flaine.

Hearts remote, yet not afunder ;
Diftance and no fpace was feene,
Twixt this *Turtle* and his *Queene* ;
But in them it were a wonder.

So betweene them Loue did fhine,
That the *Turtle* faw his right,
Flaming in the *Phoenix* fight ;
Either was the others mine.

Propertie was thus appalled,
That the felfe was not the fame :
Single Natures double name,
Neither two nor one was called.

Reason in itfelfe confounded,
Saw Diuifion grow together,
To themfelues yet either neither,
Simple were fo well compounded.

That it cried, how true a twaine,
Seemeth this concordant one,
Loue hath Reason, Reason none,
If what parts, can fo remaine.

Whereupon it made this *Threne*,
To the *Phoenix* and the *Doue*,
Co-fupremes and ftarres of Loue,
As *Chorus* to their Tragique Scene.

*Threnos.*

Beautie, Truth, and Raritie,
 Grace in all simplicitie,
 Here enclosde, in cinders lie.

Death is now the *Phoenix* nest,
 And the *Turtles* loyall brest,
 To eternitie doth rest.

Leauing no posteritie,
 Twas not their infirmitie,
 It was married Chastitie.

Truth may seeme, but cannot be,
 Beautie bragge, but tis not she,
 Truth and Beautie buried be.

To this vrne let those repaire,
 That are either true or faire,
 For these dead Birds, figh a prayer.

William Shake-speare.



*A narration and description of a
most exact wondrous creature, arising
out of the Phoenix and Turtle
Doves ashes.*

O Twas a mouing *Epicidium* !
Can Fire ? can Time ? can blackest Fate consume
So rare creation ? No ; tis thwart to fence,
Corruption quakes to touch such excellence,
Nature exclaimes for Iustice, Iustice Fate,
Ought into nought can neuer remigrate.
Then looke ; for see what glorious issue (brighter
Then clearest fire, and beyond faith farre whiter
Then *Dians* tier) now springs from yonder flame ?

Let me stand numb'd with wonder, neuer came
So strong amazement on astonish'd eie
As this, this measurelesse pure Raritie.

Lo now ; th' xtracture of deuineſt *Effence*,
The Soule of heauens labour'd *Quinteſſence*,
(*Peans* to *Phæbus*) from deare Louers death,
Takes sweete creation and all blessing breath.

What strangeneſſe is't that from the *Turtles* ashes
Assumes such forme ? (whose splendor clearer flashes,
Then mounted *Delius*) tell me genuine Muse.

Now yeeld your aides, you spirites that infuse
A sacred rapture, light my weaker eie :
Raife my inuention on swift Phantafie,
That whilst of this fame *Metaphisicall*
God, Man, nor Woman, but elix'd of all
My labouring thoughts, with strained ardor sing,
My Muse may mount with an vncommon wing.

A a

The description of this Perfection.

DAres then thy too audacious sense
 Presume, define that boundlesse *Ens*,
 That amplest thought transcendeth?
 O yet vouchsafe my *Muse*, to greet
 That wondrous rarenesse, in whose sweete
 All praise begins and endeth,
 Diuineſt Beautie? that was slightest,
 That adorn'd this wondrous Brightest,
 Which had nought to be corrupted.
 In this, Perfection had no meane
 To this, Earths pureſt was vncleane
 Which vertue euen instructed.
 By it all Beings deck'd and ſtained,
Ideas that are idly fained
 Onely here ſubſiſt inueſted.
 Dread not to giue ſtrain'd praise at all,
 No ſpeech is Hyperbolicall,
 To this perfection bleſſed.
 Thus cloſe my Rimes, this all that can be ſayd,
 This wonder neuer can be flattered.

*To Perfection.**A Sonnet.*

OFt haue I gazed with aſtoniſh'd eye,
 At monſtrous iſſues of ill ſhaped birth,
 When I haue ſeene the Midwife to old earth,
Nature produce moſt ſtrange deformitie.

So

So haue I marueld to obserue of late,
 Hard fauor'd Feminines so scant of faire,
 That Maskes so choicely, sheltred of the aire,
 As if their beauties were not theirs by fate.

But who so weake of obseruation,
 Hath not discern'd long since how vertues wanted,
 How parcimoniously the heauens haue scantd,
 Our chiefeft part of adoration.

But now I ceafe to wonder, now I find
 The cause of all our monstrous penny-flowes :
 Now I conceit from whence wits scarc'tie growes,
 Hard fauour'd features, and defects of mind.
 Nature long time hath stor'd vp vertue, fairenesse,
 Shaping the rest as foiles vnto this Rarenesse.

Perfectioni Hymnus.

What should I call this creature,
 Which now is growne vnto maturitie ?
 How should I blase this feature
 As firme and constant as Eternitie ?
 Call it Perfection ? Fie !
 Tis perfecter thẽ brightest names can light it :
 Call it Heauens mirror ? I.
 Alas, best attributes can neuer right it.
 Beauties resistlesse thunder ?
 All nomination is too straight of sence :
 Deepe Contemplations wonder ?
 That appellation giue this excellence.
 Within all best confin'd,
 (Now feebler *Genius* end thy flighter riming)

A a 2

* *Differentia*
Deorum & ho-
minum (apud
Senecam) sic ha-
bet nostri
melior pars a-
nimus in illis
nulla pars ex-
tra animum.

No Suberbes* all is *Mind*,

As farre from spot, as possible defining.

John Marston.

Peristeros : or the male Turtle.

Not like that loose and partie-liuer'd Sect
 Of idle Louers, that (as different Lights,
 On colour'd subiects, different hewes reflect ;)

Change their Affections with their Mistris Sights,
 That with her Praise, or Dispraise, drowne, or fote,
 And must be fed with fresh Conceits, and Fashions ;
 Neuer waxe cold, but die : loue not, but dote :

"Loues fires, staid Iudgemēts blow, not humorous Paf-
 Whose Loues vpon their Louers pomp depend, (sions,

And quench as fast as her Eyes sparkle twinkles,

"(Nought lasts that doth to outward worth contend,

"Al Loue in smooth browes born is tomb'd in wrinkles.)

* *The Turtle.* But like the consecrated *Bird of loue,

* *The Phoenix.* Whose whole lifes hap to his *sole-mate alluded,
 Whome no prowde flockes of other Foules could moue,
 But in her selfe all companie concluded.

She was to him th' *Anaisde* World of pleasure,

Her firmenesse cloth'd him in varietie ;
 Excesse of all things, he ioyd in her measure,
 Mourn'd when she mourn'd, and dieth when she dies.
 Like him I bound th' instinct of all my powres,

In her that bounds the Empire of desert,
 And Time nor Change (that all things else deuoures,
 But truth eterniz'd in a constant heart)

Can change me more from her, then her from merit,
 That is my forme, and giues my being, spirit.

George Chapman.

Præ-

Præludium.

W*E must sing too? what Subiect shal we chuse?
Or whose great Name in Poets Heauen use,
For the more Countenance to our Actiue Muse?*

*Hercules? alas! his bones are yet sore,
With his old earthly Labors; t' exact more
Of his dull Godhead, were Sinne: Lets implore*

*Phœbus? No: Tend thy Cart still. Enuious Day
Shall not giue out, that we haue made thee stay,
And foundred thy hote Teame, to tune our Lay.*

*Nor will we beg of thee, Lord of the Vine,
To raise our spirites with thy coniuring Wine,
In the green circle of thy Iuy twine.*

*Pallas, nor thee we call on, Mankind Maide,
That (at thy birth) mad'ft the poore Smith afraide,
Who with his Axe thy Fathers Mid-wife plaide.*

*Go, crampe dull Mars, light Venus, when he snorts,
Or with thy Tribade Trine, inuent new sports,
Thou, nor their looseness with our Making sorts.*

*Let the old Boy your sonne ply his old Taske
Turne the stale Prologue to some painted Maske,
His Absence in our Verse is all we aske.*

A a 3

*Hermes the cheater, cannot mixe with vs,
Though he would steale his sisters Pegafus,
And rifle him ; or pawne his Petafus.*

*Nor all the Ladies of the Thespian Lake,
(Though they were cruſht into one forme) could make
A Beauty of that Merit, that ſhould take*

*Our Muſe vp by Commiſſion : No, we bring
Our owne true Fire ; Now our Thought takes wing
And now an Epode to deep eares we ſing.*

Epos.

“**N**Ot to know *Vice* at all, and keepe true ſtate,
“Is *Vertue* ; and not Fate :
“Next to that *Vertue*, is, to know *Vice* well,
“And her blacke ſpight expell.
Which to effect (ſince no breſt is ſo ſure,
Or ſafe, but ſhee’l procure
Some way of entrance) we muſt plant a guard
Of *Thoughts*, to watch and ward
At th’ *Eye* and *Eare*, (the *Ports* vnto the *Mind* ;)
That no ſtrange or vnkind
Obiect arriue there, but the *Heart* (our ſpie)
Giue knowledge inſtantly.
To wakefull *Reason*, our *Affections* King :
Who (in th’ examining)
Will quickly taſte the *Treaſon*, and commit

Cloſe

Close, the close cause of it.
 "Tis the securest Pollicie we haue,
 "To make our *Sense* our Slaue.
 But this fair course is not embrac'd by many ;
 By many ? scarce by any :
 For either our *Affections* do rebell,
 Or else the *Sentinell*,
 (That shal ring larum to the *Heart*) doth sleepe,
 Or some great *Thought* doth keepe
 Backe the Intelligence, and falsely sweares
 They'r base, and idle Feares,
 Whereof the loyall *Conscience* so complains.
 Thus by these subtile traines,
 Do seuerall *Passions* still inuade the *Mind*,
 And strike our *Reason* blind :
 Of which vsurping ranke, some haue thought *Loue*,
 The first ; as prone to moue
 Most frequent Tumults, Horrors, and Vnrests,
 In our enflamed brests.
 But this doth from their cloud of Error grow,
 Which thus we ouerblow.
 The thing they here call *Loue*, is blind *Desire*,
 Arm'd with *Bow*, *Shafts*, and *Fire* ;
 Inconstant like the Sea, of whence 'tis borne,
 Rough, swelling, like a Storme :
 With whome who failes, rides on the surge of *Feare*,
 And boiles as if he were
 In a continuall Tempest. Now true *Loue*
 No such effects doth proue :
 That is an *Essence* most gentile, and fine.
 Pure, perfect ; nay diuine :
 It is a golden Chaine let down from Heauen,

Whose linkes are bright, and euen
 That fals like Sleepe on Louers ; and combines
 The soft and sweetest *Minds*
 In equal knots : This beares no *Brands* nor *Darts*
 To murder different harts,
 But in a calme and God-like vnitie,
 Preferues *Communitie*.
 O who is he that (in this peace) enioyes
 Th' *Elixir* of all ioyes ?
 (A Forme more fresh then are the *Eden* bowers,
 And lasting as her flowers :
 Richer then *Time*, and as *Times Vertue* rare,
 Sober, as saddest *Care*,
 A fixed *Thought*, an *Eye* vntaught to glance ;)
 Who (blest with such high chance)
 Would at suggestion of a steepe *Desire*
 Cast himselfe from the spire
 Of all his Happineffe ? But soft : I heare
 Some vicious *Foole* draw neare,
 That cries we dreame ; and sweares, there's no such thing
 As this chaste *Loue* we sing.
 Peace *Luxurie*, thou art like one of those
 Who (being at sea) suppose
 Because they moue, the *Continent* doth so :
 No (*Vice*) we let thee know,
 Though thy wild Thoughts with *Sparrowes* wings do flie,
 " *Turtles* can chafly die ;
 And yet (in this t'expresse our selfe more cleare)
 We do not number here
 Such Spirites as are onely continent,
 Because *Lusts* meanes are spent :
 Or those, who doubt the common mouth of *Fame*,
 Because

And for their *Place*, or *Name*,
 Cannot so safely sinne; Their *Chastitie*
 Is meere *Necessitie*,
 Nor meane we those, whom *Vowes* and *Conscience*
 Haue fild with *Abstinence* :
 (Though we acknowledge who can so abstaine,
 Makes a most blessed gaine :
 " He that for loue of goodnesse hateth ill,
 " Is more Crowne-worthy still,
 " Then he which for sinnes *Penaltie* forbears,
 " His *Heart* sinnes, though he feares.)
 But we propose a person like our *Doue*,
 Grac'd with a *Phoenix* loue :
 A beauty of that cleare and sparkling Light,
 Would make a Day of Night,
 And turne the blackest sorrowes to bright ioyes :
 Whose Od'rous breath destroyes
 All taste of Bitternesse, and makes the Ayre
 As sweete as she is faire :
 A Bodie so harmoniously composde,
 As if *Nature* disclofde
 All her best *Symmetrie* in that one *Feature* :
 O, so diuine a Creature
 Who could be false too? chiefly when he knowes
 How onely she bestowes
 The wealthy treasure of her Loue in him ;
 Making his Fortunes swim
 In the full flood of her admir'd perfection?
 What sauage, brute Affection,
 Would not be fearefull to offend a *Dame*
 Of this excelling frame?
 Much more a noble and right generous *Mind*,
 B b

(To vertuous moodes enclin'd)
 That knows the weight of *Guilt*: He will refraine
 From thoughts of such a straine:
 And to his *Sence* obiect this Sentence euer,
 "Man may securely sinne, but safely neuer."

Ben Iohnson.

The Phoenix Analyfde.

NOW, after all, let no man
 Receiue it for a *Fable*,
 If a *Bird* so amiable,
 Do turne into a Woman.

Or (by our *Turtles* Augure)
 That *Natures* fairest Creature,
 Proue of his *Mistris* Feature,
 But a bare *Type* and *Figure*.

Ode ἑνθουσιαστικῇ.

S*plendor!* O more then mortall,
 For other formes come short all
 Of her illustrate brightnesse,
 As farre as Sinne's from lightnesse.

Her wit as quicke, and sprightfull
 As fire; and more delightfull
 Then the stolne sports of *Louers*,
 When night their meeting couers.

Iudgement

Iudgement (adornd with Learning)
 Doth shine in her discerning,
 Cleare as a naked vestall
 Clofde in an orbe of Christall.

Her breath for sweete exceeding
 The *Phoenix* place of breeding,
 But mixt with sound, transcending
 All *Nature* of commending.

Alas : then whither wade I,
 In thought to praise this *Ladie*,
 When seeking her renowning,
 My selfe am so neare drowning ?

Retire, and say ; Her *Graces*
 Are deeper then their *Faces* :
 Yet shee's nor nice to shew them,
 Nor takes she pride to know them.

Ben : Iohnson.

FINIS.



[*In consequence of Dr. Grosart having top-paged his NOTES from the foot-pagings of his TEXT, the top-numbers 189—196 are wanting. The NOTES begin with 197.*]

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

* * * *The References are to the Pagination at the bottom, not at the top.*

Title-page (1601), p. 1. On this see our Introduction. Therein the significance of these words, "Loves Martyr"—"Rosalins Complaint"—"truth of Loue"—"the constant Fate of the Phoenix and Turtle"—"enterlaced with much varietie and raritie"—"now first translated out of the venerable Italian Torquato Caeliano"—"some new compositions, of seuerall moderne Writers"—"whose names are subscribed to their seuerall workes, vpon the first subject: viz. the Phoenix and Turtle," &c., are elucidated. The Latin motto is from Martial, Epigr. i, lxvi, 9.

" (1611), p. 7. On this, similarly see as above. "Annals" is a misprint of the original for "Annals."

Epistle-dedicatory, pp. 3, 4. SIR JOHN SALISBURY. See Introduction for full notices of this specially "honored Knight." Page 3, l. 8, "*Poese & nolle, nobile*"—see our Introduction on this motto; l. 14, "*ripe iudging*" = ripe-judging; ll. 16-17, "*his owne child to be fairest although an Ethiopian*"—a proverbial saying found in all languages; cf. Love's L. L., iv, 3, "Ethiops . . . their sweet complexion"; l. 18, "*infant wit*" = first literary production—answering to the title-page "*the first Essay of a new British Poet*." Page 4, ll. 6-7, "*To the World*," &c. = this shews that "Imprinted for E. B." does not mean a privately-printed book, but one 'published' for 'learned' and 'vulgar,' if so they were minded to buy.

The Authors request to the Phoenix, p. 5. For abundant proofs that by the 'Phoenix' was meant Queen Elizabeth, and by the 'Turtle-doue' the Earl of Essex—see our Introduction; also the same for the further confirmation herein of Shakespere's having favoured Essex. Note—this is the 'Author's request,' not a translation. Line 1, "*beauteous Bird of any*" = the most 'beauteous' of "any" one, and of all birds; l. 9, "*passing*" = surpassing; l. 12, "*Endeououred haue to please in praising thee*"—noticeable and noticed in our Introduction.

To the kind Reader, p. 6, l. 1, "*the sacke of Troy*" = Homer; l. 2, "*Pryams murdred Sonnes*" = Homer; *ib.*, "*nor Didoes fall*" = Virgil; ll. 4-5, "*Of Cæsars Victories*," &c., &c. = Shakespere—"Julius Cæsar" is now generally attributed to 1599-1601; l. 8, "*untun'd stringed*" = untuned-stringed. The motto 'Mea mecum Porto,' are found in Emblem books under a tortoise.

Page 9, *Heading*, l. 2, "*Metaphorically applied to Dame Nature*"—See page 232 on this; l. 4, "*high Star-chamber*" = in the starry sphere—a sphere above the mundane; l. 6, "*heavie burdend*" = heavy-burdened; st. 2, l. 5, "*Lordlike cowardice*"—on this allusion, see Introduction; l. 6, "*fond*" = foolish; *ib.*, "*nice*" = precise, scrupulous, as in Shakespeare, *frequenter*; st. 4, l. 1, "*Imperator*" = supreme ruler, emperor (so Love's L. L., iii, l. 187)—one of Jupiter's titles was "Imperator," and "*firie chair*" is used because he was the prince of light and thunder: cf. p. 16, st. 1, and p. 15, st. 3; l. 4 (p. 10), "*firie chair*" = throne.

„ 10, st. 1, l. 2, "*none-like*," cf. l. 5, "*none such*." Hence not = nun-like, albeit there may possibly have been intended, after the manner of the times and Shakespeare, a quibbling pun and the secondary meaning of 'nun-like' hinted at; l. 4, "*milke-white Doue*"—not = the "turtle-dove," but = the Phoenix; st. 2, l. 1, "*heavenly map*" = a representation in miniature of the heavens; l. 5, "*locks of purest gold*." The 'lock' of Elizabeth's hair preserved at Wilton (within lines by Sir Philip Sidney), remains to attest that her's was of sunbeam-gold, and 'red' only as 'gold' was called "red monie" in ancient ballad and story; st. 4, l. 2, "*cenfure*" = judge; l. 5, "*find*" = find [wherewithal] to cure the wound? "*Tablet*" = table-book—which were often made of ivory.

„ 11, st. 1, l. 2, "*Two Carbuncles*"—from the brilliance, not certainly from the 'red' colour of this gem. "Shineth as Fire . . . whose shining is not overcome by night . . . and it seemeth as it were a flame" (Batman upon B. B., xvi, c. 26; cf. p. 16, st. 4, l. 5). l. 3, "*soueraignise*" = rule as a sovereign; l. 5, "*Sonne*" = sun. Spenser, without *metri gratia*, thus spells the word. See *Shepherd's Calendar*, *frequenter*, and throughout. St. 2, l. 6, "*heavenly Front*"—hyperbolical and explained by l. 5 as the "front of Heaven," the sky. So Shakespeare, "the front of heaven was full of fiery shapes," *Henry IV*, act i, sc. 1, l. 14, *et alibi*; st. 3, l. 5, "*Envie*"—it would seem that 'crystal' was supposed to prevent or "over-come"—envy; st. 4, ll. 1-2. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, ll. 451-2.

"Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield."

ll. 5-6—universally said of Elizabeth; and st. 1, p. 12, and indeed throughout the portraiture. See Introduction. Ll. 5-6 (p. 12), ought to have been put back as in the other stanzas. This has been inadvertently neglected in two or three instances; but is here noted once for all.

„ 12, st. 2, l. 2, "*powers*" = disyllabic form of "pours"; l. 4, "*ratistie*,"

sic; but doubtless a misprint for 'rarietie'=rarity, *metri causa*; st. 3, l. 5, "*love-babies*"=reflections of himself in her eyes; *ibid.*, "*wanton eyes*." See st. 2, l. 2, "perfect chaftitie" and l. 6 of the present stanza, "*doth chaftefize*"=make chaste, with a play perhaps on 'chastize' in its ordinary sense. Hence 'wanton' is used here much as Shakespeare speaks of "wanton boys," *i.e.*, pleasure-loving or gamesome or fondling. See SCHMIDT, *s.v.* So in Spenser, &c., &c. St. 4, ll. 1-2—mingling of ancient and (apparently) modern fable; l. 4, "*glories*" = glories'.

- Page 13, st. 1, ll. 1-2, "*men* may reade *His*"—men = each man of all men; l. 2, evidently the comma after 'woe' is a misprint for a period(.) Note — all these celebrations from "Head" to "Bellie" and onward (p. 6 to "Feete"), shew that a person and a female was intended by the "Phoenix." The "Arabian Phoenix," or bird so-called, is distinguished from the other (st. 3, ll. 3-4); st. 2, l. 1, see our Introduction for an incident in Elizabeth's life illustrative of this; st. 4, "*jee*"—this is misprinted in the original "yea," and perhaps ought to have been so left and noted here. See Postscript to our Introduction for other similar errors, and also certain 'slips' of our own (of no great moment). St. 5, l. 2, "*Gehon*" = Gihon, *Genesis* ii, 13; l. 3, "*prize*"=prized with such honour.
- " 14, st. 2, ll. 5-6. Punctuate (*meo iudicio*) "why, . . . she . . . Angell"; st. 3, l. 4, "*sweet writ*"=sweet-writ; l. 6, "*corporate Soule*"=soul existing in her conjoint body; st. 4=the "Marigold" that has at night, *i.e.*, after the setting and so absence of the sun, closed the glory of her eye, now at her approach unfolds again as she would at the sun's approach; l. 5, "*Phanix*" = Phoenix; l. 6, "*yeeld*" = yield obeisance, as acknowledging their inferiority.
- " 15, st. 1, l. 2, "*Arras cloth*" = a rich kind of tapestry, and so named because the best was made at Arras the capital of Artois; l. 3, "*Satires*"=Satyrs; st. 2, l. 1, "*This Phanix I do feare me will decay*," &c. Elizabeth in 1601, when *Love's Martyr* was published, was well nigh the close of her long life and reign; and making as long an interval as one can well suppose between the composition and publication of the poem, she must have been long past possible maternity before these words could have been written. In the Epistle-dedicatory the Author speaks of his "*long expected labour*"; but the "*long*" could scarcely cover more than comparatively a few years. Every one knows, however, that strong-brained as was the great Queen, she sniffed to the last gratefully and graciously whatever incense of flattery of her person courtiers and poets chose to offer her.

See our Introduction for more on this; st. 4, "*wight*"=white—to agree with its rhyme "outright" (l. 4); l. 5, "*strucke*"=[was] strucke; l. 6, "*Doue*"—again as in page 10, st. 1, l. 4, not the "turtle doue" but = the Phoenix still; l. 5 (p. 16), "*vastie*"=vast, limitless. So in Shakespeare, *frequenter*.

Page 16, st. 1, l. 1, "*temeritie*"—used as from *timor*=timority, fear; st. 2, l. 3, "*extallation*"=extollation; l. 4, either "*deuine-maiesticall*" or comma after "*deuine*"; l. 5, "*painted picture there*"=portrait of Elizabeth as was her wont in all the splendor of "*rich wrought . . . gold*" and jewels; st. 4, l. 5, "*Eyes wanting fire*"=wanting the fire of living eyes. Or does he mean that they flamed or gleamed, but wanted the anger or rage of fire like the carbuncle, as before?

" 17, st. 1, ll. 5-6. In plain prose, get Elizabeth to marry—see next stanza, ll. 5-6; st. 2, l. 2, "*plaine*"=made smooth. So Dr. Henry More (*Chertsey Worthies*' Library edition of his complete Poems, p. 15):

"Such as this Phyllis would, whenas she *plains*
Their Sunday-cloths, and the washt white with azure stains."
(*Psychozoia*, st. 21.)

l. 3, "*painted shape*"=portrait, as before; st. 3, l. 3, "*il working*"=ill-working; l. 4, "*white Brytania*"—so that the 'Phoenix,' beside which that of Arabia was but "*fruitlesse ayre*," was within the "*white cliffs*" of Britain. Be it noted specially—for the punctuation is bad—that while it is "*leau*" (l. 2) and "*leau*" (l. 3) as=let alone, seek not there, in l. 4, it is "*leau me*"=leave to me, in my keeping, or qu., Do you leave? So that neither in Arabia (named as the seat of the mythical 'phoenix') nor in "*white Brytania*"=England, was there a fitting 'mate' (husband) for the Phoenix. Cf. st. 3, ll. 5-6; st. 4, ll. 1-2, "*There is a country, &c. . . Paphos Ile.*" See our Introduction on this very noticeable *bit*; meanwhile, I here record, that by "*Paphos Ile.*" I understand Ireland, whither Essex—as we all know—proceeded. The description that follows is idealized in correspondence with the love-imaginative name given to it of "*Paphos Ile.*" a name than which none could have been more happily chosen, being that of the supreme seat of the worship of Venus (*i.e.*, in such a love-story as this of *Love's Martyr*). l. 5, "*Ciparissus groue*"=Cyparissus—the 'grove' of Phocis, not far from Delphi; l. 6, "*a second Phenix loue*"=Phoenix' love; st. 5, l. 1, "*champion*"=champaign.

" 18, st. 1, l. 1, "*bigge-arm'd*"=big-arm'd; st. 2, l. 5, "*lie*"=lay; l. 6, "*round*"=dance; st. 3, l. 3, "*delight some*"—clearly mis-

- print for 'delightsome'; st. 4, l. 4, "*shelues*" = banks; ll. 5-6 = but the country Gallants with Ulysses eares.
- Page 19, st. 1, ll. 1-2 and 4, "*hissing Adders sting, May not come neere this holy plot of ground*" and, "*Nor poison-spitting Serpent may be found.*" How could Ireland have been more deftly indicated than by the two-fold characteristics of (1) The banishing of all serpents (by St. Patrick), (2) Its proud title of "the Isle of Saints"? st. 2, l. 4, "*Lycorice*" = a plant of the genus *Glycyrrhiza*; *ib.*, "*sweet Arabian spice*" = cinnamon; sts. 3-4, with equal deftness are the Irish residence, and the personal characteristics, and personal appearance, and the services of Essex herein set forth. Who, of all her subjects, could have taken this name of "*Liberall honor*" save Essex? See our Introduction for quotations from Churchyard, Peele, and others, wherein he is exactly thus spoken of. St. 5, l. 3, "*president*" = precedent, exemplar; l. 4 (p. 20), "*his gentle humour spited*" = very noticeable in relation to Essex; ll. 5-6 — a word-picture of Essex.
- „ 20 st. 1, l. 4, "*high hill*" = royal crag-enthroned Windsor; st. 2, l. 2, "*Censure*" = judgment; st. 2, l. 6, "*Ioue ioyne these fires,*" &c. = marry Elizabeth and Essex.
- „ 20, *An Introduction to the Prayer*, st. 1, l. 2, "*Thou elementall fauourer of the Night*" — Is the reference to God's manifestation of Himself, e.g., on Sinai, and within the temple in "clouds and darkness"? Cf. *Deuteronomy*, iv, 11; 2 *Samuel*, xxii, 12; *Psalms*, xcvi, 2; and 1 *Kings*, viii, 10-12; *Leviticus*, xvi, 2; and cognate passages. St. 2 (p. 21), l. 6, "*Turtle-doue*" = Essex — as hereafter will appear.
- „ 21, *A Prayer made, &c.* See Introduction on this "*siluer coloured Dove*" (not the "Turtle-doue"), and the force of "*applied*"; st. 1, l. 4, "*sad*" = serious or solemn: or qu. intensitive?
- „ 22, st. 2, l. 1, "*her*" — shewing it is not the 'Turtle-doue' (described as "he" onward); l. 4, the comma after "*baite*" certainly ought to have been a period (.); st. 4, l. 1, "*leadst*" = ledst, i.e., past tense; *ib.*, "*red coloured waues*" = red-coloured. The 'Red Sea' is meant — see *Exodus*, xiv, and parallel passages. I remember seeing the 'Red Sea,' off the Desert of Sinai, red as blood, not merely under the purple splendor of the marvellous sunset — a hue common to all sunsets — but from myriad infusoria so far as I could make out. So that "red-coloured waues" is not a mere fancy, much less a blunder — such as Wordsworth's when he speaks of Baalbec rising from bare sands, whereas its site is a glorious fertile plain. l. 5 (p. 23) "*what*" — qu. misprint for 'that' or 'which'?
- „ 23, st. 1, ll. 6-7 = do not let her [Elizabeth] remain a "*Virgin Queen*"

—let her marry—she the “siluer coloured doue” to him the “turtle-doue.”

Page 23, *To those of light beliefs*, st. 1, l. 6, “*abandoning deceit*”=fiction has hitherto been mingled with fact, e.g., in the hyperbolic and so ‘deceptive’ description of Ireland as “Paphos Ile”; st. 3, l. 1, “*gentle Reader*”—another note of publication.

„ 24, *A meeting Dialogue-wife betweene Nature, &c.*, st. 1, l. 6, “*thy breasts beauteous Eie*”=spots eye-like, as of the peacock, pheasant, and (of course) the mythical ‘phoenix’; st. 2, l. 4, “*never with*”=never [be] with; st. 3, l. 4, “*relenting*”=sorrowful or sorrowing. Here is touched the popular and indestructible belief that the only genuine love-passion Elizabeth ever had was for Essex. More anon. L. 6 (p. 25), “*for vertue*”=on account of thy, or in admission of thy virtue, &c., sing; l. 7, “*reuerend*”=reuerenced.

„ 25, st. 1, l. 7, “*I do bayte my hooke*”—a throb of penitent confession of her laying ‘baits’ for Essex, drawing him on and ‘hooking’ him, winning his burning love and devotion, yet playing him false; st. 2, l. 5, “*sullen Mirth*”—the very type of Elizabeth’s moody mirth and sadness, bursts of scorn and passion and aching melancholy; st. 3, l. 1, “*vading*.” I may refer here to a note in my edition of Southwell, *s.v.*, for the distinction between ‘vading’ and ‘fading.’ l. 5, “*Sunne-bred*”—speaking as the ‘Phoenix’; *ibid.*, “*exhall*”=exhale; ll. 6–7 —“*Enuie*” is the uttermost word that the Poet dared use. He makes the Queen hint at the contest between the Queen and the woman, the passionate love and the self-restraint thought to be due to herself. She fain “would loue” and follow it up with marriage; but what, marry a subject? “There was the rub.” Other considerations were also blended, e.g., I fear what my subjects may say to my marrying a subject and what their ‘envy’ may attempt on him. We must remember that the nobles were far more powerful and jealous of one another than in our day, and even Elizabeth might well fear displeasing them by such a step. See st. 4, l. 5, beginning at p. 26, and p. 26, st. 1, ll. 3–6; also p. 27, st. 1, and p. 28, st. 2 and 3. See too “*Enuie*” is changed to “*Malice*” (p. 26) ll. 6–7; st. 4, l. 1, “*Tablitorie*”=the old tablet (*metri gratia*, as “*glorie*” is the rhyming word) given by Minshew as a necklet, necklace or brooch: “*Monile quod gestantem virtutis admoneat, nam primum ob aliquod egregium factum clari solebat.*” One can’t vouch for the accuracy of this Latin explanation; but it shews the prevalent idea, and it agrees with the use of “*tablitorie*” in the text—a *tablierium* is called mappula, mantle.

- Page 26, st. 1, l. 4, "*fond suspicions cage*"—here and elsewhere there is a glance back on the early perilous years of Elizabeth under her sister Mary; l. 7, "thy"—*sic*, but somewhat obscure; st. 2, l. 7, "*And waste*"=while I waste; st. 3, l. 6, "*yong, frell, greene*"—no doubt with application to the 'Phoenix,' but underlying this a reference, as already noted, to Elizabeth's beautiful youthhood, when beyond all question she was a magnificent creature; *ibid*, "*passé*"=pass away, die; l. 7, "*steeld glasse*"=mirror of steel. Note—There is intentional anachronism in order to give scope for just 'praise' of Elizabeth; nor are these touches on her 'yong' maiden days the least precious *bits* for us to-day; st. 4, l. 1, "*Continent*"=container is that which contains anything. So *frequenter* in Shakespeare and contemporaries, and later.
- „ 27, st. 1, l. 5, "*totterd*"=tattered—as in Shakespeare and contemporaries; *ibid*, "*ragd*"=ragged; st. 2, l. 7, "*the performance bears the greater sway*"=deed better than words, action than threats.
- „ 28, st. 1, l. 3, "*Toades themselves did wound*"—*i.e.*, did wound one another—so letting out by their 'wounds' their unfragrant poison (mythical); l. 4, "*poysoned*," *i.e.*, infected with poison, being a poison-natured thing = poisonous; l. 5, "*sent*"=scent; st. 2, l. 3, "*As he hath had in his dayes secret prying*"—hints at 'secret' influences against Elizabeth in the days of Mary; l. 4, "*calmie*"=calming or qu.—tranquil? l. 7, "*Amarous*"—*sic*=amorous; st. 3, l. 1, "*Villanie*"=Envie—as previously described; l. 4, "*true harted*"=true-hearted; ll. 6-7—another genuine cry out of the woman's heart—let the title of the poem be remembered of *Love's Martyr*, &c. Let it also be remembered, that so early as Peele's "*Eglogue Gratulatorie*." Entitled: To the right honourable, and renowned Shepheard of Albions Arcadia: Robert Earle of Essex and Ewe, for his welcome into England from Portugall" (1589), the burden is "*Envy doth aye true honours deeds despise*." See our Introduction.
- „ 29, st. 1, l. 4, "*coyle*"=tumult. Cf. *Tempest*, act i, sc. 2. St. 2, l. 2, "*his Throne*," *i.e.*, of Essex, who really held the 'Throne' of Elizabeth's heart—the 'his' here is subtle and fine; l. 5, "*ore charge*"=o'er charge; st. 3, l. 1, "*petuifh*"=petulant, fretful; l. 7, "*I*"=Aye; st. 4,—query, should the punctuation be 'Light.' 'deplore';
- „ 30, st. 1, l. 7, "*Balsamum*"=balsam. *Comedy of Errors*, act iv, sc. 1. st. 2, l. 2, "*Anker-hold*" and l. 6, "*plot of Ground*"=the soil that holds your anchor, or fastners of the flukes on the ground; st. 3, l. 3, "*the Roake my ship did seeke to shiner*"=seeke to shiver my Ship; l. 7, "*dissembling Loue*"—another sting of

conscience — she dissembled the love that was really in her heart; st. 4, l. 5, "*peruse*" = survey or run over with an observant eye; l. 6, "*where*" = which?

Page 31, st. 1, l. 3, "*Mace*" = sceptre, as before; l. 7, "*Paphos Ile*" = the island of Venus (Love) as before; st. 2-3 — a passionate description of Elizabeth's 'suspect' and dangerous early years; st. 3, l. 2, "*shadow*" = over-shadow, eclipse; st. 4, l. 2, "*In youth*," &c. — peculiarly true of Elizabeth — 'tyred' seems a misprint for 'tryed'; l. 7, "*feathered head*" = adorned with feathers as young high-stationed maidens were, but of course here as being to the 'Phoenix'; *ib.*, "*a crowne*" — explicit enough surely as to the "Phoenix" being Elizabeth, albeit this 'crown' (in 1601) is a heavenly crown, or perchance of marriage. See l. 3, *et seq.* of the stanza.

„ 32, st. 1. The real heart-thoughts of the Queen are here expressed. Be it thoughtfully marked, that this "Ile of Paphos" (l. 3) "this rich Ile" had held the 'Turtle' and that the 'Turtle' is a male — "*his nest*" (l. 7) and so Nature conducts them thither, *i.e.*, to Ireland — as before; st. 2, l. 5, "*understand*" = learn of his whereabouts; st. 3, l. 3, "*fond*" = foolish; l. 4, "*vast Cell*," *i.e.*, however "vaste," a palace itself becomes a prison-cell where Suspicion and Envy are the keepers — as in Elizabeth's case.

„ 33, st. 1, l. 5, "*unfret*" = musical term with reference to *frets* or cross bars; l. 7, "*Honor that Isle that is my sure defence*" — here the Queen speaks rather than the 'Phoenix,' and thus throughout the mask (not unintentionally) slips aside and shews not 'bird' (however lustrous and wonderful), but the august face of Elizabeth herself; st. 2, l. 3, "*high states*" = people of state; l. 6, "*Pyramides*" — a quadrisyllable as *frequenter* contemporaneously, being long of naturalizing; l. 7, "*Strond*" = strand, shore; st. 3, l. 2, "*Greene Springing*" = Green-springing; l. 4, "*Faire running*" = Faire-running; l. 5, "*Sweet flowers Dew*" [= dew] distils — example of verb singular after nom. plural (perhaps through the interposition of 'that') and so the previous line; *ib.*, "*balmy Dew*" — on Hermon I found the abundant dew thus fragrant. The southern-wood and thyme and other richly-scented under-growths, being literally steeped in the dew, so filled the air with perfume as to 'nip' (so-to-say) one's eyes. I have found the same in Greece, and indeed in many places. l. 6, "*Great peopled*" = Great-peopled; st. 4, l. 3, "*intreat*" = treat, elongated, *i.e.*, speak of; l. 4, "*Their Founder*" = [And of] their Founder; l. 6, "*Warres wald*" — this must be intended for 'walled,' albeit the meaning is not

exactly clear. Query—each of the ‘cities’ being ‘walled’ was a ‘Defender’ in time of ‘Warres.’ The singular ‘Defender’ answers to the singular ‘Founder’ where we might have expected the plural. It cannot well have been a misprint for ‘wild,’ *i.e.*, wild warres Defender, “wa” coming in through the “wa” of “warres”; l. 7, “*Not battred yet with Times controlling Mace,*” *i.e.*, the ‘walls’ of the cities celebrated, which, though no longer in their original strength, were still to be seen in part, as is still the case.

Page 34, Margin—“*Northumbers*”=Northumberland; l. 3, “*this large Ile of sweete Britania*”—be it noted once more that the ‘Phoenix’ as = Elizabeth is naturally observant of the ‘cities’ of her own “Large Ile.” There is no meaning in the full enumeration and description of these cities except as they were under the sovereignty of Elizabeth. It is not deemed expedient to annotate here the numerous persons and places celebrated. The historical and county authorities are readily accessible, and thither the student-reader is referred; st. 2, l. 3, “*well planted*” = well-planted; l. 4, “*Called in this age the newly-build’d Minster, Still kept in notable reparation*”—Stowe, in his *Chronicles*, tells us of the ‘reparation’ of Winchester Cathedral in Elizabeth’s reign, *s.v.*; l. 6, “*famous builded*” = famous-builded; st. 3, l. 5, “*Neotus du action*” = Neotus; st. 4, “*new got*” = new-got.

„ 35, st. 1, ll. 3-4, “*the whole Romish Legion to sing. And to record,*” &c.—“*sing*” points apparently to ballads of his exploits, albeit there is the objection that it was his defeated enemies whom he made to sing. But our poet is not skilful and o’ times oblivious. Line 4 can scarcely be otherwise explained. Does this use of ‘sing’ reveal the age of our present expression or of an equivalent to it, of ‘singing small,’ as evidence of defeat. There is also “singing in a lower key,” and the like. St. 4, l. 5, “*His*” = its; *ib.*, “*Leyls*” = Leil of st. 3, l. 2. But all this semi-fabulous or wholly fabulous chronicle calleth for no ‘pains’ of elucidation; l. 7, “*large Brytania*” = “*large Ile,*” p. 34, st. 1, l. 3. So also p. 36, st. 3, l. 3, “*large Britanicus*”—doubtless an early phrase for “Great Britain”—for he evidently supposed that Scotland was, at that time, a tributary of England, and the last name he avoids. See p. 36, st. 3, l. 3. His use of the word (Scottish) “sect” agrees; for a “sect” is a part cut off. But “sect” in text is applied to the people, not to the country.

„ 35, st. 4, ll. 6-7 = the city doth only remain under the newer name of Edinburgh, *i.e.*, Edinburgh.

„ 37, st. 1, l. 4, “*stay’d*” = out stay’d; st. 2, On this significant stanza, see

our Introduction; st. 3, l. 2, "*the Princes*" = James VI; l. 3, "*graces*"—singular verb, instead of the previous plural one, "*beautifie,*" *metri causa*; l. 4, "*Emperizing.*" This type of verb is frequent contemporaneously. The meaning is—imperial towers so magnificent as to be worthy of an emperor, or such as will, of themselves, imperialize either the statues adorning it, or the persons inhabiting. l. 5, "*Times controlling houres,*" cf. p. 33, st. 4, l. 7, "*Times controlling Mace*"—"Controlling" seems a favorite word. See again here, st. 4, l. 4, "*controlling neighbours.*"

Page 38, st. 1, l. 1, "*Pagon*"—*metri causa*, *i.e.*, "*yrón*" in l. 3; st. 2, l. 5, "*after time*" = after-time; l. 6, "*deare begotten*"—deare-be-gotten. What an odd jumble of mythology and history we have here! St. 3, l. 2, "*this worlds great wonder*" the great wonder of this world; l. 6, "*Regiment*" = government; st. 4, l. 5, "*lightned*" = gave light to; l. 7, "*That to her wake Sene yeilded Hector's name*"—*qu.* = that the stronger sex had to yield or vail Hectors name to hers?

„ 39, st. 2, l. 2, "*bountie*"—deriving it from *bonitas*, one sense of which is goodness or honesty; l. 3, "*uncomprehensible*" = [The character of her deed] not to be duly estimated. The word is used as justification of her act in killing a 'guest.' l. 7, "*Sijar*" *Sisera*; st. 3, l. 1, a comma after Hebrew would have shewn 'worthie' to be an adjective here.

„ 40, st. 1, l. 4, "*indubitate*"—we should say 'indubitable,' *i.e.*, not to be questioned; l. 7, "*esurped*" = usurping—the common interchange of such words is explained by considering that the old form is not passive, and that as a past or perfect it gives the idea of continuance in, or being in the state of usurpation; l. 8, "*condescend*" = submit; l. 9, "*re obtain'd*" = re-obtained; st. 2, l. 2, "*Queene,*" &c.—one wonders how this was scanned by the author; l. 5, "*forsaken*" = God-forsaken; st. 3, l. 1 punctuate "*Naples, true-borne*"; st. 4, l. 2, "*Progenie*" birth (by descent) or pedigree—similarly used in *Henry IV*, iii, 3, l. 61; *Coriol*, i, 8, l. 12—not offspring as now; l. 5, "*Which Truth can never burne,*" &c.—Truth is not here the burner or person who would burn their fames, but a truth which can never burn, &c.; l. 7 (p. 41) "*memorie*" = memorial.

„ 41, st. 2, l. 7, "*States*" = people of state; "*brooke*" = bear but *ritimi gratia*.

Here followeth the Birth, Life, &c.

„ 43, l. 3, "*no such mā euer to be living*" = to have lived; l. 6, "*more be-holding to the French, the Romane, the Scot, the Italian,*" &c. See our Introduction on this and other books, &c., referred to. l. 8, "*who*"—refers not to countrymen, but to the previous

substantives; l. 13, "*Gallie*" = Galliae; l. 19, "*renowned*" = renowned. Nearer its French source *renommé* than our spelling. l. 25, "*turned from French prose into English metter*"—see our Introduction, as before; st. 1. 4, "*Memorie*" = memorials, as before.

- Page 44, *The strange Birth, &c.*, st. 1, l. 5, "*high minded*" = high-minded; st. 2, l. 2, "*wittie*" = wise; l. 4, "*allies*"—not as now used, but = the verb "ally," i.e., the feudatory princes of next stanza; st. 3, l. 2, "*hot bred*" = hot-bred; st. 4, l. 1, "*passing*" = surpassing; l. 3, "*supprize*" = suppress, *causa metri*; l. 5 (p. 45), "*unequall*" = unequalled—probably a printer's error.
- „ 45, st. 2, l. 2, "*fond*" = foolish; l. 3, "*not penetrable*" = not [being] able to penetrate; l. 4, "*could not insife*"—licentiously for could not keep [it] in, &c., i.e., how it sped with her; st. 3, l. 2, "*darke duskie mantle*"—so the analogous phrase in Shakespeare "Night's black mantle," not only in *Romeo and Juliet*, but also in 3 *Henry VI*, act iv, sc. 2; l. 4, "*invade*" = cause to invade or make invade any one; ll. 5-6—the inverted commas may or may not indicate a quotation; for the practice was loose. They seem to have been used to direct attention to what the writer would hold as a noticeable saying or golden sentence, much as we use *italics*.
- „ 46, st. 1, l. 1, punctuate comma after "*Musicke*," certainly; l. 2, "*found*" = sounding, i.e., striking or touching; l. 5, "*immedious*"—better than our unmelodious; st. 2, l. 4, "*blacke gloom'd*" = black-gloom'd; st. 5, l. 2, "*secret folly*" = done in secret; but it was the king's folly, not her's; besides, she had told her husband. See p. 45, st. 2, l. 5, "*Bet straight*," &c.
- „ 47, st. 1, l. 3, "*vitailles*" = victuals; st. 2, l. 2, "*out*" = giving egress; st. 4, l. 4, "*his warres loud Alarums overcame*," &c. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, l. 700; *Taming of a Shrew*, i. 1. No doubt a phrase of the day, an 'alarum' being, from its nature, peculiarly loud.
- „ 48, st. 1, l. 2, "*diseafe*" = uneasiness, trouble; st. 2, l. 4, "*Moderator*" = mediator? In Presbyterian Church-order, the president or chairman, ruler or guider of the Session of a Congregation, of a Presbytery, of a Synod, of a General Assembly, is still called the 'Moderator'; see "Synod" at p. 9, st. 1, l. 3. It was also used in same way in English Universities later. Cf. Cleveland's *Vindicie*, 1677, p. 214. l. 5, "*unscene*" = experience, such as never in other has been 'seen'; st. 3, l. 3, "*thwarted*" = crossed—an odd adaptive use of the word; l. 5, "*baseness*" = lowliness, humility; l. 5, "*Alas*" = interjection merely, not meaning as now, something to be lamented; st. 5, l. 1, "*heft*" = behest.

- Page 49, st. 1, l. 2, "*amaine*" = suddenly or forcefully; st. 2, l. 2, "*uncomprehended*" = uncomprehended; l. 3, "*embracements met*" = [he] met.
- „ 50, st. 1, l. 4, punctuate rather "intent." (period); l. 5, "done." (period); for "That . . . done" is the king's reply; st. 2, l. 6, "*possess her Husbands sweetnesse*," i.e., the 'sweetnesse' she gives to her husband—as frequently in Shakespeare; st. 3, l. 5, "*diseased*" = uneasy, troubled, as before; st. 4, l. 4, period, not comma, after 'ieft'; but in our author the comma serves for every other punctuation-mark; l. 6, "*sweet'st got*" = sweet'st-got.
- „ 51, st. 1, l. 1—rather subtile lust-directed; l. 2, "*new found*" = new-found; l. 6, "*Caister*" [= Caister] *Swannes*. Cf. p. 43, l. 7 [Greekes]; l. 6, verb singular to plural nominative again; st. 2, l. 5, "*unrecalled time*" = time past, time already spent, i.e., as other—ed forms—time that is in a state not to be recalled; st. 3, l. 4, "*croakt*" = croaked—it may have been accidental, but "croakt" is the more imitative word; st. 4, l. 1, "*lawne-like Hand*" = white as 'lawne'—taken with next line, it seems like a poor remembrance of *Venus and Adonis*, l. 590, and *Lucrece*, ll. 258–9; l. 2, "*dissembling Husband*" = passing himself off as her husband; cf. p. 30, st. 3, l. 7, for the word. = [She] Being, &c.
- „ 52, st. 1, l. 1, "*late betrayed*" = late-betrayed; l. 4, "*amaine*"—from Saxon *a* and *meegn* = to do a thing forcibly or with one main object, and therefore also quickly, suddenly. Here it means much or plentifully. St. 2, l. 2 = the injuries done to her life 'unspotted' hitherto in intent. Cf. p. 53, st. 1, l. 4. St. 3, l. 3, "*where*" = whereas, since; st. 4, l. 2, "*lustie stomacke youthfull*" = lustie-stomacke youthfull.
- „ 53, st. 1, l. 3 = to answer [as to] . . . st. 2, l. 6, "*late did bleffe*" = late in the day; st. 3, l. 4, "*well-disposed*" = well-disposed; st. 4, l. 2, "*passing true*" = surpassing true; or it may be "passing-true" in the sense of Goldsmith's humble Vicar, "passing rich on forty pounds a year."
- „ 54, st. 2, l. 1—punctuate comma after "child," and also after "Posterne" (l. 5); st. 3, l. 2, "*rich bearing Burthen*" = rich, bearing-Burthen.
- „ 55, st. 4, l. 2—punctuate comma after "Saxons."
- „ 56, st. 4, l. 1, "*Regiment*" = government, rule, as before. Every one remembers John Knox's "Monstrous Regiment of Women": st. 4, somewhat jumbled.
- „ 57, *The Coronation of King Arthur*, &c., st. 1, l. 3, "*high states*" = people of high state, as before; st. 3, l. 4, "*him*" = himself, as frequently at that time; l. 6 (p. 58) "*dignified*" = crowned.
- „ 58, st. 1, l. 5, "*Being the Metropolitall in nobilitie*" = hexameter?; st. 2,

- l. 3—a syllable wanting and apparently before “Kings”—qu. [‘stoute’] “Kings”: st. 3, ll. 4, 5—such that Envy is unable to tear the nobility or trueness of their hearts from their breasts; st. 4, l. 5 (p. 59), “*neare*”=ne’er.
- Page 59, *The Epistle*, &c. Be it noted that we have here and onward blank verse: l. 11, “*or’ proud*”=over-proud.
- „ 60, l. 7, “*Emperie*”=empire, and so p. 61, l. 5, and p. 64, l. 13; l. 8—punctuate comma after “that”; l. 21, “*re demaund*”=re-demaund; l. 29, “*arbitement*”=arbitrament.
- „ 61, *Cador the Duke*, &c. l. 1, “*Renowned*”=renowned, as before. See p. 43, l. 19: *ibid.* “*Britaine*”=Briton, *i.e.* Arthur: or qu. = Britons, *i.e.* Britaine[s] to rhyme with ‘veines’; l. 6—bad comma after ‘continuall’—p. rhaps I ought to have in this instance deleted it and noted the fact here: qu.—“long-continuall”=long-continued?; l. 13, “*But buried in obliuious loathsome caue*”—cf. “Envy in her loathsome cave,” 2 *Henry VI.*, iii, 2; l. 15, “*pale-fac’d cowardine*”—cf. “pale-faced coward,” *Venus and Adonis*, l. 569.
- „ 62, l. 1, “*our armour from our backs*”—cf. “armour on our back,” 2 *Henry VI.*, v, 2; l. 8, “*dull edg’d*”=dull-edged.
- „ 63, l. 6, “*braves*”=bravadoes; l. 13, “*garboiles*”=Garbouille, *Fr.*, tumults: l. 15—“*this*”—put comma after “this”; or qu.—misprint for ‘his’?; l. 2 (from bottom), “*sometimes*”=aforetimes (not ‘aforetime’) it being notorious that there were several subjections of Britain after Julius Cæsar.
- „ 64, l. 8, “*Market place*”=Market-place; l. 12, “*enthronis’d*”=enthroned. See *Nares*, *s.v.*, for interesting examples; l. 15, “*their*”=the Roman; and so l. 17.
- „ 65, *The Answer*, &c., l. 1, “*experiment*”=experience; l. 4, “*post expedition*”=post-expedition; l. 5, “*voyage*”=journey (not necessarily as now by sea); l. 8, “*Victoria*”=victory; l. 13, “*Which*” [read]... with; l. 12, parenthetical; l. 17, “*for to*” and see p. 66, ll. 14, 15, 17; p. 73, st. 3, l. 4; p. 74, st. 2, l. 2, and st. 3, l. 3; p. 76, l. 2; p. 80, st. 3, l. 2; in Spenser, but rarely in Shakespeare; l. 20, “*Not violating*,” &c.—this line is obscure. Its *intention* is to express, probably, that the so doing violates no laws of arms, or is not a course without justification according to the established laws which regulate the employment of arms in defence of one’s rights; but it fails in giving expression to such a thought. The laws of the duello, *i.e.*, the causes which would justify such an appeal, were in that age rigidly laid down. Query—should we read “Not violating *lawe* and hostile *Armes*”? This comes a little nearer to the above-given meaning; l. 30, “*truc hearted*”=truc-hearted.
- „ 66, l. 9, “*gaue the Armes*”—The ‘armes’ that Constantine was supposed

to bear was a representation of the miraculously-appearing cross—a white cross (I think) in an azure field. It is the "Roman empire" Chester refers to; but there may have been a sub-reference, and a Protestant argument that the 'arnes' of Rome did not come from St. Peter; the first l'ope according to the Roman Catholic myth. *Angusell King, &c.*, l. 2, "ful fraught" = full-fraught, *i.e.*, freighted well or fully.

- Page 67, l. 6, "hautie" = haughty, and cf. p. 68, st. 2, l. 1. "hawtie"; see also p. 74, st. 1, l. 4, "hautie courage"; p. 75, st. 4, l. 2, "hautie mind"; p. 81, st. 4, l. 3, "hautie hearts"; l. 12, "but meet"—a not uncommon form of phrase at the time, and equivalent to our now only colloquial and vulgar "let me *only* meet you, that's all"; l. 13, "thrift" = thirst—so in Spenser, *Fairie Queene*, ii, vi, 17; *ib.* "sweet revenge." Cf. "sweet as my revenge" (*Coriolanus*, v, 3). So too (*Titus Andronicus*), "O sweet Revenge, now do I come" (v, 2), and "sweet revenge grows harsh" (*Othello*, act v, sc. 2); l. 22, "meacocks" = tame, or cowardly or milk-sop; so *Taming of Shrew* (ii, 1) "a meacock wretch can make the curtest shrew." Cf. Euphries M, l. 6; l. 23, "fond" = foolish.
- „ 68, st. 1, l. 3, "Martialis" = soldier. So William Browne—"A brave heroick, worthy martialist" (*Brit. Past.*, i, 5); st. 2, l. 4, "new-decayed" = only lately decaying; st. 3, l. 2, "loud winded" = loud-winded; *ib.* "checke the aire." Cf. st. 4, l. 5, "Cuffing the ayre"; st. 4, l. 4, "well read" = well-read; l. 6, "gaudinesse"—The reference is to the well-appointed and fine and, as it were, holiday-appearance of King Arthur's joyfulness. Cf. p. 79, st. 1, ll. 3-4—there is a sub-reference to 'joyfulness' as an attendant meaning; st. 5, l. 4 (p. 69), "de Or" = of gold or golden.
- „ 69, st. 1, l. 1, "assumpted" = assumed, taken up; l. 5, "Vert" = green (in heraldry); st. 3, l. 2, "bad deseruing" = bad-deserving; l. 4, "full refine" = full-refined; st. 4, l. 3, "unpure" = impure; l. 6, "by this Signe" = in baptism, *i.e.*, the sign of the cross as used by Roman Catholics and Church of England in baptism.
- „ 70, st. 1, l. 4, "Apostatus" = apostate in its transition-form. It occurs thus in the well-known Optick Glasse of Humours (1639), applied to Julian and elsewhere; st. 3, l. 1, punctuate with a comma (,) after 'Charles'; l. 3, "early rising" = early-rising.
- „ 71, st. 3, l. 3, "three Toades"—The nickname for a Frenchman to this day or for a Jerseyite is Johnny Crapeaud = Johnny (the) toad. The line is parenthetical; for the only "pourtraiture of commendation by honor" belonging to the English Kings were the 3 fleurs de lis or lilies, st. 2, l. 6; st. 4, l. 1, "barbed"—as in Shakespere (*Richard II*, act iii, sc. 3) "barbed steeds to stables," and

(*Richard III*, act i, sc. 1) "mounted *barbed* steeds" = barbed by corruption from *barde* or *barred* = armed; st. 4, ll. 5-6, wrong grammar 'their' and 'conqueror.'

- Page 72, st. 1, l. 3, "*Who*" . . . no antecedent to this "*Who*"—*Who* (= *Time*) with their *gilded* shews in opposition to those whose armour is strongly made (l. 1)—the combined nominative to "*are*"; st. 2, l. 1, "*Calis*" = Calais; l. 3, "*regiment*" = rule, government; l. 4, "*convince*" = conquer—so too p. 85, l. 9; l. 5, "*Roane*" = Rouen; st. 3, l. 5, "*Ifland*" = Iceland—a very mythical conquest of Arthur, if he be meant. Query—is "*Ifland*" a misprint for "*Ireland*"? Singularly enough the same question has to be put on the use of the word by Raleigh, e.g., "*If my fleet go for Ilande, and that your Lordshipp,*" &c. The Editor annotates, "*So in MS.*" (Edwards' *Raleigh*, vol. ii, p. 121.)
- „ 73, st. 1, l. 6, "*loß*"—perhaps the Author intended "*lose*"; st. 2, l. 2—a third example of a parenthetical line; l. 3, "*so inestimable*" = [was] so inestimable—understood from l. 1; st. 4, ll. 2 and 4—*Lucius* and *Tiberius* of course the same man; st. 5, l. 1, "*retraite*" = retreat; l. 5, "*Who*" (p. 74)—another example of "*Who*" with an odd antecedent "*Who foraged abott*" meaning they [the British], but the only expressed antecedent is the "*British name*" and only becomes "*Britains*" in next stanza.
- „ 74, st. 2, l. 1, "*Mirmedons*," i.e., *myrmidons* = Primarily a people on the borders of Thessaly who went with Achilles to the Trojan war. Hence it came to designate unscrupulous followers.
- „ 75, st. 4, l. 2, "*Cousin*," i.e., for relationship generally. He was uncle. Such is royal style still.
- „ 76, st. 1, l. 1, "*Haggard*" = a wild hawk, i.e., a hawk un-mannered or un-reclaimed, *agrius*, *unmansuetus*; st. 2, l. 4, "*fond*" = foolish; *Mordreds* smart, i.e., the smart caused by Mordred. The "*who*" (l. 5) is "*Arthur*," as shown by next line, though the ill-chosen word "*unnatural*" (like the "*intemperate*" of l. 3) seems to make against this; st. 4, l. 6, "*landing*" = a landing (*ib.*)
- „ 77, st. 1, l. 5, "*withstand*" = stand against him with or withstand him with; st. 4, l. 2, "*mappe of Honor*." Cf. *Richard II*, act v, sc. 1, "*Thou map of honor*," and so 2 *Henry VI*, act iii, sc. 1. l. 4, "*life Liege*" = life-Liege; st. 5, l. 3, "*scan*"—punctuate with; and, after '*memorie*' in next line—'*scan*' is used, as so often, *rythmi causa*.
- „ 78, st. 1, l. 4, "*auncestrie*"—odd use of the word; l. 6, "*loofe*" = lose; st. 2, l. 2, "*Angusel*" . . . He was king of Scotland and brought 10,000 horse-men to assist Arthur; l. 5, "*was*" = verb singular after nominative plural ('*bones*' = body); st. 3, l. 6, "*quaild*" = quelled—so spelled to rhyme with '*sail'd*.'

- Page 79, st. 2, l. 3, "*prond-gather'd*": st. 3, l. 2, "*fame-acthieuing*" = fame-achieving or achieving; l. 4, "*Pridwin*" = Arthur's shield. Drayton has celebrated it (along with his sword) — "With Pridwin his great shield, and what the proof could bear." (*Polyb.* song iv.) Chester calls it his 'sword' (erroneously.) st. 3, l. 5, "*vnfene immortalie*" — mere "words, words, words," *rythmi causa*; st. 4, l. 3, "*lofed*" = loosed; l. 4, "*amaz'd*" — frequently used contemporaneously for 'amated' or disheartened or disturbed — also in the sense of our own 'maze,' signifying to be in a maze, or as one in a maze — the latter in the text.
- „ 80, st. 1, l. 3, "*deferu's*" — perhaps 'deferu'd' was intended by the Author; st. 2, l. 5, "*gaue*" — again, and like the use of 'funerall' in line before, *rythmi causa*; st. 3, l. 3, "*Bardh*" — sic; *ibid.*, "*duifon*" = Welsh (divided into) verse, or music. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, act iii, sc. 5, "The lark makes sweet division"; l. 5, "*forefuit*" = fore-said; st. 4, l. 6, "*inscripted*" = inscribed, as 'assumpted' before (p. 69, st. 1, l. 1.)
- „ 81, st. 1, l. 2, "*vitail*" = actes when vitall; st. 2, l. 6, "*enter*" = inter; st. 3, l. 4, "*out cries*" = out-cries; l. 6, "*controule*" = haue power over, *metri causa*: st. 4, l. 3 = high-proud or high-proud-hautie.
- „ 82, st. 1, l. 4, "*Memorie*" = memorial, as before; l. 6, put hyphen (-) thus certainly — "*well-fet . . . bigge-lim'd*"; st. 3, ll. 5-6 — a typical instance of Chester's extremely unskilful use of language sometimes. Line 4 and ll. 3-4 must be accounted parenthetical, and then we obtain this — But that [one] was greater than the rest; had it been 'lesser' [.] Britain would have been blessed, *i.e.*, Arthur had not died.
- „ 83. *Iohannis Leylandij*, &c. l. 12, the "*que*" has got somehow disjoined from "*Ætherij*." The comma after 'petit' is an error of the original.
- „ 84, l. 5, "*Vertues sole intent*" — curious translation of or rather substitute for "*virtutis alumnus*."
- „ 85, *The true Pedigree*, &c. The 'curious reader' of ll. 3-4 must refer to the Chronicles. The matter does not seem worth an Editor's labour. l. 1, "*borne*" = boren in pronunciation, *i.e.*, dissyllabic — also [fair] is needed before "*Igrene*"; l. 4, "*end*" = close or conclude, *r.g.*; l. 7, "*sometimes*" = sometime, as before: l. 9, cf. with l. 10, where "*Melianus*" is trisyllabic; "*conuince*" = conquer, as before (p. 72, st. 2, l. 4); l. 16 — qu. — did he intend this to be scanned as an hexameter or pentameter line? Probably as the latter; l. 17, "*foueragnize*" — frequent verb form with Chester, and later.

THE POEM-PROPER RESUMED.

- „ 86, st. 1, l. 1, "*Troynouant*" = new Troy — the mythic name of 'Lcn-

don'; l. 5, "*raif'd*"—qu. 'raife'? st. 2, l. 1—punctuate comma after 'when'; *ibid.*, "*more nearer*"—reduplicated comparative; l. 3, "*famous builded*"=famous-builded; l. 7, "*neare*"=ne'er; *ibid.*, "*am'd*"—a quaint etymology for 'Thames' certes; st. 3, l. 2, "*raif'd*"=praised; l. 3, "*Council chamber*"=Council-chamber; l. 4, "*Experiment*"=experience. *Here Nature*, &c.

Page 87, l. 2—What's Cupid but a boy? (of Poem continued)—ought doubtless to have had 'Phoenix' in the margin.

„ 88, st. 2, l. 2, "*farre remoted*"=farre-remoted, *i.e.*, removed; Poem continued—st. 2, l. 3, "*sweete smoothd*"=sweete-smoothd; l. 4, "*Loue*"=Loue's, the 's' being in "*felfe*"; st. 3, l. 3, "*shallow witted*"=shallow-witted; l. 4, "*force materiall*"=a forced phrase for the gew-gaws and wanton toys of which Nature had said Loue [in shallow-minds] was fond; st. 4, l. 2, "*parted*"=departed; *ibid.* l. 3 (p. 89), "*this Waggon*"—printer's error for 'his Waggon' the 'th' being caught from previous 'with'. Chester has here lapsed; they are in Phœbus' chariot—see p. 17, st. 3. But now Nature says that Phœbus has 'parted' from their sight and mounted in[to] the sky with his Waggon, thus giving passage to the 'gloomie night'; l. 7, "*bottomne plaines*"=bottomne-plaines.

„ 89, st. 1, l. 3, "*taste*"=feel. So Chapman (Odys. xxi), "He now began to *taste* the bow." St. 2, "*Looke*," &c. Here again, 'Nature' should be in the margin; l. 2, "*meadow plots*"=meadow-plats; l. 3, "*amaine*"=forcefully; l. 4, "*sound*"=in a quasi-nautical sense, *r.c.*; st. 3, l. 4, "*extenuate*"=extend—a curious use of the word, *rythmi causa*; ll. 6 7, "*Of plants*," &c.=the glories of, &c. (l. 3)—ll. 4-5, as so frequent in Chester are of a parenthetical character.

„ 90, st. 1, l. 1, "*Mandrake*"—I found it still believed in, as here, on and in the villages at the foot of, Carmel in Palestine. It abounds near Nazareth; st. 2, l. 1, "*Yellow Crowbels*"—said to be peculiar to Wilts (Aubrey)=Crowbells—Tent lily, asphodil, daffodil,—Narcissus Pseudonacissus. So Prior; but in text we have Daphedill immediately following; l. 2, "*Good Harry*"—in full, Good-King-Harry, *i.e.*, Allgood, English Mercury, goose-foot, Chenopodium Bonus Henricus L.; *ibid.*, "*herbe Robert*"=stork-bill, *i.e.*, Geranium Robertianum L.—its derivation is differently accounted for; *ibid.*, "*while Cotula*"=Mayweed, fetid, and otherwise, Matricaria Chamomilla, L. and Pyrethium Parthenium, L.; l. 3, "*Adders graffe*"—according to Gerarde *cynosorchis*; probably = adder's tongue—for this is called in old MSS. *nedderis gres* (grass) as well as *nedderis tonge*, *Serpentaria*, *Ophioglossum vulgatum*, L.; *ibid.*,

"*Aphodill*" = asphodil, *i.e.*, a species of daffodil; l. 4, "*Agnus Castus*" = the chaste tree; *ibid.*, "*Acatia*" = acacia, an American Robinia — Rob. Pseudocacia; l. 5, "*Blacke Arke-Angell*" = the dead, deaf or blind nettle — colours white, red and yellow, not 'black' *Lamium alb.* purpur. L. and *Galeobdolon Cr.* — the name was also applied to the umbelliferous plant *Angelica*, *archangelica* L.; *ibid.*, "*Coloquintida*" — still well known = *colocynth*; l. 6, "*Sinkefoile*" = Cinquefoil = five-leaved grass, *Potentilla*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Boies Mercurie*" qu. — Child's or Childing Mercury, of which Parkinson gives a drawing and calls it *Phyllum manficum* and *feminificum*; l. 7, "*Goofefoot*" — *Chenopodium* L. See l. 2, under "Good Harry"; *ibid.*, "*Goldsnap*" — qu. golden cudweed? or a form of 'gold-knappe' = gold or butter-cup = King or Gilt cup, *ranunculus*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Gratia Dei*" = *Gratiola*, Hedge Hyssop, *Scutellaria minor*, L.; st. 3, l. 1, "*Mosse of the Sea*" = sea-moss, coraline; *ibid.*, "*Succorie*" — still so called = wild endive, *Cichorium Intybus*; l. 2, "*Weedwind*" = Withwind, *convulvulus arvensis*, L.; l. 3, "*Muskmealons*" — or 'musk-million,' a species of sweet melon in opposition to the water-melon; *ibid.*, "*Moufaiile*" = little stone-crop = a species of the house-leek — said by Prior to be *Myosurus minimus*; *ibid.*, "*Mercurie*" = as before, st. 2, l. 7, but the French M. seems to be called the 'Mercury' *Mercur. annua*, L.; l. 4, "*Arkangell*" — as before, st. 2, l. 5; l. 5, "*Souldiers perrow*" — qu. soldiers' yarrow, millefoil, *achillæa millefolium*, L. ? *ibid.*, "*Southernewood*" = Southern wormwood, *Artemisia Abrotanum*, L. — I found this covering acres on the gentler slopes of Sinai; l. 6, "*Stone hearts tongue*" — *Abrotanum*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Blessed thistle*" = sacred — the emblem of Scotland, *i.e.*, *Carduus benedictus*; *ibid.*, "*Sea Trifoly*" — can find none with epithet 'Sea'; l. 7, "*Ladies cushion*" = Thrift? Sea Gilliflowe, *Cushion Pink*, *Armeria Vulgaris*, W.; *ibid.*, "*Spaines Pellitorie*" — called in Latin *Pyrethrum*, L., "by reason of his hot and fiery taste," Gerarde, *Anacyclus Pyrethrum*, De Candole; st. 4, l. 1, "*where as*" = whereat; l. 3, "*aches*" — disyllabic as in Shakespeare; l. 7, "*Agnus Castus*" — as before, st. 2, l. 4 — a fitting request by the 'Virgin-queen.'

Page 91, st. 1, l. 4, "*that bends*" = the hot inflamed spirit 'that bends' to Luxury is 'allaid' by *Agnus Castus*; st. 2, l. 1, "*Burn me*" — this way of speaking, not uncommon in Shakespeare, was also not uncommon in the colloquial speech of the time and later, and even now is not; *ibid.*, "*straw*" = strow; l. 2, "*Whereas*" = whereat, as before; l. 5, "*auaunt*" = begone — note again that as descriptive of Paphos Ile =

Ireland—all this is peculiarly appropriate; st. 3, l. 1, "*Clary or Cleare-rie*" = Oc. Christi, God's eye, Seelbright, from M. Lat. sclarea, *Salvia sclarea*, L.; l. 2, "*Calves snout*" = Lion's Snap, Snap-dragon, *Antirrhinum Majus*, L., but in old works given to ragged robin, *Lychnis flos cuculi*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Cukoe flowers*" = wilde water cresses, *cardamine* (Gerarde); *ibid.*, "*Cuckoes meate*" = C. Bread or Gowks Meat—blossoms at the season that the cuckoo is heard—*Oxalis acetosella*, L. Wood sorrell; l. 3, "*Calathian Violets*" = Autumn bells, Sing flower, *Gentiana Pneumonanthe*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Deuberrrie*" = *Rubus chamæmorus*; l. 4, "*Leopards foote*"—can't find; l. 5, "*Indian Sunne*"—*ibid.*; l. 6, "*Valerian*" = capon's tail and ('improperly,' Parkinson) Setwal, *Valeriana Officinalis*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Withie wind*" = A.S. Wīð, about, same as bindweed, *Convolvulus arvensis*, L., also 'Weedwind,' p. 90, st. 2; l. 7, "*Woodbind*"—given by Parkinson as the honeysuckle: but it must have been also used for a different plant. Cf. *Mids. N. D.*, iv, i. Prior says it may be the bitter sweet, *Solanum Dulcamara*; also he gives it to the *Lonicera Periclymenum*, L. The 'honey-suckle' was not ague-curing. It is simply impossible that Shakespeare meant that the honeysuckle enwreathed the honeysuckle and called it by two different names. There is, however, no reason why the 'withwind' or 'bind-weed' (*i.e.*, *convolvulus*) should not have been called in Warwickshire or elsewhere the woodbine, the derivation being not a 'bine' found in woods, but a 'bine' that clings to a tree or other shrub; st. 4, l. 1, "*Coliander*" = Coriander *C. Sativum*, L.; l. 2, "*Galingal*" = aromatic root of the rush *cyperus longus*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Goldcups*" = meadow ranunculus = butter cups; *ibid.*, "*Buprestis*"—Buprestis Theophrasti referred by Parkinson to the hares-ears, genus *Bupleurum*, L.; l. 3, "*small honesties*" = Pinckes (pinks) in Parkinson; *ibid.*, "*Eye-bright*" = Ocul. Christi, *q.v.*; *ibid.*, "*Coculus Panter*"—can find nothing but *Coculus Indus* or Indi; l. 4, "*Double tongue*" = the plant horse-tongue; *ibid.*, "*Moly*" = Homer's plant—called by Parkinson Hungarian or Saracen's Garlic; *ibid.*, "*Anthyllis*" = sea chickweed and sea ground pine according to Parkinson; but it seems to be a name of Dioscorides, on which no definite conclusion could be come to: p. 281 and at p. 569, he speaks of the ground pine as called by some Anthyllis; l. 5, "*Clauer*" = clover, also called Mellilot; *ibid.*, "*Æthiopis*" = an Æthiopian plant which Parkinson first classed among the Mulleins (the *Verbascas*, L.) but afterwards put with the Clarys (the *Salvias*, L.); l. 6, "*Flora-more*" = fleur d'amour, Fr., from a mistaken etymology of

Amaranthus, Am. tricolor, L.; *ibid.*, "*Euphorbium*" = see on st. 3, l. 1; *ibid.*, "*Efula*" = some of the Tithimales or Spurges (Euphorbia) (Parkinson, s.v.); l. 7, "*Cassia fistula*" = an Indian plant producing a pulp still used medicinally. It has preserved its name to this day.

- Page 92, st. 1, "*By the way*" — note this now familiar phrase; l. 2, "*Moly*" — as before; l. 5, "*laden*" = ladened; st. 3, l. 1, "*Mugwort*" — said by Prior to be a form of Mothwort, also called Mothenwort *Artemisia Vulgaris*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Sena*" = senna, the well known drug; *ibid.*, "*Tithimales*" = "*Herbe à laict*, Spurge, Tithimal, Milkweed (Milkwort, Parkinson), Wolves Milk." Cotgrave; l. 2, "*Oke of Ierusalem*" = (leaf supposed to resemble oak leaf) — Oak of Cappadocia *Chenopodium Ambrosioides*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Lyryconfaucie* or *Liriconfancy*" = corruption of *lilium convallium*, or lily of the valley, *Convallaria majalis*, L.; l. 3, "*Larkes spurre*" — so known at present, L. heel — toe or claw, Knights spurs *Delphinium*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Larkes claw*" — I find no such word, but Prior gives it as a synonym for Lark's spur, and Chester is no authority; l. 4, "*Garden Nigella*" = a Fennel flower, *Nigella damascena*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Mill*" — I can't find; *ibid.*, "*Pionie*" = peony; l. 5, "*Sentorie*" = centaury; l. 6, "*Sorobread*" — its tuber eaten by swine, *Cyclamen europæum*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Goates oregan*," or goat's organ, or goat's marjoram; l. 7, "*Pelemouth*" — I can't find; *ibid.*, "*Osmond the Waterman*" = Osmund Fern, Os. royal, St. Christopher's Herb = *Osmunda regalis*, L.; st. 4, l. 1 — punctuate, after "*Mugwort*" — see before, p. 92, st. 3, l. 1.
- „ 93, st. 2, l. 3, "*Melampus*," l. 4, "*Proetus*" — see Myth. Dict., s.v., the first mortal endued with prophetic powers and medical skill undertook to cure Proetus' daughters, king of Argos, and got two-thirds of kingdom and married one daughter (one account); st. 3, l. 1, "*Centrie*" — see p. 92, st. 1, l. 5; l. 6, "*aches*" — disyllabic, as before noted.
- „ 94, st. 1, l. 7, "*hath*" — another of the author's curious change of tenses; st. 2, l. 1, "*Osmond balegate*" — I know not unless is = Osm. the Waterman, that being "singular for wounds, bruises and the like" — see p. 92, st. 3, l. 7; *ibid.*, "*Plebane*" — I can't find — might be error for Fleabane = *Inula Pulicaria*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Oculus Christi*" = Wild clary, God's eye, See-bright, *Salvia Sclarea*, L.; l. 2, "*Salomons seale*" = Solomon's, i.e., Ladder to heaven, *Convallaria Polygonatum*, L., root stock cut across, being marked like two triangles reversed; *ibid.*, "*Sampire*" = samphire — every one knows Shakespeare's reference to it — "one that gathers samphire" (*Lear*, act iv, sc. 6); *Fr. St.*

Pierre, and so Sampire from its growing on sea cliffs; l. 3, "*Sage of Ierusalem*" = cowslips of Jerusalem, Lingwort, Bugloss cowslip, spotted Comfrey, *Pulmonaria officinalis*, L.; l. 4, "*Great Pilosella*" = Mouseear, *Hieracium Pilosella*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Sengreene*" — see note under 'Water Sengreene,' p. 96, st. 4, l. 2; *ibid.*, "*Alexander*" = horse-parsley, *Smyrnium Olus atrum*, L.; l. 5, "*Knights Milfoile*" — qu., the hooded Milfoil, Bladder-wort, *Utricularia vulgaris*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Masticke*" = Masticke, gum from *Pistacia Lentiscus*, from Scio; *ibid.*, "*Stocke gillofer*" = Our present 'stock,' *Matthiola incana*, L.; l. 6, "*herbe twopence*" = moneywort from its pairs of round leaves, *Lysimachia Nummularia*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Hermoadactill*" = roots sold as medicine in Parkinson's time, but the plant unknown — '*Redflower Pimpernell*' *Anagallis arvensis*, L.; st. 4, l. 1, "*imperious*" — punctuate with , after; l. 2, "*crie disdaining*" = crie-disdaining; l. 6, "*lower*" = lowered; l. 7, "*neare*" = ne'er.

Page 95, st. 1, l. 6, "*Hard hearted*" = hard-hearted; st. 2, l. 2, "*morne excellling*" = morne-excelling; st. 1-2 — profoundly suggestive of the radiant, impulsive, passionate Essex. See our Introduction; st. 3, l. 5, "*refine*" — odd yet noticeable use of 'refine'; st. 4, l. 1, "*Carrets*" — see p. 96, st. 1; *ibid.*, "*Cheruite*" = *Chærophyllyllum sylvestre*, L.; *χαίρεφυλλον*, *χαίρω*, I rejoice, *φυλλον*, leaf; *ibid.*, l. 2, "*Red Patiens*" = Patience or Monks rhubarb, dock, *Rumex Patientia*, L.; "*Purflane*" — see p. 96, st. 3; *ibid.*, "*Gingidium*" — Parkinson calls it strange chevrril, and says that all the varieties come from Syria, except one from Spain; l. 3, "*Oxe cie*" = the great daisy, from Lat. *bupththalmus*, *Chrysanthemum Leucanthemum*, L.; "*Penygraffes*" — The sheep-killing p-g. is = penny-rot, the white-rot — marsh pennywort, *Hydrocotyle vulgaris*, L. Cotgrave gives, "*Herbe qui tue les brebis*, Moneywort, herb two-penny, two-penny grass," and Parkinson the same; but these names seem to have been given rather confusedly to *Hydrocotyle* vulg., *Pinguicula* vulg., and *Lysimachia Nummularia*, L.; l. 4, "*Cuckoe pintell*" = *arum maculatum*, L. See wake-robin, p. 96; *ibid.*, "*Ladies seale*" = *Sigill. S. Mariæ* = *Bryonia nigra*. Prior, following some of our old herbalists, says that it and Solomon's seal are the same, i.e., *Convallaria Polygonatum*, L.; but Parkinson differs and makes the *S. S. Mariæ*, black bryony, *Tamus communis*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Saga pinum*" = *Sagapenum*, a gum like Galbanum from Media; l. 5, "*Theophrastus violet*" = (old names) white violet or wallflower; *ibid.*, "*Vincetozicum*" — Parkinson calls it *Gentianella minor verna*; l. 6, "*Saint Peters wort*" = cowslip, from resembling a bunch of keys, *Primula veris*, L.; *ibid.*,

- "*Venus hair*" = Maiden hair fern, *Adiantum*, L.; l. 6, "*Squill-la*" = squills. I saw huge shrub-like plants of it in Palestine.
- Page 96, st. 1, l. 6, "*Sad dreaming*" = Sad-dreaming; l. 7, "*honie working*" = honie-working; l. 5, "*But*" — They would sell, &c., rather than not view or experience thy sweete, &c.: st. 2, l. 2, "*rauisht*" = ravished infernal Pluto; st. 3, l. 1, "*Purflane*" — *Portulaca oleracea*, L., as before, p. 95, st. 3, l. 2; st. 4, l. 1, "*Rocket*" — corruption of diminutive of *eruca*, *Eruca sativa* Lam.; *ibid.*, "*Tack by the hedge*" = more properly 'Jakes,' from its offensive garlicky smell, Sauce alone, *Alliaria officinalis*, L.; *ibid.* "*Loue in idleneſſe*" = [small] pansy: *Viola Tricolor*, L.; l. 2, "*Knights water Sengreene*" — Sengreene is the houseleek, *sin* (Sax.) ever, also aigreen, Jupiter's eye, Bullock's eye, Jupiter's beard, *Sempervivum Tectorum*, L. Parkinson speaks of an Egyptian water plant looking like a houseleek which was called *Stratiotes*, and this or the *Stratiotes Aizoides* he calls in his Index *Water Sengreen*; l. 3, "*Paris Naueus*" — query, Herb Paris or Truelove, its four leaves resembling a truelove knot — but 'Navews' are rapes, turnips, and sometimes it would seem radishes; *ibid.*, "*Torneſol*" = (sun-flower?) Wartwort, *Euphorbia helioscopia*, L.; l. 4, "*Starre thiſtle*" — so called from its spiny involucre, *Centaurea Solstitialis*, L.; l. 5, "*Seia*" — I can't find this; l. 6, "*Wake-robbins*" = Cuckoo-Pint, *Wake-Pintle*, *Arum maculatum*, L., one among several repetitions, shewing that Chester repeated without knowledge: cf. 'Cuckoe Pintle,' p. 95, st. 1, l. 4, *et alibi*; *ibid.*, "*Hartichocke*" = artichoke.
- „ 97, st. 1, l. 1, "*Hyacinthus*." See *Apollod.*, i, 3, § 3, for the ancient myth. l. 5, "*ſprinckled*" — a trisyllable here; l. 7, "*red white mingled*" = red-white mingled, or red-white-mingled; *ib.*, "*Gilli-flower*" = carnation. But Shakespeare distinguished between the carnation and gilliflower, *e.g.*

"The fairest flowers of the season,
Are our Carnations and streaked Gillyflowers"

Winter's Tale, iv, 3.

which is kindred with Spenser's distinction between 'Carnations' ('Coronations' as he rightly spells — from *coronæ* = garlands) and Sops-in-wine, which, nevertheless, are only two of the numerous names of this one beautiful plant. I met with it wild on the plain of Esdraelon, at the foot of the mountains of Gilboa in Palestine — white, streaked with pale red. Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act. ii, sc. 2, for an exquisite descriptive *bit*. Dr. Brinsley Nicholson — to whom, as throughout, I am extremely indebted for most painstaking researches on

Chester's flowers, &c.—thus writes me hereon: "The carnation and gilliflower seem to have been different species (or at least varieties) of the same genus. Parkinson (Paradisus Ter., p. 314) says, 'Most of our later writers call them by one general name, *Caryophyllum sativum* and *flos Caryophylleus*, adding thereunto *maximus*, when wee mean carnations, and *maior* when we would express gilliflowers, which name is taken from cloves, in that the sent of the ordinary red gilliflower (*quasi* July flower) especially doth resemble them.' I give this to clear up the difficulty that has always existed as to Shakespeare's and Spenser's lines. Even now I find a distinction made between carnations and pinks and gilliflowers, and I am much inclined from this to believe in the derivation from *carnis* and not from *coronæ*—the 'popular carnation' being, as I understand it, of a red colour with the barest mingling of a reddish white." St. 2—this and other contextual stanzas are to be read between the lines. 'Nature' is pleading with the 'Phoenix' (Elizabeth) for the 'Turtle dove' (Essex). St. 3, l. 2, "*silver coloured Lillie*" = silver-coloured. Cf. p. 21, heading of 'A Prayer'—'*a silver coloured Dove*'; l. 6, "*Al æ*" = the exclamation of woe by Apollo for the mortally wounded Hyacinthus or the letter τ of $\tau\acute{\alpha}\kappa\upsilon\nu\theta\omicron\varsigma$; st. 4, l. 1, "*shift*" = trick; l. 4, "*Treauants*" = truants; l. 5, "*deepe reade*" = deepe-reade.

Page 98, st. 1, l. 1, "*Rocket*"—see on p. 96, st. 4, l. 1; l. 2, "*in your Maisters brow*" = frowns indicative of displeasure? l. 7, "*That what is seene without comes not within*," i.e., I suppose, the 'wheels' are there but no 'blood' drawn or pain caused; st. 2, l. 4, "*Artichocks*"—see p. 96, st. 4, l. 6; *ib.*, '*who*'—note this for which; l. 5, "*Sod*" = sodden or steeped; st. 3, ll. 1 & 3, put hyphen in 'Sommer-time and Winter-time'; st. 4, l. 1, "*Sow-bread*"—see p. 99, sts. 1-3, and note p. 92, st. 3, l. 6—*Cyclamen Europœum*, L.; *ib.*, "*Starwort*"—qu. stonecrop? or as we have had stonecrop, qu. error for Stab-wort, *Oxalis acet.*, L., or Star-wort, *Aster Tripolium*, L.? *ib.*, "*Starre of Hierusalem*"—qu. Star of Bethlehem? Prior makes the Star of Bethlehem to be *Ornithogalum umbellatum*, L., and the Star of Jerusalem or girasole, *Tragopogon porrifolium*; but Parkinson in his Index makes them the same, and gives as synonyms Goats-beard, Go-to-bed-at-noon, Joseph's flower, also a *Tragopogon* (*pratense*), L.; l. 2, "*Veruine*" = vervain or ver-vine—anciently used in sacred rites and ceremonies—also called holy herb, pigeon's grass, Juno's tears, &c., *Verbena officinalis*, L.; *ib.*, "*Tansie*"—a yellow ill-savoured wild plant, still so-named—*Tanacetum vulgare*; Fr., *tanaise*—

'tansy' from Athanasia Gr. from a misinterpretation of Lucian (*Diast. of Gods*, iv) ; l. 3, "Go to bed at noone"—see 'Starre Hierusalem,' l. 1 ; *ib.*, "Titimalm"—see note on p. 92, st. 2, l. 1 ; l. 4, "Hundred headed thistle"—I imagine the reference is to the abundant 'thistle-down' that bears the seed in a 'hundred' directions ; *ib.*, "Iuie"—see p. 98, st. 4. Shakespeare says—

"The female Ivy so

Enrings the barky fingers of the elm."

Midsummer Night's Dream, act. iv, sc. 1.

One rarely or never sees it round the (traditional) 'vine.' Pliny tells us (*s.v.*) that the yellow berries of ivy drunk secure one from drunkenness, and Cato and Varro that there is such antipathy between the ivy and wine that if wine and water be put into an ivy cup, the water remains but the wine soaks through. Hence the appropriation of both to Bacchus might have arisen from the ivy being thought a preservative from all but the good effects of the grape. Milton sings of "the ivy never sear." l. 5, "Storks bill"—an herb still so named ; *ib.*, "Stone-crop"—the *Sedum acre* of Linnæus ; *ib.*, "Canary"—canary-seed—so known still ; l. 6, "Dwarfs gentian"—see p. 100, st. 3 ; *ib.*, "Snakeweed"—adder's wort or bistort, *Polygonum Bistorta* ; *ib.*, "Sawory." This plant gets its name from the Latin *Satureia* through the Italian *Savoreggia*. *Winter's Tale*, act. iv, sc. 3 (Ellacombe). l. 8, "Bell rags"—a kind of water-cress ? *ib.*, "prickly Boxe"—either our buck-thorn *rhamnus catharticus*, L., "the buck being a misrendering of Germ. buxdorn = box-thorn *rußkantha*" Prior ; or another plant called by Parkinson box-thorn (p. 1009) *Lycium* sive *Pyxacantha*, he having spoken of buck-thorn in the previous chapter ; *ib.*, "Raspis of Couentry"—the 'raspberry.' Gerard describes it by the name of 'Rubus idæus, the *raspis* bush, or hind-berry. He has this notice of it:—"The *raspis* is planted in gardens: it groweth not wilde that I know of, except in a field by a village in Lancashire, called Harwood, not far from Blackburn" (p. 1273). As resident in Blackburn I may state that the 'raspberry' abounds in the woods all around us. See Nares's *s.v.* for a full note.

Page 99, st. 1, l. 5, "Vnlesse too much," &c., *i.e.*, unless they wish abortion or miscarriage ; st. 2, l. 5, "When Mother Lullabie with ioy should sing"—Mother sing *Lullabie* with ioy ; l. 6, "Yet wanton scaping Maides," &c. Cf. st. 1, l. 5, and relative note ; also the next stanza here. St. 4, l. 4, "the maiden Ciffus"—*κισσος* ivy. There seems at p. 100, st. 1, ll. 1-5, a reminiscence of the story of Ariadne and Dionysus.

Page 100, st. 1, l. 3, "*infused*" = drawn thither; but by stress of rhyme, and so too in l. 5. St. 3, l. 2, "*hot shining*" = hot-shining; l. 5, "*not skinned*" = not [otherwise]; st. 4, l. 1, "*Carduus benedictus* *Blessed thistle*. So Shakespeare—

Margaret. Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a quailm.

Hero. There thou prickest her with a Thistle.

Beatrice. Benedictus! Why Benedictus? You have some moral in this Benedictus.

Margaret. Moral! No by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant plain Holy Thistle."

(*Much Ado About Nothing*, ac. iii, sc. 4.)

The 'Holy Thistle' or 'Blessed Thistle' was long held to be a heal-all. See Steevens' Shakespeare *in loco*; l. 2, "*Neswort*," see p. 101, st. 1 — Parkinson calls it White Hellebore. Prior, under sneeze-wort, says = Achillæa Ptarmica; *ibid.*, "*Peniroyall*" — (so called still) Latin pulegium regium and L. Mentha pulegium — supposed to destroy fleas — also called pudding grass, because used in 'stuffings'; *ibid.*, "*Astrolochia*" — cannot find anywhere; l. 3, "*Yellow Wolfs-bane*" = aconite — usually blue, but one kind has pale yellow flowers; *ibid.*, "*Bramble*." See a most interesting note on this familiar plant (or shrub) in Ellacombe's *Plant-Lore and Garden Craft of Shakespeare* (1878), s.v. l. 4, "*Our Ladies Bedstraw*" = the plant *Galium*; *ib.* "*Brooklime*" = water-pimpernell, *Vormica Beccabringa*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Lunaria*" — see p. 101, st. 4; l. 5, "*Cinque foile*" = five-leaved grass, but Prior makes them different — *Typha latifolia* and *Phleum pratense* L.; *ib.*, "*Cats taile*" = the plant horse-tail? *Potentilla*, L.; *ib.*, "*Cresse Scitica*" — so-called (I suppose) as good for alleviating sciatic and rheumatic pains — a kind of candytuft, *Ichoris amara*, L.; l. 6, "*Hollihockes*" = holly-hock — still well-known and admired; *ib.*, "*Moufave*" = Latin, *myosotis*, *Hieracium Pilosella*, L. — appearance of chickweed, but the flower larger and the fruit ox-horn shape, open at the top and full of small round seeds. There is a mouse ear chickweed and a mouse ear scorpion grass, but they are both different. Holland's Pliny, however, gives as a synonym for mouse ear (*Myosotis*) chickweed. Prior gives mouse ear chickweed, *stellaria media*; *ib.*, "*Pety Morrell*" = garden night-shade, *i.e.*, *solanum nigra*; l. 7, "*Sage*" — see p. 101, sts. 2-3; *ib.*, "*Scorpiades*" = scorpion-grass or caterpillars, though the word ought to be *Scorpioides*. It is the mouse ear scorpion grass, now called forget-me-not — *Myosotis palustris*, L., from its spike, says Prior, resembling a scorpion's

tail, it was supposed by the doctrine of signatures to be good against a scorpion's bite; *ib.*, "garden sorrell"—the wild 'wood' sorrell cultivated—a sallet.

Page 101, st. 1, l. 3, "*sod*"=sodden or steeped. Cf. p. 98, st. 2, l. 5; st. 2, l. 3, "*Aetius*"=probably Aetius of Amida, a physician and writer on medicine? He refers to Egyptian medicine in his Β 'Ιατρικὰ ἐκκαίδεκα; st. 4, l. 4, "*horflocke*"=a horse's fetter to prevent anything but a gentle pace and straying—qu.—get twisted among the leaves and stems and so un-locked?

„ 102, st. 1, l. 1, "*Standergras*"—having double tubers, it was thought on the doctrine of signatures to have aphrodisiac powers, Prior, *Orchis mascula*, L. This and '*Hares ballockes*' and '*great Orchis*' are different names for one plant, as shown by description and name, and by the text 'provoketh' and 'procureth,' l. 2, and 'It,' ll. 3 and 5, *et seq.*; ll. 6-7=only to be used fresh or newly pulled; st. 3, l. 1, "*Rosemarie*"—See Ellacombe, as before, for a full note on this once wonderfully popular plant; *ib.*, "*upstiffe*"=uphold or state or make just; l. 6, "*Conferues restores*"—plural nominative to verb singular; st. 4, l. 1, "*Dwale or Nightshade*"—the latter explains the former name. The '*Dwale-Bluth*' of young Oliver Madox-Brown has revived the older name unforgettably; l. 4, "*coile*"=disturbance, tumult; l. 6, "*Almaine*"=Germany; l. 7, "*nought*"=naught, naughty, bad.

As this ends our Author's rapid naming and description of plants and flowers, I must semi-apologize for my attempt to give each its scientific name. I have ventured to do so (through Dr. Nicholson's ready aid) *first* from the tendency people then had to give the same name to different flowers, *second* that the then Botanists placed different species of different genera under one generic name. I would now introduce here a hitherto unprinted poem from a *MS.* in the Chetham Library, Manchester, wherein the most popular flowers are daintily introduced, as follows:

MUSA AMATORIA.

1. In funny fumers heatinge
Cloffe in an arbour sittinge
Under a mirtle shade;
For my kinde loue the fairest
With flowers of the rareft,
A Pofie thus I made.
2. The first of maidens fancie
With purple coloured panfy,
The goold that flutt at night;

- And then I platt a maidens blufh,
A Tulupp and Narciffus,
Wth Campions red and white.
3. The violett and the Eglantine,
Wth Cowflips sweet and fops in wine,
Sweete marjoram and ox eye ;
The flowers of muske millions,
Come blowe me downe, sweet Williams,
Wall-flowers and favorye.
4. The cheifest flowers for pofes,
Are pinks, gilliflowers and rofes ;
I pluckt them in their prime.
The Larkheele and the Lillie,
The fragrant Daffa-dillie,
Wth Lauender and tyme.
5. The cheifest flowers for taftinge,
The flower euerlaftinge
I puld it from the baye ;
The blew and coloured collobine,
The Dafie and the woodbine,
And next, the flower of Maye.
6. Thefe flowers beinge culled
And from their branches pulled
They yield a fragrant fent ;
And I obferud their places
And had them in bride-Laces,
And to my Loue I went.
7. Where I perceiud her sportinge
With other maides refortinge,
Nigh by a riuer ftode;
When fhe had well perufed
My poffie not refused
Upon her arme fhe tyed.
8. With modeft kind behavior
She thankes me for my fauor,
And weares it for my fake;
And with ten thousand kifles
The reft remayne in wifhes
Her Loveinge leaue fhe takes. Finis.

(8010 Chetham Library, 8055 Farmer's Catal.)

St. 2, l. 2, "*Times increafe*." So Shakespeare 'earth's increase' (*Timon*, act. iv, sc. 1 (Song) and 2 *Henry VI*, act. iii, sc. 2) and 'womb's increase' (*Coriol*, act. i, sc. 1); l. 5, "*their*"= there, as *frequenter* contemporaneously; l. 6, "*sweete spread*"= sweete-spread; st. 3, l. 6, "*nominate*"=name, *r.g.*; st. 4, l. 3, "*loftie bearing*"= loftie-bearing; l. 5, "*Christs-thorne*"= Spina Christi—I found it in enormous growth near Jericho; l. 6, "*Tamariske*"=tamaris, Fr. and Sp.: tamarisco, It.: tamariscus, Latin—wood and fruit medicinal; st. 5, l. 1, "*most chaff tree, that Chastnesse doth betoken*"—no opportunity is 'let slip' of pleasing the '*Virgin-queen*,' as she rejoiced to be called, by such references; l. 2, "*Hollyholme*"= a holm holly; l. 3, "*Cork*"—Gerarde and Parkinson describe this tree, though it was not planted in England until the latter part of the seventeenth century; *ib.*, "*Gooseberrie*." It may be noted that Dr. Prior has shewn that this word is a corruption of 'Cross-berry,' and so has nothing to do with the 'goose'; l. 3 (page 104) "*shook*"= shaken, *r.g.*; l. 4, "*Philbert*"= filbert; *ib.*, "*Barberie*" or Berberry = the piperidge-bush—a prickly shrub, bearing a long red tart 'berry'; l. 5, "*Mafticke*"—lentisk tree—I saw it plentiful in Cyprus and Scio = gum from it.

Page 104, st. 1, l. 1, "*Judas tree*"—resembles the apricot—grows in hedges of Italy and Spain, but in England it was the *elder* of Shakespeare; st. 2, l. 1, "*Ash-tree*." See Ellacombe, as before, *s.v.*; *ib.*, "*Maple*"—a fine naturalized English tree, with odd-shaped winged seeds that when I was a boy used to be called 'cocks and hens'; *ib.*, "*Sycamore*"—*Acer pseudoplatanus*, L., of the maple genus; l. 2, "*Pomegranate*"= the kernelled apple (*pomum granatum*)—delicious in Palestine as I proved at Shunem, &c.; *ib.*, "*Apricockes*." See Ellacombe, as before, for a full note (*s.v.*) hereon; *ib.*, "*Junipere*"—Latin, *juniperus*—the well known tree or shrub. It grows very large in the Sinaitic peninsula; l. 3, "*Turpentine*"—resinous clear gum from the pine, juniper, &c.; *ib.*, "*deplore*"= weep or pour out; *ib.*, "*Peare-tree*"—poire, French: pyrum, Latin—innumerable varieties; *ib.*, "*Medlar*"—*mespilum*, Latin—like the laurel; l. 5, "*Oreng*." See Ellacombe for a matterful note, *s.v.*; *ib.*, "*Lenmon*"; *Ibid.*, l. 6, "*Nutmeg*"—see Gerarde, *s.v.*, but it was not introduced into England for two centuries later; *ib.*, "*Plum-tree*." See Ellacombe, as before, *s.v.*; st. 3, l. 1, "*Myrtle*"—"Holy Writ," and the classical myths have immortalized it. See Ellacombe, as before, *s.v.*; l. 2, "*gods*"—misprint for '*goddess*'; l. 3, "*Mersin*." Is this mythological story of Mersin a classical one? Or is it coined by Chester? I do not remember it, nor can I find it. Moreover, the 'myrtle' was

sacred to Aphrodite or Venus (Murcia or Murtea), and not to Athené or Pallas. I incline also to think it Chester's because he has made rather a mess of the name, *μυρσιν* being a myrtle branch, and *μυρσος* the myrtle tree" (Dr. Brinsley Nicholson, to me). l. 4, the colon (:) certainly ought to have been deleted here; st. 4, l. 3, "*gouvernement*" = of set rule.

Page 105, st. 1, l. 1, "*fore passed*" = fore-passed; l. 5, "*vanquisher*," i.e., the vanquished — a probable misprint; st. 3, l. 1, "*greene remaining*" = greene-remaining; *ib.*, "*Bay*." See Ellacombe, as before, for a full note, *s.v.*; ll. 5-6. See note on p. 97, st. 2; st. 5 (p. 106), l. 3, "*to his hearts delight*" = for the delight of his own heart.

„ 106, st. 1, l. 1, "*opinion*" = good repute in knowledge; ll. 5-6 = Apollo as god of the sun. Cf. the preceding context; st. 2, l. 1, "*Mose-tree*" — see on ll. 5-6; l. 4, "*Herborists*" = "one skilled in herbs" (Ash., *s.v.*) It occurs in its more correct form of Herbarist in Philemon Holland's *Pliny*, either in this sense, or as one who gathers herbs for medical purposes. ll. 5-6, unintelligible to the editor. It can't possibly mean that near or in Niniveh or the 'Aleph' (= first or foremost — as being the first letter of the Hebrew alphabet) citie some merchant-ship trading from 'Venetia' found this 'Mose-tree' there. The next stanza only deepens the obscurity; st. 4, l. 4, "*Tellus glorie*" — Tellus' glorie; l. 5 (p. 107), put hyphen in "*white siluer'd*" and "*rich resembling*."

„ 107, st. 3, l. 1, "*Prawne*" — a small crustaceous fish, like a shrimp, but larger; *ib.*, "*Pickerell*" = young pike; l. 3, "*Puffin*" = a kind of sea water-fowl then called 'feathered fish' (Rider, *s.v.*, 1640); *ib.*, "*Sole*" — the well-known flat marine fish, of the genus *Pleuronectes*, *P. solea* of Linnæus — so called probably from its keeping on or near the bottom ('sole') of the sea; *ib.*, "*Sommer louing*" = Sommer-louing; st. 4, l. 3, "*brimme*" = edge.

„ 108, st. 1, l. 1, "*Ray*" — a genus of cartilaginous plagiostomous fishes, *c.g.*, sting ray, spotted torpedo, thornback, skate, &c.; *ib.*, "*Sea-calfe*" — the common seal, a species of phoca — phoca vitulina of Linnæus; *ib.*, "*Porpoise*" — from porco, a hog and pesce — a fish (Italian), hence called hog-fish and sea-hog — in zoology cetaceous mammals of the genus *Delphinus* of Linnæus; l. 3, "*Sea-horse*" — the morse, a species of *Trichechus* or walrus, the *T. rosmarus*; *ib.*, "*Sea-hound*." Cotgrave gives, 'Hound fish' = Fr., *sorrat*, Ash, 'name of a fish.' Rider gives, 'Hound fish' = *Galerus*; and under '*Galerum*,' a Dogge-fish, also a Sea-Calfe. *ib.*, "*Plaice*" = flat fish of the 'sole' species; l. 4, "*Spitchcock*" — was not as now, an eel broiled, &c., but 'a great

eel, *Anguilla decumana* (Rider, and so Kersey)—possibly the conger. So 'stocke-fish' was not a salted fish as now, but was used as the name of the live fish (Rider). *Ib.*, "*Pilcher*"=pilchard; l. 6, "*Aches*"—disyllabic as usual; st. 2, l. 1, "*Spitfifh*"=sea-pike. Cf. for further description Cotgrave, s.v., Spet. *Ib.*, "*Spurling*"=sparling or sperling? l. 2, "*Thornebacke*"—a kind of 'ray,' as before; l. 3, "*Twine*"—Rider has "A fish called a *twine* before it be a year old. Pelamys—and pelamys is a thunny or tunny. *Ib.*, "*Scallop*"—a fish in hollow and pectinated shell; l. 4, "*pretie Wrinkle*"=a welke; st. 3, l. 1, "*Cuttle*"=cuttle-fish; *ib.*, "*Stocke-fifh*"—already named *supra* (st. 1, l. 4); l. 4, "*Ruffe*"—a small fish, a species of *Perca*, *Perch*, *cernua*, native of England; *ib.*, "*Piper*"=pipe-fish—or Horn-back, or Horn or Gorn-fish—of the genus *Syngnathus*, so called from the length and slenderness of its body, which in its thickest part is only equal to a swan's quill; l. 5, "*Barbell*"—of the genus *Cyprinus*, of the order of Abdominals; st. 4, l. 5, "*stubborne necked*"=stubborne-necked; st. 5, l. 3—remove comma (,) certainly after "*vn-scene*."

Page 109, st. 1, l. 1, "*Amatift*"=amethyst—see p. 110, st. 2; *ib.*, "*Abeftone*"=asbestos? but see *infra*; l. 2, "*Turches*"=turquoise; l. 3, "*Adamant*"—see p. 109, st. 4; l. 3, "*Dionife*"=Dionisias—Batman (xvi, 35) calls it Dionysio, a stone, black or brown, having red spots. See Batman, as *supra*, and Isidore for more on it. *Ib.*, "*Calcedon*"=calcedony; l. 4, "*Elutropia*"—qu. heliotrope? l. 5, "*Asterites*"—a gem shining within like a star, mentioned by Isidore; l. 6, "*Argirites*"—a silver-like gem mentioned also by Isidore; l. 4, "*Berill*"—see p. 110, st. 5; l. 5, "*Saphire*"—see p. 114, st. 2-3; l. 6, "*Iacynth*"—see p. 113, st. 2; st. 2, l. 1, "*Smaragd*"—see p. 114, st. 4; *ib.*, "*Alabaster*"—so spelled contemporaneously, and onward. So too the Poet—Spenser's friend—had his name spelled; *ib.*, "*Crufofaffe*"=chrysoprase; l. 3, "*sparkling Diamond*"—see p. 111, st. 2-3. The most exquisite thing I ever have met with on the diamond was in a most unlikely place, viz., in James Arbuckle's poem of "Snuff." He describes the tapered, pink-nailed finger of Beauty, whereon "The diamond *spills* its drop of light." l. 4, "*Margarite*"=pearl; *ib.*, "*bright-ey'd Chryftall*." This recalls Sir John Davies' splendid description of the sea, looking up with his 'great crystal eye' to the moon; l. 5, "*Ligurius*"=a species of carbuncle or the lynx stone, or jacinth, or amber; *ib.*, "*Onix*"=onyx; *ib.*, "*Gagates*"—see p. 112, st. 4—Minshew and Cotgrave give it=agate, but Rider and Lovell as 'jeat' or agath stone, and so Pliny, xxxvi,

19; l. 6, "*Abfiflos*"—Batman gives Abeston for Asbestos, but Absciso from Isidore as a precious stone, "black heave and streaked with redde veines," &c.; *ib.*, "*Amatiles*"—see p. 110, st. 4; *ib.*, "*Achates*"—see p. 110, st. 3; st. 3, l. 5, "*Lipparia*"=Liparium or rock alum; l. 6, "*Enidros*"—see p. 112, st. 3. This gem, enhydros = *ἐνυδρος*, is now unknown. Pliny 37, 11, 73; Solin. 37, 67; st. 4, l. 1, "*Adamant*"=lode-stone.

- Page 110, st. 1, l. 1, "*liuely*"=living. Cf. "lively oracles" (Acts vii, 38), "lively hope" (1 Peter i, 3), "lively stones" (1 Peter ii, 5); st. 2, l. 1, "*purple coloured*"=purple-coloured; *ib.*, "*Amatijf*"=amethyst—see p. 109, st. 1, l. 1; st. 4, l. 5, "*fiers light*"=in the fire, *r.g.*
- „ 111, st. 1, l. 5, "*the house*"=life; st. 2-3. Cf. note p. 109, st. 2, l. 3, and note the feminine there as here; st. 4, l. 6, "*whereas*"=whereat.
- „ 112, st. 1, l. 1, "*Achites*"—qu.=cf. description p. 112, st. 1, l. 1, and p. 110, st. 3, l. 1. Minsheu gives as=Gagates; but Lovell, making Gagates or Agath one of the sulphurs=a black stony earth full of bitumen, gives Achates among the stones or jewels most precious, as like the jasper. Doubtless Chester meant the 'agate.' l. 6, "*ref*"=ease from pain; st. 2, l. 4, "*her humours is releasing*"—*sic*, and so another example of verb singular following a nominative plural; l. 6, "*forfake his meate*"=lose his appetite; st. 3, l. 1, "*Enidros*"—see p. 109, st. 3, l. 6; after st. 3, "*Perpetui*," &c., from Marbodæi Carmen de Gen. §47: Franzias, Lips. 1791—Chester slightly different; st. 4, l. 1, "*Gagates*"—see p. 109, st. 2, l. 5; l. 2, "*whereas*"=whereat, as before; st. 5 (p. 113), l. 3, "*some men neuer thinke*"=will not believe.
- „ 113, st. 1, l. 1, "*Iacinth*." Cf. Batman upon Barthol. B xvi, c. 57. Our Poet has drawn on one or other; l. 3, "*cle*"—the original's misprint for 'clere' or 'cleare' through length of the line; l. 6, "*the m*"—not misprint for 'them' but for 'to the m[inde]'—as revealed by the rhyme and scansion; st. 4, l. 1, "*Meade fone*"—see Batman upon Barthol. B xvi, c. 67 Medo—whence this is fetched; l. 4, "*Mingled*," &c., *i.e.*, mingled with the milk of a woman having a male infant (not a female one).
- „ 114, st. 1, l. 1, "*Orites*"—see Batman, as before, B. xvi, c. 74; st. 2, l. 1, "*Skie colour'd*"=Skie-colour'd; *ib.*, "*Saphire*"—see Batman, as before, B xvi, c. 87; l. 2, "*iudging*"=judicial, well-judging; st. 3, ll. 5-6. Whence this 'consecration' of the sapphire to Apollo? Batman, lxi, c. 87, gives the story of the spider and says he has oft seen it proved. St. 4, l. 1, read—'fresh-greene-colour'd' or 'fresh grene-colour'd'; *ib.*, "*Smaragd*"—see Batman, as before, B. xvi, c. 88.

Page 115, st. 1, l. 1, "*valiant Caesar*," viz., Nero; l. 2, *Συαποvs*, sic, but = *Συαπαρύδος*, doubtless written contractedly by Chester *Συαπαρύς*, r.g. See Batman, xvi. 88, from Isidore; l. 4, "*wards*" = acts of guard or guarding, fences; st. 2, l. 5, "*keepes*"—disyllabic; st. 3, l. 1, "*Turches*" = turquois. Mentioned in Batman, but no virtues given it nor in Pliny. I gathered a handful myself in the ancient turquois mines of the Sinaitic peninsula.

„ 116, st. 1, l. 3, "*Bugle*" = Bugill or Buffell, Latin, Bubalus, i.e., the buffalo; l. 4, "*Onocentaure*"—a mythical animal compounded of ass (*ovos*) and man, as the hippocentaur was of horse and man. Even Batman has his doubts of its existence; l. 5, "*Dromidary*," i.e., standing for itself and the 'camel'; but see st. 3; l. 6, "*Bore*" = boar, see p. 115, st. 1; *ib.* "*Dragon*" = mythical serpent; st. 2, l. 1, "*strong neck'd*" = strong-neck'd; l. 4, "*Goatbucke*" = he-goat? Batman speaks of the he-goat as 'goat-bucke' (B xvij, c. 89); but in his index gives 'of the goat bucke' c. 101, where he treats of the hircocervus or tragelephus, but never calls it goat-bucke, contrariwise in explaining tragelephus calls tragos a goat-bucke. From p. 119 (st. 1, l. 1) it is quite clear that Chester intended the he-goat; l. 5, "*Cameleopard*"—a fabulous Æthiopian beast, *not* the animal now so named; l. 6, "*Deare*" = deer; st. 3, ll. 3-4—a common and classical belief (e.g., *Juvenal*, xii, 3, 4)—he knowing himself to be hunted for them as being greatly esteemed in various diseases. It was similarly said of the 'hunted' elephant that he clashed and broke his tusks, knowing that was why he was hunted (Batman, xvij, 44); Richard Barnfield (Poems, p. 28, st. xlii—my edition for the Roxburgh Club), and Hump. Gifford (*Posie* (1580)—my edition) have the same myth; ll. 5-6, "*Stellio, Camelson, Vnicorne*." Either Chester has borrowed from Batman (or Bartholomew Glantville from whom he translated) or both have taken from a common source. Batman mentions under 'camelson' the 'stellio, a lizard' said by some to be one with the 'camelson.' Philemon Holland's Pliny, calls it the star-lizard stellion, and Holyoke's Rider, gives 'stellio' a beast like a lizzard having spots on his neck, like stars. "*Vnicorne*," &c. Sir Thomas Browne, *s.v.*, will interest and amuse with his quaint lore and as quaint credulity and incredulity (Works by Wilkin, 4 vols., 8vo., 1835.) The old Preachers abound in illustrations fetched from the 'unicorn' whereby to exalt our Lord; st. 4, "*Bears*." See Batman, B. xviii, c. 112, where he quotes Avicenna for this. The virtue of bear's grease dates from Batman's days (1582) at least.

Page 117, Latin line—from Isidore; *Iib.* xii, cap, ii, but 'Sic' for 'Hic,' and 'cum' for 'quem'; st. 1, "*Bore*"=boar; l. 2, "*Tuskes*"=tusks—still in use for the tusks of boar and elephant, and in the nursery for infant's teeth—see also p. 118, st. 3, l. 1; l. 5, "*Marioram and Organie*"=marjoram and penny-royal—see Ellacombe, as before; st. 2, "*Bugle*"—see p. 116, st. 1, l. 3, and relative note; l. 6, "*thy*"—*sic*=they; st. 3, "*Camell*," st. 3-4. No one who has travelled on camel-back across a desert will refuse praise to the camel's long patience and liquid ever-onward-looking eye. Times over I have seen the camel go without water for more than the 'four days' here named. He has faults of temper and otherwise, and it is a kind of martyrdom to use him at all for one's self; yet with every deduction he is an admirable and extraordinary creature; st. 5, l. 1, "*Dragon*," &c. The mythical 'dragon' was supposed to love the elephant's blood (Batman); (p. 118); ll. 5-6—the slayer is timely slain, says Batman.

„ 118, st. 1, l. 1, "*bunch-backt*"—hunch-backed, or with protuberance; st. 2, "*Dogge*"—Baroness Coutts has raised a monument (combining a 'fountain') to a little Scotch terrier that broke its heart over its dead master, scraping its way down to the coffin-lid and there dying. It is one of the sights of Edinburgh; st. 3, l. 6, "*fau'd his life*"=his life sav'd; st. 4, l. 1, "*seene*"=skilled, knowing.

119, st. 1, l. 1, "*Gote-bucke*"=he-goat, as before; st. 2, l. 1, "*quicke*"=lively; l. 3, "*incontinent*"=instantly; l. 6, "*by kind*"=of his nature; l. 4, "*Ligarius*"—rather Ligurius. See Batman, as before, B xvi, 60 and B xviii, c. 69, and Pliny Lyncurium viii, 38. Cf. p. 111.

„ 120, st. 4, l. 1, "*Onocentaur*." See relative note, p. 116, st. 1, l. 4 st. 5, l. 1, "*Stellio*." See *ib.*, p. 116, st. 3, ll. 5-6.

„ 121, st. 1, ll. 5-6—the 'Ile' being Ireland, as before; read l. 6, with hyphen, 'fweete-smelling'; st. 2, l. 2, "*moorish plot*"=one of the bogs for which Ireland was and is celebrated, and in which still, spite of St. Patrick, frogs if not serpents are found. Be it noted this held only of "a little corner" (l. 1); l. 6, "*poisonous ayre*"=two disyllables; st. 3, l. 2, "*Rinatrix*." See page 123, st. 3; l. 3, *ib.*, "*Aspis*." See page 122, st. 1.

„ 122, st. 1, l. 3, "*neare*"=ne'er; st. 2, "*This is*," &c. Chester would later read his friend Shakespeare's great celebration of it; st. 3, "*Lizard*"=anything prettier or more amusing than the swift-darting lizards of the desert (of Sinai) can scarcely be imagined. Their agility is very remarkable. Closely examined their jewel-like colouring is exquisite. In the loneliness of some of the Wadys it was a kind of living companionship

to have these interesting little creatures beside one. Some were very very large and hideous—as large as a good-sized kitten; st. 4, l. 1, "*Ant or Emote is a labouring thing.*" Sir John Lubbock imagines that he has disproved the 'wisdom' of the 'ant' by his sets of experiments and by observations. A greater delusion I can scarcely conceive. Why, the very dis-regard of the 'ants' for the near roads provided and the humanly-contrived plans for ingress and egress, and removal of difficulties, goes to confirm the little creature's quick 'wisdom.' If it could speak, it might retort on the great-eyed human monster stooping over and 'planning' for it, and say, 'I will take my own way—I will manage for myself—I don't know what of evil may be under all these nice arrangements.' Personally I have made scores of observations on the 'ant' both at home and in foreign countries, especially in the East; and all confirm its 'wisdom'—as in the text; l. 2, "*publike weale,*" i.e., commonweath; st. 5, l. 5 (p. 123) "*ciuill*"=living a common ordered and subordinate life, like ants and men.

Page 123, st. 4, l. 5, "*cald of some the flattering worme*" Batman (B xvij, c. 98) says, "This maner fcorpion commeth of *Scorte* that is sweet, and of *pogo*, *is*, that is to feine; for before [stinging] he feineth pleafauce."

„ 124, st. 2, l. 4, "*Oliues*"=ol-i-ues—a trisyllable to rhyme with 'trees'—note 'some' verb singular (ll. 2-4), and in l. 7 with verb plural; st. 4, l. 1, "*Caddes*"=cadesse, i.e., jackdaw (Wright, s.v.)—from its place among birds cannot be the caddes, or caddis, or cadworme (Ash, Kersey, and Bailey); st. 5, l. 3, put hyphen thus, "*big-neck'd*"; l. 5 (p. 125) "*Griffon*"=mythical bird; l. 6, "*Puttocke*"=greale, i.e., kite.

125, st. 1, l. 4, "*Hercin*"—"Hircania is a province in *Afia* . . . it is sharpe of woodes . . . There breedeth birdes that are called *Hircanie*; their feathers shine by night, and such birdes are founde in Germany, as Isidore sayeth" (Batman, B xv, c. 74). I presume = the Hercinian forest, Germany; *ib.*, put hyphen, "*swift-winged*"; l. 5, "*Caladrius*." See next stanza—Batman (B xii, c. 22) speaks of Kaladrius in the same terms, and says it "hath no parte of blacknesse." If the man is to die he turns his face from him. His only authority is "as the Philosopher faith"; st. 2, l. 2, "*prosperitie*"—qu. propertie or propensitie? line is unscannable; st. 3, "*Crane*"—curious old-fashioned lore, found everywhere.

„ 126, st. 1, l. 1, "*The Winters enuious blast she neuer tasteth.*" Michael Bruce in that Ode to the Cuckoo, which John Logan so treacherously sought to rob him of, has very daintily put this:—

"Sweet bird! thy bow'r is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;

Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year."

(my edition, p. 124, 1865).

l. 4, "for to"—so also st. 5, l. 2—rare in Shakespeare.

Page 126, st. 2, l. 3, "*Croffe*" = ill-fate or luck; st. 4, l. 4, "*runne*" = ranne, *r.g.*

„ 127, st. 1, l. 1, "*Griffon*"—fabulous bird, as before; st. 2, l. 2, "*Hircinie*"—see on p. 125, st. 1, l. 4.

„ 128, st. 1, l. 1, "*Memnodides*"—the original's misprint for 'Memnonides'; st. 2, l. 3, "*Hunts-up*." Mr. J. Payne Collier has printed a curious song, from which it appears that 'hunts vp' was known as early as 28 Henry VIII. Cf. Barnfield in his "Affectionate Shephard":

"And euery Morne by dawning of the day,
When *Phæbus* riseth with a blushing face,
Siluanus Chappel-Clarks shall chaunt a Lay,
And play thee hunts-up in thy resting place."

(My edition of his complete Poems for the
Roxburghe Club, p. 12, st. xix.)

l. 3, "*doth delight her*," *i.e.*, his mate—for it is the male which alone sings. This Chester knew and so likens the male-bird to a 'Bridegroom' (l. 5); ll. 5-6—unskilful verse; but the meaning is that Greeks and Romans trained the 'nightingale'; st. 4, l. 2, "*Stefichorus*" = the Greek poet of Himera in Sicily. For the fable see Christod. Ecphr. ap. Jacobs, *Anth. Græc.* i, p. 42; Pliny, H. N., x, 29; ll. 5-6, the well-known legend; st. 5, l. 1, "*daftard Owle*"—much too strong a word for this timid but not at all 'cowardly' bird.

„ 129. Latin couplet—from Ovid, Met. v, 549, 550. l. 7, "*slugghish*"—because he 'sleeps' all day, possibly; st. 2, l. 1, "*ill bedooming*" = ill-bedoaming, *i.e.*, adjudging or pre-judging ill or evil; Cf. 3 *Henry VI*, v, 6, "cried, aboding luckless time"; st. 3, l. 5, "*They haue bene known to giue great Emperors wine*"—some now forgotten anecdote of trained parrots; st. 4, ll. 5-6. The old Puritans are never weary of pointing 'a moral' from the 'base blacke Feete' of the peacock, swan, &c., &c., in contrast with their plumage; and so too the elder Poets; st. 5 (p. 130), l. 4, "*In Indie spies a Peacocke*," &c., one of the many myths about this bird.

„ 130, st. 1, "*The Pellican*"—this myth is met with in all the Fathers, &c. The pressure of the huge bill on its crop or pouch wherein is store of food, doubtless originated it. This mention of the 'Pellican' calls for special note of the curious and remarkable turn given to the fable, in that the 'Turtle dove' dies first, and

then the Phoenix. Also, be it observed, that the 'Turtle dove' — "cheerfully did die," &c., while the Phoenix "with a pale heavy countenance grieved for to see him first possesse the place." Only as of Essex and Elizabeth is this appropriate or explicable. I take the opportunity here to supplement preceding notes on the same lines as all this. 'Applied' (p. 9) appears to mean that 'The Complaint of Rosalin' is put into the mouth of Dame Nature; for Dame Nature's Complaint is a complaint in behalf of Rosalin or the Phoenix, or in other words Rosalin's own 'Complaint.' Again, at p. 21, the explanation is that like Raleigh he had spoken before of Elizabeth as 'the silver-coloured dove' as he calls her in st. 4 (and in 5, 6, 7). But as he is now speaking of her as the 'Phoenix' in his 'Love's Martyr,' he applies it (really to the same person) to her as to the 'Phoenix'. This is surely reduplicated proof that the 'silver-coloured Dove' (= sacred, holy) and the 'Phoenix' are one, and that both are Elizabeth. Note finally here, that in the 'Prayer' she is 'the' and 'thy' silver-coloured dove, but in the title 'a,' because he would avoid the very obvious absurdity that she was both *the* silver-coloured dove and *the* phoenix. She could be the 'Phoenix' and 'a' silver-coloured dove, *i.e.*, the 'Phoenix' with the properties of such a dove, though not the bird the dove itself; st. 2, "*vnfatiat* Sparrow." Dean Donne has quaintly celebrated the '*vnfatiat*' amorousness of this bird in his *Metempsychosis*; l. 4, "*animaduersion*" = perception. In this sense Glanville also uses it, and, spite of the Dictionary-makers, it is correct; ll. 5-6, "*A flight of Sparrowes*,"—the old myth and superstition; st. 3, l. 1, read rather, 'The artificia-*l*-nest-composing'; l. 6, "*His*"—caught doubtless from previous line, should be 'He'; *ib.*, "*Calcedonies*"—is this a mistake of a gem for a flower ('herb')? st. 4, l. 1, "*Cecinna*" = *Cæcina*; *ib.*, "*Volateran*" = *Cæcina* of Volaterræ—Etruscan remains still extant preserve this once great family-name. Qu.—Has Chester confounded *Cæcina* and *L. Cinna*? l. 3, "*Sent letters*," &c. Carrier-pigeons have been long so used and still are (*e.g.*, in the recent Germano-Franco war), but it is doubtful if the 'swallow' ever has been similarly trained).

Page 131, st. 1, l. 1, "*sweete recording*" = sweete-recording, *i.e.*, sweet-singing. Cf. *Two Gent. of Ver.*, act v, sc. 3. One is utterly at a loss to account for the everywhere-found notion of the swan's 'sing-ing,' especially on the approach of death. As for the 'footed verse,' l. 3, it is of course mere credulity. Latin couplet—from Isidore, *Hisp. Episcop. Origines*, lib. xii, cap. vii, in *Gothofredi Auctores Linguae Latinae* 1622, who quotes it from an old

Poet Æmilius. Chester inadvertently prints 'Hoc' for 'Hanc' and 'undis' for 'undas.' st. 2, l. 5, "*mowt*" = moult; l. 6, put hyphen, "*hart-pining*"; st. 3, l. 1, "*the carefull* [= full-of-care] *bird the Turtle Doue*," be it noted, is designated by 'Phoenix' in preceding stanza "*drooping soule*," and again in st. 4, l. 5; ll. 3-4, "*And thus he wanders seeking of his loue*." This goes right to the mark for Essex.

Page 132, st. 1, l. 1, "*lookes me in the face*." Another touch in Elizabeth for Essex; l. 4, "*gate*" = gait; l. 4, "*he eyes vs more and more*" — as in l. 1; l. 5, "*O shall I welcome him*." The oft-put question of the woman against the queen and of the queen against the woman in Essex's case. The context has no sense unless you bring to it the story of Elizabeth's love-passion — the passion, if not the love in its deepest and tenderest sense — for Essex, from her first sight of him in his young bloom onward; st. 3, l. 4, "*halfe pin'd*" = halfe-pin'd; st. 4. — The placing of 'Turtle' in the margin seems at first a mistake; but the 'Turtle' is addressing itself (*i.e.*, himself) in gazing on the 'eye-dazzling Sunne' of the 'Phoenix's' 'excelling beauty.' This was the *mode*, to the last, of speaking of and to Elizabeth. See our Introduction for quotation from Coke. With all her brain-force, Elizabeth had not courage to refuse the idle flattery of her 'beauty,' or to recognise that she really was growing old and haggard. I know not that the following very striking *bit* in Nichols *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, from an *Harleian MS.* (contemporary) 6207, has been noticed — "Afterward, in the melancholy of her sickness, she desired to see a *true looking glass, which in twenty years she had not sene, but of such a one as was made of purpose to deceiue her sight* : which glasse being brought her, she fell presently into exclayming against [those] which had so much commended her; and took it so offensively, that some which before had flattered her, dourst not come into her sight" (vol ii, pp. 25-30 — end of the volume). Surely anything more tragical than the *italicised* words is inconceivable; l. 5, "*rarity*" = rarity. Cf. former note on this; l. 6, "*For wit*," &c., the bird is forgotten and the queen-woman remembered.

„ 133, st. 1, l. 1, "*Tur*." seems wrongly placed here, being intended for the left margin in the words 'Haile map of sorrow' (see p. 124, st. 1, ll. 5-6); whilst 'Phoenix' in the right margin begins 'Welcome,' &c. st. 2, l. 4, "*presumptions foule offence*." Essex, on his departure for Portugal and elsewhere later, was again and again brought to his knees for his 'presumption' and kindred impulsive faults, as facts and letters superabundantly prove. See Devereux' *Lives*, &c. Meanwhile it is all-important

to note that the 'wooing' is dated by circumstances in Essex's early time—not later when he had married and when Elizabeth was old; st. 3, l. 1, "*Turtle*" = mate; l. 2, "*her want*" = her loss; l. 3, "*the soule that's fled*," &c. How natural all this was in the mouth of Essex on the death of his noble young brother who fell so miserably at Rouen. See Devereux, as before. st. 4, l. 3, "*for to*," as before, common contemporaneously, rare in Shakespeare: see p. 132, l. 4: p. 133, l. 12; st. 4, l. 4, "*advance*" = lift up 'our fiery altar.' So Shakespeare, "the fringed curtains of thine eye advance" (*Tempest*, act i, sc. 2); l. 6, "*Solamen*," &c. The origin of this has long been sought for in vain. It is in most collections of Common-places; and was enquired about in *Notes and Queries*, iv, x, but not traced back to its source; st. 5, Elizabeth actually thus comforted Essex for his brother when he 'came over' at the queen's imperious summons. See Devereux, as before.

- Page 134, st. 2, punctuate l. 4 with semi-colon or period after 'labour,' and again, period after 'paine'; but except in misleading cases I shall not note the singular punctuation of the original. My part is to reproduce it. St. 3, punctuate period or semi-colon after 'leave' (l. 1); l. 6, "*fond*" = foolish, as *frequent*.
- „ 135, st. 1, l. 4, "*emperising*"—verb-form, as before; st. 3, l. 1, "*shalt not be no more*"—a double negative for emphasis; st. 3, Elizabeth's autograph letters fully warrant more than this; st. 4, l. 2, "*thy servant*"—Essex's constant asseveration in his letters to Elizabeth; st. 5, Historically, it is a common-place that Elizabeth exercised a mother's watchfulness over Essex.
- „ 136, st. 1, l. 4, "*springht incarnate*" = Impurity (as in preceding stanza); l. 5, "*whight*" = white; st. 2, l. 6, put hyphen, 'earth-parching.' st. 3, l. 1, "*doome*" = sentence or judgment; l. 5, "*licorice*"—the sugar-cane perchance meant; l. 6, "*Sweete Iuniper*"—not the happiest adjective applied to 'Iuniper'; *ib.*, "*shaw*" = shew; st. 4, l. 3, "*nominate*" = name, as before; l. 4, "*wot*" = wit or know.
- „ 137, st. 3, l. 4, "*liuely*" = living; st. 4, l. 4, "*secretly*"—should be 'secretly.'
- „ 138, st. 4, l. 2, "*Dido mones*"—see 'To the Reader.' This reminds me to note on l. 4 of 'To the Reader' that Lucan was probably in Chester's mind on 'Cæsars victories.'
- „ 139, st. 1, l. 4, put hyphen, "*faire-fac'd*"; st. 3, l. 6, "*true story*." On all this symbolism veiling a real martyrdom, and so fulfilling the title, *Love's Martyr*—see our Introduction. *Pelican*: l. 5, "*He*"—note a man throughout.
- „ 140, l. 6 (from bottom), put hyphen, "*lowe-wandering*."

Page 141, l. 7, "*fond*"= foolish; ll. 15-16, &c., *i.e.*, suggesting how Elizabeth sacrificed her 'true desire' to State-craft or expediency.

Conclusion. l. 1, put hyphen, "*true-meaning*"; l. 9, "*paine*"= painstaking.

- „ 142, *Cantoes Alphabet-wife*, &c., l. 2, the second 'will' no doubt a printer's mistake; l. 4, put comma after 'fauvour'; l. 6, put hyphen, "*lame-leg'd*"; ll. 9-18. See Introduction on these suggestive lines. James I. is evidently intended. He was the friend of all Essex's friends.

* * In the 'Cantoes Alphabet-wife' that follow, we must not look for ordinary construction or much sense. The self-imposed fetters hinder both.

- „ 143, st. 1, l. 7, "*dares not giue to any.*" There lay the secret. It recurs and recurs. In l. 6, 'Blotted by things vnfeene'= secretly spoken of by some of no fame. Most clearly Elizabeth here again. St. 2, l. 1, "*Chastnesse*"= virginity; *ib.*, "*the bed of Glorie*"= thoughts of the 'Queen' marrying a subject; st. 4, l. 1, "*Enuie* is banisht." See Introduction on the 'Enuie' that beset Essex as recognized by other poets as well as Chester; l. 4, "*thing's*"= thing is.
- „ 144, st. 1, l. 3—verb singular to plural nominative; l. 7, "*Fetch from the ancient records of a Queene.*" Query—marrying a subject? St. 2, l. 5, "*map of beauty*"—Cf. p. 77, st. 4, l. 2, and relative note; st. 4, reflection of Elizabeth's would and would not.
- „ 145, st. 1, l. 3, read 'greene-spred'; l. 5, "*when*"= whence; l. 7, "*dorter*"= dortour, *i.e.*, sleeping-place—here bed-room—audacious enough *certainly*; but Essex knew to whom he was speaking, and Chester knew both. St. 2, l. 1, "*Aduotrix*"= advocate (feminine); st. 3, l. 1, "*nice Chastity*"= virginity, as before; l. 5, "*time is ouer spent*"—a perilous reminder to Elizabeth; l. 6, "*a kind of feare*"—admirable selection of words, revealing yet concealing; st. 4, l. 1, put hyphen, "*fregh-bloom'd*"; l. 2, "*Rose*"—fitting symbol of England's Queen ('Rosalin') in this faint anticipation of Herrick's delicious 'Gather the rosebuds while ye may.'
- „ 146, st. 1, l. 7, read, 'all-disgrace'; st. 3, l. 3, "*Quit*"= requite or quite; st. 4, l. 2, "*Ract*"= racked or rakt.
- „ 147, st. 2, l. 2, "*womanish*"—not a mere 'Phoenix' bird; l. 7, put hyphen, "*new-fram'd*"; st. 4, l. 4 (p. 148), "*vale*"= veil.
- „ 148, st. 1, l. 1, "*Xantha*"= Xanthe, one of the daughters of Oceanus; l. 3, 'more-milder'—double comparative; l. 5, "*disease*"= disturb, make ill-at-ease; st. 2, l. 4, "*selfe-will*"—again the mark is hit. Read with hyphens, 'selfe-will-anguish.'

Cantos Verbally written.

* * The headings of these stanzas seem to be posies out of rings. Cf. *As You Like It*, act iii, sc. 2. Be it kept in mind that Chester is not speaking in his own person, but is interpreting the 'truth of love' between Elizabeth and Essex.

- Page 149. 1. 1. 4, "*Dies*"—used as causal; 1. 6, "*woe*"=woo; 2. 1. 5, punctuate ';' for comma; 3. 1. 3, "*containing*"=contained.
- „ 150. 4. st. 2, l. 2, put hyphen, "*true-fworne*"; 1. 6, "*Not in thy flowring youth*"—repeat 'do not smother' (in thought), and read [do] Not in thy flowring youth [smother]—else you turn a compliment into a jeer; 5. 1. 1 (motto) 'u,' misprint for 'n'; 1. 8, "*Knowne*"—to be read as 'known.'
- „ 151. 5. l. 4, "*fulfill*"=fill full r.g.; 6. motto, "*idolatrie*"—verb-form, frequenten in Chester; 1. 3, put hyphen, "Heart-comfortable"—qu. comfortable? 1. 7, "*surphet*"=surfeit; 7. st. 2, l. 3, "*raritye*"=rarity, as before.
- „ 152. 8. l. 1, "*What*"=whatever, and put hyphen, "*thunder-stormes*"; 1. 4, "*inexorable*"=unchangeable; 1. 6, 'dayes,' disyllabic unless 'the' have been omitted, at [the] or [at] midnight; 9. l. 6, put hyphen, "*true-fworne*," as before; st. 2, l. 5, "*Of holy loue, Loue's Temple to aspire*"=the Church and marriage therein; st. 3, l. 4, delete comma after 'desire.'
- „ 153. Motto. This third repetition of this couplet shews skilful flattery of the kind that most pleased Elizabeth; 11. 2, punctuate ';' after will; 1. 7, "*denayes*"=denials.
- „ 154. Motto, 1. 2, "*empiring*"=over-queenly, stately—see st. 2, l. 3; 1. 4, read 'happie-bleft'; 1. 9—metre faulty—some word left out.
- „ 155. 14. l. 2, "*disgrasue*"=disgracing; 1. 4, "*our*"—misprint for 'or'; 15. l. 1, "*For*"=through; 1. 5, punctuate ';' after 'pride.'
- „ 156. 18. l. 4, put hyphen, "*night-waking*"; 1. 5, read "*Hart-sore*"; 19. l. 1, "*O tongue*," &c., viz., by talking of her 'bright brow wrinckled with disdain'—the wrinkles, not the 'disdaine,' being the ground of offence; 1. 8—qu. 'Dear [I give] that to thee [to whom] I offered wrong.'
- „ 157. 21. l. 6, "*the*"=thee; 22. l. 3, "*aduotrix*"—see p. 145, st. 2, l. 1; 23. ll. 5-6—certainly at most a comma for ';' in 1. 5, or, 'hower I may,' &c.
- „ 158. 25. l. 2, "*selfe-will*"=self-will or foolishnesse sprung of self-will—a constant word between Elizabeth and Essex in their Letters; 26. l. 3, put hyphen, "*harueß-labores*"; 1. 4, put ';' after 'seene,' and delete comma in next line; 1. 6, "*Should I be welcome ere thy beautie fade*"—another perilous reminder, but just the bold kind of speech fitting from Essex to Elizabeth—as witness their letters. See Devereux, as before.

- Page 159. 27. Motto, and l. 8, "*Nar*"=near; 28. l. 5, "*Cause*"=[Thou arc] cause, and ';' for comma and comma after 'best,' l. 6; 29. st. 2, l. 1, "*Affections*"—qu. 'Affection'—cf. l. 2, 'her'; l. 3, "*foule bondage*"=slavery of 'selfe-will.'
- „ 160. 29. l. 1—put (.) after 'courtesie'—required by change of person in next line ('Thou'); 31. l. 6, put hyphen, "*dwelling-place*."
- „ 161. 32. l. 6, "*Niobes cup*"=of tears; l. 7, "*My dutie yet remembred*"—Essex's ever-recurring phrase in letters to Elizabeth; 34. This should have been numbered '33' in order, it will be noticed. From this the numbering ceases without explanation. l. 3, "*Not one*"=No one; l. 4, punctuate ';' after cruelty; *Thoughts*, &c., l. 2, "*faining*"=fanning—but with a double sense; l. 3 (p. 162), "*foud*"=foolish, as before; l. 4, "*further*"=cast further or off.
- „ 162, st. 1, l. 4, "*Selfe-will*"—the thing in Elizabeth that needed overcoming; ll. 6–7 suggestive of Essex's consciousness of his royal Mistress's favour (to say the least); l. 6, "*tels*"—qu. 'tel'? st. 3—the very things wherein Elizabeth was pre-eminently praised, and the very strain followed by all who essayed to recount her virtues and greatness.
- „ 163, l. 1, "*curelesse smart*"—so Shakespeare, 'cureless ruin' (*Merchant of Venice*, act iv, sc. 1); st. 1—a reflection again of Elizabeth's capricious favour and as capricious angers and withdrawals; st. 2, l. 3, "*nominate*"=name, as before, qu.—punctuate ';' ? st. 3, l. 2, put hyphen, "*sharpe-conceited*"; *ib.*, "*nere*"=e'er—double negative otherwise; l. 4, "*ignoble*"—courage of the author: specially note "*imperiall crowne*"—again no sense unless to Elizabeth or of Elizabeth; st. 4, Motto. Essex's letters to Elizabeth are full of the word and thing 'friendship.' See Devereux, as before. l. 2, "*Ebone*"=ebony or black?
- „ 164, l. 2, "*regreet*"=salute; st. 3, l. 5, "*I*"=aye; l. 6, read "*true-approoved*."
- „ 165, st. 1, l. 1, "*Scene in all learned arts is my beloved*"—true as simple matter-of-fact of Elizabeth, who was of rare and unquestionable accomplishments as well as of natural intellectual capacity after the type of her prodigious father, 'King Hal.' 'Seene'=skilled, as in *Taming of the Shrew*, "It's a schoolmaster well seen in music" (act i, sc. ii); l. 4, "*Eye for eye*"—the first 'Eye' so spelt on account of the marginal 'eie,' is really the old 'I'=yea, *i.e.*, she not only moves the stony savage, but her eye indeed tempts chastity itself; ll. 5–6—this is a very frequent contemporary tribute to Elizabeth. I have been surprized at the universality of belief in her poetical gifts; and I have a suspicion that much of her verse has perished; st. 2, l. 1, "*seeke*"—used as sometimes in that age without an objective

= try to find and does not—query semicolon (;) after 'seeke' and colon (:) after 'thee'; st. 3, l. 4, "*amazing*" = confused wonderment, as elsewhere; *ib.*, punctuate comma (,) after 'not' and nothing after 'amazing,' or at most a comma (,); l. 5, "*To*"—infinitive form used as in that age. We should write 'Do or [continue] to'; st. 4, motto—reflection of Essex's suspense and mingled hope and despair, expectation and weariness, as expressed in his poems and letters to Elizabeth; ll. 5-6—In this rather oddly-constructed sentence, the subject to 'In all things gracious' is his unnamed Mistress, *i.e.*, Elizabeth. For throughout these 'Cantoës,' as in *Love's Martyr*, Chester is interpreting *his* conception—based on close personal knowledge—of the 'feeling' between Elizabeth and Essex. All the known facts make it simply impossible that he could have been speaking for himself. Besides, in "The author's request to the Phoenix" he avows his purpose. There his pleading is—

"Accept MY home-writ praifes of THY LOUE
And kind acceptance of THY TURTLE-DOUE (p. 5).

- l. 5, "*gracious*"—he means [thou art] gracious.
- Page 166, st. 1, l. 2, "*fairest faire*"—not objective after 'maintained,' but = O fairest faire; l. 5, "*Turtle-Doue*" = mate of himself the Turtle Doue. See note on st. 1, ll. 5-6, *supra*; st. 2, l. 1, "*Great Mistris*"—clearly applicable (and in those times most especially) to Elizabeth, and to no subject; st. 3, l. 4, "*Loue*"—being emphatic is counted as one foot, 'Loue | that eaf | eth minds | opprest | with neede |'; l. 6 = only to be relieved by thee that [always] yeeld'st relief. Again words only at that time to be applied to Elizabeth; st. 4, l. 5, "*yea so they say*"—is supposed to be her answer, and therefore her "*owne confession*"; st. 5, l. 2, "*for to*"—as before. See also p. 168, st. 4, l. 2; l. 4 (p. 167)—Of whom in the Court of Elizabeth could this be said but of Elizabeth? ll. 5-6—not intelligible to me; but qu.—faith-denying?
- „ 167, st. 1, l. 4, "*thee most admirable*" = O most admirable [one]; st. 2, l. 3, "*Me sometimes*," &c.—this line is made rather mysterious by the necessity of finding a rhyme to "*afraid*" = yet sometimes terrifying me that I am nevertheless given up to him, "*unless*," &c.; st. 3, l. 1, "*Remorce triumphantly*" = (as frequently at that time) pitifulness, albeit here tacitly implying penitence for past delays and cruelty. So in Shakespeare and in Parry, quoted in our Introduction. st. 4, l. 4 (p. 168, l. 1), "*not named*" = not [to be] named, unnameable.
- „ 168, st. 2, l. 1, "*Thine ever unremou'd and still kept word*"—most notice-

able as between Elizabeth and Essex. It seems to me more than ordinarily remarkable that Chester does throughout with such triumphant audacity give expression to the popular belief of Elizabeth's real sentiment toward Essex. The way in which he works into his pleadings personal traits seems to me declarative of dramatic ability of no mean type. I have no idea that Elizabeth herself ever made revelation of her 'love' for Essex to Chester. One can only guess whether Essex exchanged confidence with him. But *certainly* from first to last our Poet shows perfect skill in his giving shape and colouring to what was in the air concerning the 'Phoenix' and her 'Turtle-dove.' These 'Cantoos,' with Posies for ground-work that perchance were known in society as circulating in the Court, equally with *Love's Martyr*, bring Chester before us as consecrating all his gifts and knowledge and sympathy to celebrating this story, '*shadowing the truth of Loue*' between Elizabeth and Essex when the latter burst upon her in her still susceptible and passionate mid-age in all the brilliance and fascination of his young prime. I would also here notice what follows in the title-page (of 1601) "*in the constant fate of the Phanix and Turtle,*" i.e., 'fate to be constant' to each other. Chester evidently believed that the 'love' awakened in Elizabeth for Essex lived on uneradicated even by his marriage and her advancing age. Save Sidney's and Stella's 'love' so tragically re-discovered when it was 'too late,' I know nothing more truly a 'Love martyrdom' than that of Elizabeth and Essex. The great Queen's closing melancholy and bursts of weeping with the name of Essex on her lips, and slow-drawn-out dying, reveal Chester's prescience of insight.

- Page 169, st. 1, l. 1, "*from*"—qu.—error for 'for.' The latter yields sense, the former scarcely; l. 6, "*By thy faire,*" &c.—again only applicable to Elizabeth in her Court. See Churchyard's Poems given in our Introduction; motto, l. 3, "*I*"=aye; st. 2, l. 3, "*he,*" as in the margin and as required by the sense should be "*she.*"
- „ 170, st. 2, l. 6, "*mountaine top of will aspires*"=ambition. In the Song (in *italics*) it is to be noted that the 2nd and 4th lines of each stanza (the alternate lines) are answers to the question or remark in 1st and 3rd. In st. 1, l. 2, the first 'loue' should be 'Loue' and have comma (,) after it.
- „ 171, st. 2, l. 4, "*I*"=aye; st. 3, l. 4, "*awaies*"=alwaies; st. 4, l. 1, read 'foules Life'=his Mistress; l. 2, delete comma (,) after "*villaine*"; st. 4, l. 8 (p. 172, l. 2), "*deare*" delete comma (,) —it is—"deare" shall, or 'deare' is the nominative to 'shall.'
- „ 172, st. 1, l. 4, read 'wind-oppressing.' I may as well note here that

- there are so many compounded words in Chester not marked by hyphen, that I could only call attention to the more important ; others the reader will fill in or not at his discretion ; st. 2, l. 8, "by my"—qu.—"by thy"—true Bird as I = true Bird as I [am]—see ll. 1-3, for these interpretations ; st. 3, l. 1, "*Till that leane fleshles cripple, pale-fac'd Death*"—so in *Old Fortunatus* "There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors."
- Page 173, l. 3, read 'spring[s], *i.e.*, whence springs all these my 'passions' ; punctuate in l. 6, ; after 'sonne' ; "*Most deuine*," &c., l. 6, "I" = aye ; l. 8, put hyphen, "*neuer-ceasing*." The want, &c., l. 2, "*want*"—verb—its nominative 'day and night.'
- „ 174, st. 3, l. 1, "*my affection*" = [by the object of] my affection ; st. 3, l. 2, punctuate ' ; ' after 'disgrace.'
- „ 175, st. 2, l. 1, "*Where two harts*," &c. — a final impassioned appeal to Elizabeth to let 'Loue' be 'Soueraigne'—quite in accord with the style she was addressed to the end, as though she never could be other than 'young,' and with possibilities or impossibilities of result at her command ; l. 5, "*dignified*" = given dignity.
- „ 177, Title-page—The Latin motto is from Horace, Od. iv, 8, 28. In the original is a rude wood-cut of an anchor.
- „ 179, l. 6, "*Bromius*"—one of the varying names of Bacchus ; l. 9, "*Ingles his cheek*" = treats his cheek as one does one's ingle or delight, or loved youth playfully pinches or strokes it ; l. 12, "*sustend*" = our present 'sustend' ; l. 14, "*honorable friend*," viz., Sir John Salisburie, as on title-page ; l. 15, "*illustrate*"—used as = illustrious or giving lustre, and by Ben Jonson on p. 182, last st. but one ; l. 19, "*profuse*" = pour forth. In olden days each did not as now drink the health from his own glass, but a large bowl being filled, it was passed to each successively, thus going the 'round.' (l. 21)
- „ 180, Heading—Sir John Salisburie. See our Introduction on this 'worthily honor'd Knight' ; l. 4, "*exhaust*" = drawn out ; l. 14, "*Repsonsible*" = answering. These 'Vatum Chorus' pieces are in good sooth poor enough. They have touches like Chapman at his worst.
- „ 181, l. 5, "*But one sicke Phoebe*"—an unmistakeable allusion to Elizabeth as 'sick'—such indeed as it was impossible to apply to any other at the time ; *ibid.*, "*fever-shaking Light*." "The influence of the moon on disease was so prevalent an opinion that this may have meant = 'causing fever-shaking' ; but it might also refer to the shaking glimmering light of the moon likened to the shivering in a fever. Possibly both meanings were intended to be understood by the reader." So Dr. Brinsley Nicholson to me ; but qu.—is not the latter half of the line an

ep-exegesis of the former, *i.e.*, 'one sicke *Phæbe*' = 'Light fever-shaking' by its sickness the nation? Men spoke even recently of England as in a 'feverish state of excitement and suspense' during the illness of the Prince of Wales. Note likewise that Shakespeare in his 'Phoenix and Turtle' introduces the 'fever' — p. 182, st. 2, 'Augour of the *fevers* end.' Notice also that the '*urne*' of 'The Burning' (l. 7) reappears in 'Threnos,' st. 3, l. 1, 'To this *urne*'—see on ll. 15-16; l. 6, "*the world one Phoenix*"—once more who would have then dared to sing of any save Elizabeth as the 'one Phoenix' of 'the world'? ll. 15-16, —these are purposely enigmatical—the words, "*Her rare-dead ashes, fill a rare-live urne*," evidently point at the fact that the Phoenix or Elizabeth was really living, although as 'Love's Martyr,' dead. The last line is obscure; l. 17, "*Ignote*."—This was Raleigh's signature; but it is also contemporaneously found attached to pieces certainly not his. Everything forbids our regarding these Lines as by him.

Page 182, st. 1, l. 1, "*bird of lowdeſt lay*"—Because the 'Phoenix' is the bird associated with the 'Turtle' in *Love's Martyr*, and throughout, it has been assumed, by apparently all the commentators on Shakespeare, that it is intended here. Surely this is a gross mistake, inasmuch as (1) It is the 'Phoenix's' death ('shadowing' Elizabeth) that the poem celebrates; and it were absurd to imagine it could be called on to 'sing' its own death. See 'Threnos' and st. 6 of this poem. (2) Nowhere—even supposing the 'Phoenix' possible—is this legendary bird represented as gifted with 'song.' I think it was left intentionally indefinite. I would suggest the 'Nightingale'; others may think of another. l. 2, "*On the ſole Arabian tree*." Malone has excellently adduced a parallel passage in *The Tempest*:

" Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in *Arabia*
There is *one tree*, the phoenix' throne: one phoenix
At this hour reigning there" (act iii, sc. 3, p. 23).

He remarks: "This singular coincidence, likewise, serves to authenticate the present poem" (Variorum Shakespeare, vol. xx, p. 421, edition 1821). By the 'sole Arabian tree' the Palm is meant. In Greek *phoenix*, and meaning both phoenix and palm-tree (Dr. Cobham Brewer's *Dictionary*, s.v.) l. 3, "*trumpet*." Steevens addresses King John—

" Be thou the *trumpet* of our wrath
And *sullen presage* of your own decay" (i, 1).

Variorum Shakespeare, as before; l. 4, "*chaste wings obey*"
I have, myself, often watched the lifting and tremulous motion

of the 'singing' Nightingale's wings, and *chaste* was the exquisitely chosen word to describe the nightingale, in reminiscence of the classical story; st. 2. l. 1, "*striking harbinger*" = shriek or scritch-owl; l. 2, "*precursor*" = fore-runner — scarcely 'procurer.' Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Now the wasted brands do glow,
While the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud;
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud" (act v, sc. 2).

Steevens, as before; l. 3, "*Augour*" = augur, fore-teller; *ib.*, "*fever's end*" = death (by fever); l. 4, "*To this troupe come thou not neere.*" Steevens, as before, recalls another *bit* in *Midsummer Night's Dream* — "Ye spotted snakes, &c. . . come not near our fairy queen." St. 3, l. 3 — punctuate "feather'd King" — "So in Gray's Ode on the Progresses of Poetry:

—"thy magick lulls *the feather'd King*
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing"
(Steevens, as before).

St. 4, l. 2, "*defunctive Musicke can*" — "That understands funeral musick. To *can*, in Saxon, signifies to *know*" (Malone as before). But query — Is it here used from the Latin '*cano*'? (Dr. Brinsley Nicholson, to me.) St. 5, punctuate and read —

"And thou treble-dated Crow,—
That thy fable gender mak'ft
With the breath thou giu'ft and tak'ft;
Mong'ft our mourners shalt thou goe."

Steevens, as before, on l. 1, 'treble dated Crow' aptly quotes *Lucretius* [5, 1053]:

—"cornicum ut secla vetusta.
Ter tres ætates humanas garrula vincit
Cornix."

l. 2, "*that thy fable gender mak'ft*," &c. It is a 'Vulgar Error' still, that the 'Crow' can change its 'gender' at will. My friend Mr. E. W. Gosse puts it — "thou Crow that makest [change in] thy sable gender, with the mere exhalation and inhalation of thy breath" (letter to me). l. 3, "*With the breath*," &c. — query, Is there a sub-reference to the (mythical) belief that the crow re-clothes its aged parents with feathers and feeds them? As being 'sable' it is well fitted to be a 'mourner.' It is so introduced in our child-hood favorite of the 'Death and Burial of Cock Robin.' Cf. *Batman upon Barth*, B 12, C 9.

Sir Thomas Browne has a note on 'White Crows' (=the aged). St. 6, This, as *supra*, makes it impossible that the 'bird of lowdest lay' could be the 'phoenix'; st. 7, ll. 1-2. Query—punctuate comma (,) after 'loured,' and delete comma (,) after 'twaine'? It is to be remembered that the compositor of *Love's Martyr* was especially fond of a comma at the end of a verse line. We have an exactly similar instance in p. 183, st. 1, as *infra*.

Page 183, st. 1, l. 1, punctuate comma for (;) ; l. 2, punctuate comma after 'Distance' and delete it after 'seene,' as *supra*; l. 4, "But in them it were a wonder"—Except—another Elizabeth sign; for only of the 'Queene' as placing no 'distance and no space' betwixt herself and 'this *Turtle*,' could it have been said 'it were a wonder'; *ib.*, punctuate comma after 'them'; st. 2, l. 2, "his right," &c.—It is merely a variant mode of expressing seeing love-babies (or one's self imaged) in the other's eyes. This gives the true sense to the 'mine' of l. 4; st. 3, l. 1, "Property was thus appall'd," &c.= great proprietors, or the nobility. I imagine there is an enigmatical hitting at the jealousy of Essex among the nobility of England, in the possibility of marriage between him and Elizabeth. Malone, *in loco*, muddles the matter (*meo judicio*); l. 2—qu.—delete comma after 'together,' and put comma after 'themselves'—making the whole from 'saw' to 'themselves' one clause; l. 4, "simple," &c.= were so well compounded into a simple, *i.e.*, into one. Punctuate comma for period; st. 5—as in *Love's Martyr*, I detect here, and throughout, Shakespeare's feeling, that Elizabeth's and Essex's relations meant infinitely more than 'friendship'; st. 6, l. 1, "Whereupon," &c. 'This funeral song.' So in Kendal's poems, 1577:

"Of verses, *threnes* and epitaphs,
Full fraught with tears of *teene*."

A book entitled David's *Threnes*, by J. Heywood, was published in 1620. Two years afterwards, it was reprinted under the title of David's *Tears*; the former title probably was discarded as obsolete. For this information I am indebted to Dr. Farmer (Malone, as before).

„ 184—*Thenos*—st. 2, l. 3, "ref." Punctuate with comma; st. 3, l. 1, punctuate; or: for comma.

On the significance of these Poems by Shakespeare, in relation to Elizabeth and Essex, see our Introduction.

„ 185, l. 9, "*Dians tier*"= Dian's tyre; l. 3 (from bottom)—read 'all'[,] and delete comma after 'thoughts' in next line. Perhaps comma should also be deleted after 'Woman' in l. 3 (from bottom).

☞ Note, that though in the heading it is out of the 'ashes' of both, the 'wondrous creature' arises, in the poem (l. 17) he only speaks of what arises from 'the Turtle's ashes'—all this natural, for Essex really was dead, but the 'Phoenix,' or Elizabeth, only allegorically so. And so is it throughout, the real peeps through the 'allegorical,' and the 'allegorical' loses itself in the actual.

II. 23-4, That whilst my labouring thoughts [do] sing with, &c., of this, &c. [nor] God [nor] Man, nor, &c.

Page 186, l. 2—qu.—delete comma after 'perfume,' the sense being 'Perfume [to] define,' *rithmi causa*; l. 4 = vouchsafe that my Muse may greet; l. 7, "*slightest*," i.e., [the] slightest [of the perfections] that adorn'd, &c. Query—lightest, i.e., most light, the 's' being caught from 'was'; l. 10, "*Perfection had no meane*" = was limitless; l. 12, "*instructed*"—which 'even instructed vertue, clothed [in]vested' and therefore substantial; l. 17, remove comma after 'Hyperbolicall'; st. 4, l. 1, "*meane*" = was limitless or had no equal; st. 5, l. 1, "*deck'd and stained*" = decked and adorned, or were lively coloured as an adornment.

„ 187, st. 1, l. 3, "*Makes*"—verb singular, nominative plural, through intervention of 'that,' as *frequenter*. Punctuate 'Maskes [,] so choicely sheltred'; st. 2, l. 2, "*wanted*"—used as neuter = were or have been wanting; l. 10, "*penny-showes*," i.e., made-up shows, as at penny shows at a fair. Perfectioni Hymnus, l. 3, "*feature*" = making, or thing made; used also in the following verses by Ben Jonson: Cf. p. 193, l. 22, and p. 194, l. 14; and also, some think, by Touchstone to Audrey in the sense of 'the verses he has made.' Punctuate 'excellence, . . . confin'd.' This excellence, [that is] confined within all that is best; l. 7, "*I*" = Aye; l. 10, "*nomination*" = naming; *ib.*, "*straight*" = narrow; l. 12, "*giue*"—may be = 'giues' delete period and supply comma.

„ 188, l. 1, punctuate comma after "*Suberbes*"; l. 2, "*Has*" = as, with the unlucky 'H'; the signature "*Iohn Marston*" includes Perfectioni Hymni and preceding poems from p. 183; "*Periferos*," &c., l. 4, "*Sights*" = eyes, or mode of view; l. 8 = 'staid Iudgemēts blow Loues fires, but humorous Passions only blow false fires whose Loues, &c., and quench,' &c.; l. 11, "*contend*"—in Latinate sense = aim at or stretch forward to; l. 18, "*alluded*"—another Latinate word = had reference to, with perhaps a sub-reference to 'favoured'; l. 19, "*Exceffe*," &c. It would be a little more intelligible if we read Exceffe[d]; but all is in Chapman's most forced manner; l. 23, "*Exceffe of all things*" = [He that was], &c.; l. 24, "*But*" = except; l. 25,

"change me from" = [her] that is. Specially note the change to 'me,' showing that the Phoenix is not only a living person but a present person. So that albeit *Love's Martyr* necessitated an 'allegorical' death, the 'Phoenix' really was alive while the 'Turtle Dove' was dead. All this has no motif, much less significance, unless Elizabeth were meant. See our Introduction. Last line, "*forme*" seems to be a word in vogue (probably from the philosophy of the day) and = pattern, mould, or ideal thought on which I act. Cf. p. 192, l. 10.

- Page 189, "*Praludium*." As noticed in our Introduction, Gifford—to put it mildly—prints this most corruptly. He deliberately changes all the we's to I's, and our's to my's; l. 6, "*Let's*"—in Gifford, 'I'; st. 5, l. 1, "*Mankind*" = masculine; st. 6, l. 1—construction is, Light Venus go cramp, &c.; l. 2, "*Tribade*"—one may hope he used this word as = artful only. See Latin Dictionary and Martial; st. 7, l. 2, "*old Boy*," i.e., Let Cupid turn to lie, &c., alluding to the custom exemplified by Moth in *Love's Labour Lost*.
- „ 190, st. 1, l. 1, "*cannot*"—'shall not' in Gifford; l. 3, "*Petafus*" = broad-leaved hat or cap; st. 3, l. 3—note the words 'deep eares'; last line, "*taste*" = discover.
- „ 191, l. 8, "*shat*"—'should' in Gifford; l. 20, "*their*"—'the' in Gifford; l. 3 (from bottom) "*gentile*"—Latinate, whence 'genteel' = one of good or honourable family. In Gifford, 'far more gentle, fine.'
- „ 192, l. 22, "*Luxurie*" = lasciviousness or lust; l. 5 (from bottom), "*our selfe*"—in Gifford 'ourselves.'
- „ 193, l. 1, "*or*," in Gifford 'and'; l. 22, "*Feature*" = making. So in 'The Phoenix Analyfde,' st. 2, l. 3. In connection with this word it is to be noted that Shakespeare uses it curiously in verb form, e.g., "a glass that *feated* them" (*Cymbeline*, act i, sc. 1) = featured; 'Defeat thy favour with an usurped beard' (*Othello*, act i, sc. 3) = defeature or disfeature.
- „ 194, l. 5, "*Man may securely sinne, but safely neuer*." Note the distinction between 'securely' and 'safely'; note the spelling 'Iohnfon' always used by 'rare Ben' prior to 1604. *The Phoenix Analyfde*. St. 2, l. 1, "our *Turtles* Augure" = Robert Chester's augury; l. 3, "*Feature*" = making, as before. Ode '*ερθονισιαστικη*, l. 3, "illustrate"—illustrious in Gifford.

A. B. G.

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